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GEORGE I. AND HANDEL ON THE THAMES.

SHORTLY after George of Hanover became King of England, a water festival was given on the river Thames in his honor. For this occasion [illegible] wrote his famous *Water Music*, which was performed by a band of musicians in a boat a little in the [illegible] of the [illegible]. (The players may be seen in the background [illegible]). The unique concert [illegible] king [illegible] was afterward shown great favor by the royal family and court.

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PAGE

MUSIC—ITS DEVELOPMENTS AND POSSIBILITIES, by Bruce Gordon Kingsley VI

RÉSUMÉ OF ITALIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

From the Fall of Rome to the Renaissance 1

CHAPTER II.

Modern Italian History 8

CHAPTER III.

History of Early Opera 17

CHAPTER IV.

Modern Italian Opera 25

MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE.

General Discussion 31
Ludovico Ariosto 32
Giovambattista Giraldi Cinthio 49
Giovanni Francesco Straparola 57
Torquato Tasso 64
Matteo Bandello 82
Antonio Francesco Doni 93
The Bardi Circle 99
Gabriello Chiabrera 100
Alessandro Tassoni 103
Da Filicaja 106
Francesco Maffei 111
Metastasio 113
Carlo Goldoni 120
Giuseppe Parini 128
Vittorio Alfieri 131
Italian Literature of the Nineteenth Century 148
Silvio Pellico 151
Alessandro Manzoni 155

RÉSUMÉ OF GERMAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

Early Germany 163

CHAPTER II.

German Unity 171

CHAPTER III. PAGE

Painting in Germany; Dürer; Holbein 179

CHAPTER IV.

Early Protestant Music 185

CHAPTER V.

Bach; Handel 192

CHAPTER VI.

Haydn; Mozart; Beethoven 205

THE ROMANTIC COMPOSERS.

General Discussion 226
Weber 227
Schubert 230
Development of the Piano 233
Schumann 235
Mendelssohn 238
Chopin 242
Programme Music 245
Berlioz 246
Liszt 249
Wagner 253

MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE.

Lessing 262
Goethe 280
Faust 309
Schiller 332
German Romanticists 358
Richter 362
Tieck 370
Zschokke 373
The Grimm Brothers 376
De La Motte Fouqué 381
Heine 391
Max Müller 406

SPANISH LITERATURE AND ART.

Introduction: Spanish History 414
General Discussion of Spanish Literature 421
Luis Ponce De Leon 422
Saavedra 425
Spanish Drama 458
De Vega Carpio 463
De Gongora 473
De Ocana 477
De Quevedo 478
Spanish Art: Valasquez; Murillo 491
Illuminated Manuscripts 499
Description of Illustrations 503

PAGE

MUSIC—ITS DEVELOPMENTS AND POSSIBILITIES, by Bruce Gordon Kingsley VI

RÉSUMÉ OF ITALIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

From the Fall of Rome to the Renaissance 1

CHAPTER II.

Modern Italian History 8

CHAPTER III.

History of Early Opera 17

CHAPTER IV.

Modern Italian Opera 25

MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE.

General Discussion 31
Ludovico Ariosto 32
Giovambattista Giraldi Cinthio 49
Giovanni Francesco Straparola 57
Torquato Tasso 64
Matteo Bandello 82
Antonio Francesco Doni 93
The Bardi Circle 99
Gabriello Chiabrera 100
Alessandro Tassoni 103
Da Filicaja 106
Francesco Maffei 111
Metastasio 113
Carlo Goldoni 120
Giuseppe Parini 128
Vittorio Alfieri 131
Italian Literature of the Nineteenth Century 148
Silvio Pellico 151
Alessandro Manzoni 155

RÉSUMÉ OF GERMAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

Early Germany 163

CHAPTER II.

German Unity 171

CHAPTER III. PAGE

Painting in Germany; Dürer; Holbein 179

CHAPTER IV.

Early Protestant Music 185

CHAPTER V.

Bach; Handel 192

CHAPTER VI.

Haydn; Mozart; Beethoven 205

THE ROMANTIC COMPOSERS.

General Discussion 226
Weber 227
Schubert 230
Development of the Piano 233
Schumann 235
Mendelssohn 238
Chopin 242
Programme Music 245
Berlioz 246
Liszt 249
Wagner 253

MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE.

Lessing 262
Goethe 280
Faust 309
Schiller 332
German Romanticists 358
Richter 362
Tieck 370
Zschokke 373
The Grimm Brothers 376
De La Motte Fouqué 381
Heine 391
Max Müller 406

SPANISH LITERATURE AND ART.

Introduction: Spanish History 414
General Discussion of Spanish Literature 421
Luis Ponce De Leon 422
Saavedra 425
Spanish Drama 458
De Vega Carpio 463
De Gongora 473
De Ocana 477
De Quevedo 478
Spanish Art: Valasquez; Murillo 491
Illuminated Manuscripts 499
Description of Illustrations 503

FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

PART IX.

	Page
Handel and George I. (Water Color)	Frontispiece
Milan Cathedral	31
Ducal Palace—Grand Canal—Venice	57
Cologne—General View with Bridge of Boats	82
Heidelberg Castle and Town	113
Heidelberg Students Fencing	148
Beethoven in His Study	185
Mozart and Sister Before Marie Theresa	205
Martin Luther Monument at Worms	242
Bismarck's Palace—Berlin	280
The Artist Dürer	332
Steamboat Climbing a Hill—Sweden (Photogravure)	362
Forest of Columns—Mosque of Cordova	391
Lion Court—Alhambra	414
Gallery of Grand Patio—Spain	436
Mosque and Court of Oranges—Cordova	463
Prince Charles	491
Map of Europe After Treaty of Vienna	vi

MUSIC—ITS DEVELOPMENT AND POSSIBILITIES

By Bruce Gordon Kingsley, Royal College of Organists, England.

OF all the arts, music is the most potent. Its subject matter—sound—is capable of more delicate gradations than the material of any other art. It can appeal to more people and move their emotions more strongly than any known human means of expression. It is able to bring about subtle shades of feeling which the most carefully selected words are powerless to convey. And it can lead the hearts and minds of men to regions far removed from everyday life.

When music first came into being, who shall say? All nature is full of it. The singing of the birds, the droning of the insects, the purring of our cat—these, and other familiar sounds, are but instances of the pleasure shown by the higher creatures in pouring forth the happiness they themselves enjoy.

What we recognize as music is probably but a small part of the possible music of the universe, and this because our faculties are exceedingly limited. For aught we know, a kind of music, unlike anything else on earth, may be given forth as the infinitesimal atom vibrates in space. This is not so improbable as it might first appear. For rhythmic movement lies at the basis of music, and the delicate undulations of the tiny atom are of this same character. And then, at the other extreme—mighty in their extent—are the ordered rhythms of the earth itself, and of the planets and satellites. Perhaps, after all, the great Pythagoras' "Music of the Spheres" was something more than a figure of speech; perhaps, after all, there was truth prompting Goethe's utterance at the beginning of "Faust" when he speaks of the "Sun's thunder-march sublime." If a pianoforte string by moving periodically emits sound, why may not the atom and the planet do the same, since they all obey the great law of rhythm? Because we ourselves do not hear the many hidden tones of Nature is no evidence that they are nonexistent.

And so, music is something universal in its extent. Historically, it can be traced into the far off night of time. Nations, compared with whose antiquity ours is but as yesterday, possessed it and used it in many ways. The ancient civilizations of China and India had their type of music, however different it was from what we understand by the term. Mainly it was of a melodic character, whereas ours is harmonic. Various tones were employed which made a peculiar impression on the temperament of the hearer. In certain forms of Hindu music the soft notes emitted had, and have, a powerful effect in bringing the mind into an attitude of religious devotion—a service which is one of the greatest music can render.

In the early history of European music we find two main streams of development, represented, on the one hand, by the church, and, on the other, by the people. It is hard to trace the origin of church music. Some of the old modes were doubtless borrowed from the ancient Greeks who, in their turn, may perhaps have elaborated them from a still earlier source. The best of the early ecclesiastical music, as seen in the noblest examples of "Plain Song," is noteworthy for the strong feelings of aspiration and reverence which, under the best conditions, it can arouse. Although belonging to a somewhat later date, this same characteristic is wonderfully apparent in the fine choral works of Johann Sebastian Bach, and in such masterpieces of his as the famous B minor Mass and the Matthew Passion there is breathed a depth of pathos and poetry of expression as of some other world.

But despite such gems as these which are well worthy our most earnest study, it remained for the people, rather than for the church, to bring about those fine art-forms which in later days did so much to uplift the musical standard of the world. For the church, having in it rigid dogmas and rituals, did not seem to possess that free and exuberant atmosphere in the midst of which the most varied genius will flourish.

At first the music of the people was little more than snatches of melody sung without definite purpose. The shepherd would troll his merry chant on the homeward journey when his day's work was done; the harvester would sing a strain of gladness in praise of the bounty of Nature, and around the fireside in the winter's evening, childish prattle and laughter would lead to a song in which all the family would take part.

These rustic melodies—Folk Songs, as they have been called—developed in course of time into something more elaborate. Village instrumentalists would use them as a basis upon which to fashion their dances, and as the wandering players and minstrels travelled from country to country, the different national dances would be heard at many a wayside inn, and gradually give rise to that recognized collection of such excerpts known as the Suite.

From the Suite, probably some of the greatest of the later instrumental forms evolved. Of course, for such development as this many years were required, during which composers were groping about, selecting here, rejecting there, but gradually perfecting and elaborating their art. Sometimes a genius would appear who in one lifetime would, as it were, summarize the work of his predecessors. Such a one was Beethoven, whose use of the Sonata form, far surpassed anything previously attempted. Whereas before his days it had been little more than a piece of ingenious mechanism, in his hands it became a means of expressing some of the grandest emotions that fill the heart of man.

Indeed, we may say that as music progresses it becomes more and more a fitting instrument to portray the life with which it is infused. At first the mechanism is clumsy and the technique of the most rudimentary character. But as time goes on, these imperfections slowly drop away—as all imperfections must—until at last we have an art exquisitely sensitive to catch the highest thought in the mind of the composer and to reproduce it before the world with wonderful fidelity.

Three names stand out in the history of music like giant mountain peaks against the clear blue sky. These are Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner. Each brought to a high state of excellence one particular branch of the art, epitomizing the labors of his forerunners and forging ahead to heights hitherto undreamt.

To Bach may justly be ascribed the title "Father of Modern Music," for he laid the foundation of the vast artistic superstructure which succeeding generations have built. As a writer of church music he is without superior, and his marvellous achievements in this direction are infused with a fervor and devotion which all must needs admire. Then, again, he de-

veloped and coördinated the Suite, that collection of national dances to which we have already alluded. And, furthermore, he perfected that fine form known as the "fugue," which under his magic touch, because a wonderfully effective and subtle piece of musical machinery, so different from the conventional type met with in earlier composers. His fugues are indeed like limpid rivulets in which the present day musician may refresh his thirst for beauty. They range through the entire gamut of human emotion that is worthy to be expressed, whether it be light-hearted merriment, majestic dignity, or that peace borne of confidence in the hereafter.

Beethoven, the great soul whose rugged exterior clothed a spirit of exceeding loftiness and purity, added yet another page to musical advancement. His principal means of expression was the Sonata form, and in this special type his whole musical being seems to have been centered. Just as was the fugue to Bach, so to him the sonata became a very language of the emotions. Who is there whose heart has not been thrilled by the celestial message breathed forth in his great pianoforte works and in his C minor and Choral symphonies? A child of nature, a lover of all living things, he was a worthy recipient of the Divine afflatus.

One of the greatest geniuses of the last century was Richard Wagner. As a musician he was excelled by none, and, in fact, some consider him the finest of all. But music was not the only hall-mark of this man's transcendent ability. As a master of stage-craft he probably made more useful innovations than any other one person: as a poet he will bear comparison with the most famous Germany has ever produced: as a philosopher he brought prominently before the world that deep mysticism which has been of absorbing interest to many of the noblest minds of all time, and as an ethical teacher he gave forth moral truths as beautiful and inspiring as any ever preached in the hallowed fane and the vast cathedral.

With this unusual versatility none was better qualified to place opera upon a sound and dignified basis. For several hundred years before his time this species of musical and dramatic entertainment had been in an unsatisfactory and almost decadent condition. Very little connection existed between the music, the words, and the acting, and, as likely as not, the composer

would write his arias for no other purpose than making them tuneful and exploiting the vocal eccentricities of famous singers. Hence, opera was about as artificial a production as the ingenuity of man could devise. But things soon became altered when Wagner took the matter in hand. At once he saw the triviality of the early Italian opera, and with consummate energy and a determination which brooked no opposition he set out to remedy the parlous state of affairs. Opera was to him not merely a form of entertainment, but a method of representing sublime concepts and lofty imagery. Like the Greek drama of old, it was to be a teacher and inspirer to noble action; words, scenery, gesture, music—everything—related and all conspiring to "hold as 't were the mirror up to Nature"—to embody a magnificent ideal.

In the realm of music Wagner accomplished what none of his predecessors had deemed possible—actually portraying in terms of sound the very thoughts and feelings of the actors. There is no more fascinating study than carefully to peruse the score of one of his later works and note how a slight change in the music is the concomitant of a corresponding alteration in thought, and vice versa.

Each of his maturer music dramas, if interpreted aright, conveys some far reaching lesson. *"Tristan und Isolde,"* while ostensibly a romantic love opera, holds before one the nobility and grandeur of true self-sacrifice; *"Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg,"* with its charming humor and perfect portrayal of German life in the Middle Ages, is an example and an encouragement to every plodding artist and indeed to all who would fain reach an ideal, and it gives assurance that if only the aspirant persevere long enough, the goal is bound to be gained; *Der Ring des Nibelungen,* by the aid of mythology, tells of the mighty workings of the universe. For the different characters represent not so much actual personages as great cosmic laws whose interaction is the same yesterday, today, and forever. And *Parsifal,* the fitting consummation of a well spent life, gives in a beautiful allegory the old, old story of man's ascent along the Path which leads to Holiness and Divinity.

The writer of this portion of The World's Progress has dealt so skilfully with the history of European music that it is almost a superfluity to say more upon the subject. But

before concluding, it may be of interest for us to mention a few of the possible applications to which, in the future, music may be put.

In approaching this matter we should do well to remember that music is the youngest of the arts and that its present stage of advancement—at least so far as European music is concerned—has taken place in the short space of only a few hundred years. With so much already done and so little time given to accomplish it, the future of music may indeed look most hopeful. When it is as old as the sister arts of poetry and architecture, who knows what towering mountain peaks its votaries may not have climbed?

In years to come music bids fair to be as general an accomplishment as to-day is reading and writing. Within a few generations—perhaps less—we can confidently expect that every man, woman, and child will be able to read music with ease and thus have access to the great tonal masterpieces of the world. The effect of this acquired facility as a means of raising the culture of the community will be something incalculable. For it will not only promote intellectual growth, but help forward to a remarkable extent the moral evolution of the race. Those who know the spiritualizing power of fine music—and who does not—can easily foresee that when humanity as a whole becomes bathed in its beneficent stream, all wars will cease and a millennium of universal brotherhood will not be far distant.

To help spread the great art, a simplified musical notation might advantageously be introduced. The present system in vogue is somewhat cumbrous and has little logical connection with the sounds produced. But just as spelling has been rendered phonetic, so by dint of careful study a musical "shorthand" could ultimately be invented which, on account of being easier to learn, would aid materially in popularizing the art. Indeed, efforts have already been made in this direction.

Perhaps one of the most useful applications of music in the future will be as a therapeutic agent. This is even now being considered as a probability by some who are in the vanguard of progress. But up to the present, so far as we know, the basis of no definite science has been laid. The modern tendency of medicine is to attach great importance to the mental condition

of the patient. And everyday experience proves that if the sufferer be happy and hopeful the chances of recovery are greatly increased. This being so, and the power of music to produce a joyous and peaceful state of mind being admitted, its value as a healing asset becomes at once apparent. While all good music will exert a health-giving influence, each person, having his own idiosyncrasy, will be more amenable to one type of composition than another, and the science of the future will see to this and correlate judiciously, music with personality.

The relation between music, color, and form will also receive the great attention it deserves; the peculiar effects engendered in the hearer's consciousness by certain chords and progressions will be amply investigated; and the value of music, not only as an aid to, but as a concomitant of, religion, will be shown in a clearer manner than ever before. In our present judgment of the remarkable potency of sound, we see as through a glass darkly, but with the vastly extended hearing and vision which new methods of investigation will give, we shall view the matter face to face. And in the days that are to come, music will serve us not merely as an amusement, nor as a species of intellectual enlightenment—important though these may be—but as a means whereby man may be brought nearer and nearer to the Divine, until at last he reaches that Source whence he came.

B. G. Kingsley.

RÉSUMÉ OF ITALIAN HISTORY

CHAPTER I.

After the fall of Rome, in 476, Italy was left largely to the mercy of the invader. In 489 the Ostrogoths, under their able king Theodoric, pressed into the peninsula and set up their kingdom. About 300,000 strong, they ruled over as many as 3,000,000 people, a remnant of earlier Roman citizens. The Ostrogoths had become civilized to a surprising degree, and had their king lived to maintain his power, or had he left it to others as able as himself, the later development of affairs in Italy might have taken another course.

Fair-minded and clear-sighted, Theodoric preserved Roman law and custom, and, so far as he was able, continued in the ways of his Roman predecessors. He governed Italy as a kind of an imperial province, acknowledging the general supervision of the Eastern Emperor. An Arian, with a liberalism unusual for his time, he was tolerant to orthodox Catholics. All went well until Justinian determined to crush the Arians and issued edicts commanding their persecution. A conquered people were not likely to remain loyal when strength lay in opposition, and soon Theodoric found the Pope, the Emperor and the people arrayed against him. His death removed any hope of a permanent Ostrogothic kingdom in Italy.

Theodoric died in 553, and in 568 the Lombards came into the helpless land from the north. Italy was prostrate before an enemy. Too often during the last centuries had she witnessed invasions which brought destruction in their wake. Various masters had commanded her resources and robbed her of rich possessions. Subject first to one, then to another, her men lost all capacity for self-assertion.

". . . Italy had been one perpetual battlefield; which-

ever side won, the unfortunate natives had to lodge and feed a foreign army, and endure all the insolence of a brutal soldiery. Plague, pestilence, and famine followed. The ordinary business of life came to a stop. Houses, churches, aqueducts went to ruin; roads were left unmended, rivers undiked. Great tracts of fertile land were abandoned. Cattle roamed without herdsmen, harvests withered up, grapes shriveled on the vines. From lack of food came the pest. Mothers abandoned sick babies, sons left their fathers' bodies unburied. The inhabitants of the cities fared no better. Rome, for instance, had been captured five times. Before the war her population had been 250,000; at its close not one-tenth was left. It is said that in one period every living thing deserted the city, and for forty days the ancient mistress of the world lay like a city of the dead. With peace came some respite; but the frightful squeeze of Byzantine taxation was as bad as Barbarian conquest. Italy sank into ignorance and misery. The Latin inhabitants hardly cared who their masters were. They never had spirit enough to take arms and fight, but meekly bowed their heads."[1]

The Lombards were rougher than the Ostrogoths, for they had not been so long near the culture of Rome. Gradually, nevertheless, they too took on the ways of the country wherein they dwelt. Lacking the faculty of uniting, their settlements tended to fall apart—a fact which became significant later.

During the Iconoclastic controversy the Papacy broke with the Empire. It will be remembered that, with the intention of purifying the mode of worship, the Eastern Emperor commanded the destruction of all images hitherto used in churches for the aid of Christian teaching. Acceptable to the Eastern, or Greek, church, this was a most unpopular measure in the West. Realizing that the hostilities between the Pope and Emperor offered an occasion for a third power to extend property, the Lombards put forth feeble efforts to bring Italy under their domination. Feeling the need of support, the Pope called upon the king of the Franks, who was already under obligation for Papal sanction, given when Pippin took for himself the Frankish crown, and set aside the weak Mero-

[1]Sedgwick: Short Hist. of Italy, 23.

vingian ruler. Glad to repay this obligation, Pippin invaded Italy and repulsed the Lombards. The friendly relations thus established between Franks and Papacy continued and Charlemagne was finally crowned in 800, on Christmas Day, *Emperor of the Roman Empire.*

In the years that followed the dissolution of Charlemagne's empire, Italy, densely ignorant and spent with troubles, was threatened by the invasion of the Saracens. For a while it appeared as though the peninsula, like Spain, was to become a Mohammedan country.

All the southern provinces were overrun by the Saracens, who even dared to come to the very walls of Rome and sack St. Peter's and St. Paul's, both outside the defences. All the strength of Italy asserted itself against the Mohammedans and even the Eastern Emperor aided in the common cause. At last the Saracens were driven back to Africa, from whence they sallied occasionally to harass the people who lived along the southern coasts. In 962, Otto the Great restored the empire and was crowned by the pope in St. Peter's. The theory obtaining at this time, as in the days of Charlemagne, was that the world was ruled by two sovereigns—one secular, the other ecclesiastical. However, the great strength of the so-called Roman Empire at this time was German; almost the whole strength of the papacy was Italian. It is difficult at the start to see how harmony between the two could have long continued. Even in the time of Otto, and frequently in the reigns of his successors, the Emperors made and unmade Popes at their pleasure. Gregory VII, sometimes called the "Julius Cæsar of the Papacy," was the first to assert the supremacy of the Pope.

In the eleventh century the Normans, already established in France, turned toward Italy for adventure. Southern Italy and Sicily were shortly won by them. By the Emperor they were regarded as mere usurpers, but the Papacy soon made friends of them. By the donation of Constantine the Papacy had become possessed of certain territorial domains which continued to grow. These were the bases of the later Papal States over which the Pope ruled as king. In his capacity as temporal ruler over these lands he received the Normans

as vassals and for some time they remained strong in the Two Sicilies—that is, Sicily and the mainland, divided only by narrow waters—Naples.

The Middle Ages were marked in Italy by a struggle between the Pope, who lived on the peninsula, ruled over certain church territories, and remained at the head of the Church Universal, and the Emperor, who lived generally in Germany—which country he ruled as king—and considered that the old empire of Charlemagne still remained to him. Determined that Italy should not be united into one kingdom, the Popes worked for years to prevent its accomplishment. The solution of the Emperor-Papal problem was to come from a third element—the growing commercial centers of Italy.

Certain Italian cities early developed extensive commercial activities, because of their intermediary position. Because the tide turned shortly in other directions, several of these mediæval Italian towns—today mere villages—had a remarkable history. Such was Amalfi, now a fishing village—once a republic of 50,000 people. "She traded with Sicily, Egypt, Syria, and Arabia; she decked her women with the ornaments of the East; she built monasteries at Jerusalem, also a hospital from which the Knights Hospitallers of St. John took their name; she gave a maritime code to the Mediterranean and Ionian seas, and circulated coin of her own making throughout the Levant."

Salerno, Pisa, Genoa and Venice all became important trading centers. While emperors and popes were wrestling with the matter of supremacy, these towns were steadily plying their trade wherever opportunity offered. As the needs of commerce grew, old feudal-imperial regulations disappeared, for feudalism was suited to an agricultural, not a commercial people.

Both opposing the advancement of imperial power, cities and the Papacy alike stood out against it. The cities were stronger and to them remains the credit of restraining the Emperor. First individually, then together, they fought against him until, by the Peace of Constance, all but nominal rights were given up. The Emperor retained the right to keep his representatives in the cities and to receive food and lodging for his army when he visited Italy, but the manage-

ment of internal affairs and the right to wage private war were acknowledged.

The Hohenstaufen line of emperors held exalted opinions regarding the imperial power. For this reason they incurred the lasting and relentless opposition and enmity of the Papacy. It was Frederick I, or Frederick Barbarossa, who accepted the Peace of Constance, having fought the matter out with the commercial cities and lost. His grandson, Frederick II, should be included in any account of Italian development, however brief. Seldom has nature fashioned a man so gifted. Freeman calls him "most gifted of the sons of men." Left heir to the Sicilies when a mere child, the Pope aided him in coming into his own. Later the Papacy reluctantly set its approval upon his accession to the imperial crown. Shortly after, a bitter quarrel ensued between Emperor Frederick and the Pope, who never rested until he had ruined the Hohenstaufen house and destroyed its heirs. Frederick gathered around him a most brilliant court, as a result of which the first school of Italian poetry arose. In fact Italian poetry was called Sicilian for years, wherever produced. Most enlightened of any court in Europe, scholars and men of excellent parts were cordially welcomed; cultured Mohammedans were received, to the great indignation of the Pope; Frederick's personal views indicated lack of orthodoxy which was considered dangerous in the extreme. In all Italian history during the Middle Ages there is no more absorbing study than that of the life and career of this brilliant man. With his death the Pope lost a dangerous enemy. When Manfred, Frederick's son, succeeded his father as king of the Sicilies, the Pope invited Charles of Anjou to take possession of this coveted territory—which invitation he promptly accepted. In the war that followed, Manfred was killed and a permanent union between the Sicilies and the empire was prevented, while the French house of Anjou replaced the Hohenstaufens in Italy.

Under Boniface VIII the Papacy reached its culmination and with his death began to decline. Vigorous, energetic, ambitious, grasping, he sought to exalt the Church and deride its enemies. By an aggressive policy he maintained for a time what others had won. In 1300 he celebrated a papal jubilee, giving rise to a custom which he hoped might become

permanent. Needing plenty of gold for the expensive building enterprises which he was conducting in Rome, he proclaimed the Bull of Jubilee, promising remission of sins to all who should visit St. Peter's and St. Paul's in the course of the year. Thousands flocked to Rome, and a single day sometimes brought 200,000 visitors to the basilicas. All made offerings, and priests stood by literally raking in the shekels. It has often been noted as significant that neither princes nor kings were among the faithful. New nationalities were developing and kings were absorbed with other concerns.

Meantime a quarrel was brewing with the aggressive king of France, Philip the Fair. Philip levied a tax upon the clergy, an action wholly contrary to the usual custom. The Pope retaliated by forbidding churchmen to pay the tax, whereupon the king forbade money being sent out of the kingdom to Italy. This at once cut off a large source of revenue for the Church and was not to be tolerated. The papal bull received in France was publicly burned, and, unprecedented in centuries, officers of Philip were secretly dispatched to take the venerable pope prisoner. Treated with insult and indignity, Pope Boniface died within a few days. This extreme action of Philip was denounced by Christians everywhere, but in France a young nationality was beginning to realize its strength, and the sympathy of the country supported the king in the policy he was attempting to carry out—though not, to be sure, his lawless methods. Not content with this, Philip caused a French archbishop to be elected to the Papacy, who, instead of setting out for Rome, took up his abode in Avignon, under the influence of France. Thus began the so-called Babylonian Captivity, lasting nearly seventy years. From a position of acclaimed supremacy the Papacy had become a French tool.

With the withdrawal of the Papacy from Italy, the country fell into still greater confusion. City fought against city and citizen against citizen. The reflective turned back to the empire, which had failed so signally in years before it became obsolete. Henry VII became king of Germany and assumed the empty title of Emperor. Many looked to him to restore peace in the distracted peninsula. Dante, in exile from Florence, wrote his De Monarchia to persuade the princes

that peace would come only as a result of a world empire. He contended that the Empire—not the Papacy—should be supreme, and denied the temporal power of the Pope. Excited by hopes of a regeneration, he addressed the various princes of Italy.

"Behold, now is the accepted time, in which arise signs of consolation and peace. For a new day begins to shine, showing the dawn that shall dissipate the darkness of long calamity. Now the breezes of the East begin to blow, the lips of heaven redden, and with serenity comfort the hopes of the people. And we who have passed a long night in the desert shall see the expected joy.

"Rejoice, O Italy, pitied even by the heathen; now shalt thou be the envy of the earth, because thy bridegroom, the comfort of the world and the glory of the people, the most merciful Henry, Divus, Augustus, hastens to thy espousals."

Alas for Dante and his hopes, and the hopes of others who saw in Henry VII their deliverer. He did none of these things. Cities fortified against him. Ghibellines welcomed him, to be sure, but the strength of the land lay in the commercial centers which, for the most part, were Guelf. With the death of the Emperor near Sienna, the dream of a revived empire came to an end.

The empire practically an idea of the past, the Papacy in exile in France, the situation in Italy was that the Papal States were still governed in the interest of the Pope through agents. Sometimes they remained loyal; sometimes they broke away. Naples and Sicily were governed by the French house of Anjou; Florence and the surrounding towns belonged to the Lombards; Genoa and Venice were aristocracies based on commerce. A revolt in Sicily tore that island away from French domination and gave it to the husband of Manfred's daughter, King Pedro of Aragon. There was absolutely no unity throughout the land and Italy remained for generations "a mere geographical expression."

CHAPTER II.

Modern Italian History.

The glory of the Renaissance belongs to Italy. Once started, as has been previously shown, the movement spread throughout Europe, but Italy was first to awaken to great possibilities in literature and art; and life is more beautiful even today because of the legacies left by Italy of the Renaissance.

The comparison of Italy in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in intellectual and political development presents a strong contrast. Painters had burst the bounds that held their art fettered; scholars had ceased to rely upon authority, but were investigating facts for themselves. Politically, however, Italy remained divided into several states, quite independent of one another. Confusion, discontent, tyrannical oppression, foreign rule—all these led men to think of a better day and to dream, as did Petrarch, of a united country. He looked with impatience upon the exiled Papacy and with eagerness toward a centralized government. Suddenly a ray of hope gleamed out of the chaos, as Nicola di Rienzi began to talk of a revival of the People of Rome and the Roman Senate, of all Italy banded together under a general leadership, to be centered at Rome. A congress of representatives from the various states was summoned to convene at Rome. A prompt response was met in Milan, Genoa, Lucca, Florence, Sienna and towns of lesser importance. Rienzi wrote to the Florentines: "We desire to renew and strengthen the old union with all the principalities and states of Holy Italy, and to deliver Holy Italy itself from its condition of abject subjection and to restore it to its old state and to its ancient glory. We mean to exalt to the position of Emperor some Italian whom zeal for the union of his race shall stir to high efforts for Italy."

Rienzi was hailed by many enthusiasts with joy. Petrarch gave him all encouragement and for awhile his popularity was considerable. He was proclaimed Tribune of the Roman

People, and restored order and safety in the vicinity of Rome. This alone was so unusual as to merit the praise he received. However, Rienzi's attempt was premature and he himself was not strong enough to carry it out. Shortly filled with vainglory, he became intolerable to the people, and the princes opposed him from the start. The Pope excommunicated him and he was killed in a skirmish instigated by the upper and powerful classes. Thus ended the first attempt for unity, which was delayed five hundred years longer in coming.

The unsettled conditions in the peninsula gave opportunity for outside powers to gain an entrance, and from 1494 to 1537 France, Spain and Austria played with the fortunes of Italian states. So disastrous were the years following the outbreak of foreign interventions that men looked back with envy upon the situation that existed before the trouble began. Lodovico Sforza held Milan in 1494. Having a quarrel with Naples, he invited Charles VIII of France to take the country, which had earlier been ruled by Anjou. Charles promptly marched into Italy and was crowned King of Naples. Realizing that allied powers were marching against him, he retreated to France. In 1499 France captured Milan and took Sforza prisoner; becoming the possession of Charles V in 1535, it passed into Spanish control. Thus do the changes of a few brief years in one city and surrounding country indicate the lawless way in which foreign powers manipulated affairs in Italy.

Four wars were fought by Francis of France and Charles V. for Italian territory. Defeated in the first, Francis sent the memorable message to his mother: "All is lost but life and honor." The second ended in a fearful sack of Rome; the third witnessed the alliance made between Francis and the Turkish government—deemed so scandalous throughout Europe. Poor Italy suffered principally along the coasts, which were harried by the Turks. By these wars France was practically driven from the peninsula, while Spanish power threatened states not conquered. These dreadful scourges wiped out much that the Renaissance had accomplished. After the settlement of the trouble, heavy taxes were imposed everywhere, made heavier as needs wholly apart from Italy had to be met by Spain. At the conclusion of the war of the

Spanish Succession and the Polish wars, an Italian city or state was often thrown to the share of some discontented country, with absolutely no consideration of those who dwelt therein. So matters continued with no particular change until the period of the Napoleonic wars. Ideas from revolutionary writers of France permeated Northern Italy to some extent, but changes were abruptly brought about by the great Napoleon as he marched his army over the Alps and into the fruitful plains of Lombardy. The Cisalpine republic, it will be remembered from the discussion of these wars in French history, came directly into being; several republics were instituted and constitutions given. The dream of Dante, Petrarch and Rienzi for a free Italy seemed about to be fulfilled. But the transition was too abrupt. While princes fled in dismay and rulers stood aghast, the people also were somewhat stunned by the rapidity of the transition and could not immediately rouse to a realization of its full meaning. They were discontented because of the large number of soldiers levied by the conqueror—to whom men counted for little in comparison to his plans.

After the downfall of Napoleon, the Congress of Vienna set boundaries back where they had been before the upheaval —so far as was practicable—and reinstated the earlier rulers. Yet while rulers tried to forget that the revolution had taken place, the people did not forget the liberties they had enjoyed. The *Carbonari* (charcoal-burners), a secret society for the purpose of fostering love of liberty and opposition to tyranny, came into being, and in 1820 soldiers in Naples demanded a constitution, a free press and various other privileges. In alarm the king granted all that was demanded, but the Holy Alliance, made up of Austria, Prussia and Russia—restored the king to his erstwhile despotism.

From 1821 until 1848 nothing was done outwardly, although the *Carbonari* were ceaseless in their secret meetings and literature gave expression to the hopes of the people. When the French rose in 1848 and re-established their republic, the spirit of revolution swept over Europe, and in Naples a constitution was demanded and granted. The liberty party found its wisest spokesman in Cavour of Piedmont, its bravest general in Garibaldi, and its hope of ruler in Victor

Emmanuel, while Piedmont, less important for centuries than almost any other state in Italy, was the land from which the final stand for a united Italy was made.

After the reaction that followed the revolution of 1848, some years followed with nothing accomplished. Foreigners traveling in Italy wrote of the sufferings of such as had been thrown into prisons because of liberal views and actions. Notably Gladstone, in 1850-51, awakened sympathy for Italian liberalists. Meanwhile Cavour was working to place Piedmont on a solid financial basis, to put into force internal reforms and in various ways to prepare for a struggle bound to come with Austria before Italian unity could be accomplished. In the Crimean war Italian soldiers were sent to the front to win approval and respect among the nations.

When war finally threatened, Russia and England suggested a European Congress to adjust matters, and, while the suggestion was accepted, Austria precipitated the struggle by commanding Piedmont to disarm before the Congress convened. Victor Emmanuel refused, and thereupon war was declared. Piedmont had an ally in France, which soon unexpectedly made peace with Austria, receiving Lombardy. France ceded it over to Piedmont, and, to appease the other states, agreed to favor a confederacy of Italian states with the Pope at the head. All the peninsula was indignant at this apparent withdrawal of friendly help in a common cause. Cavour resigned when he was unable to prevent Victor Emmanuel from acceding to the terms of the treaty. Yet the king knew it was all he could effect just then. Feeling was divided in Italy; some states wished to join with Piedmont; some wished to preserve local independence and old boundaries. It was Count Bettino Ricasoli who sounded the true call when he said: "We must no longer speak of Piedmont, nor of Florence, nor of Tuscany; we must speak neither of fusion nor annexation, but of the union of the Italian people under the constitutional government of Victor Emmanuel."

France promised aid if Savoy and Nice were ceded to her. This was granted, and Parma, Modena, Tuscany, Romagna and Sardinia were united with Piedmont, April 15, 1860, under the name Kingdom of Northern Italy. Immediately a

revolt, headed by Garibaldi, was raised in the south. The two Sicilies and part of the Papal States were joined to the *Kingdom of Italy* in 1861, the first Italian Parliament being called and Victor Emmanuel given officially the title King of Italy. Two districts remained outside the kingdom: Venice, which was held by Austria, and Rome and vicinity, still under Papal control. Now arose a hotly debated question: where should the capital be located? Florence wished it; so did Turin; Naples likewise put in a plea. Then Cavour delivered his famous speech in which he said: "The question of the capital, gentlemen, is not determined either by climatic, topographical or even strategic reasons; if such as these had weight, it is certain that London would not be the capital of Great Britain, nor, perhaps, would Paris be that of France. The choice of a capital is influenced rather by great moral reasons, and it is popular feeling which decides such questions. Now Rome combines all the historical, intellectual and moral conditions which ought to hold sway in the capital of a great state; she is the only one among the cities of Italy that has not exclusively municipal traditions; her whole record, from the time of the Cæsars down to the present, is the history of a city whose importance infinitely transcends that of her own territory and is, therefore, predestined to be the capital of a great state. Convinced, nay, profoundly convinced as I am of this truth, I feel compelled to publish it to you, as well as to the nations, in the most solemn terms, and, under such circumstances, feel bound to appeal to the patriotism of all Italians and those who are representatives of Italy's most illustrious cities. Therefore, let discussion on the subject be at an end, so that we ourselves, as well as those who have the honor of being our country's envoys to foreign powers, may be able to declare to Europe: 'The necessity of making Rome the capital is recognized and proclaimed by the entire kingdom.' "

Serious problems were involved in accomplishing this when the superiority of Rome from a historical standpoint had been conceded. Rome was the dwelling place of the Pope, as it had been for centuries. Devout Catholics all over the world felt that the Pope must be left free from any government, that he must not become, as they said, "a mere

Italian tool." Conditions obtaining while the Papacy was in Avignon were recalled, and it was not only claimed that Italian influence would now be substituted for French, but that soon the Pope would no longer be free to act as the head of a Universal Church.

Cavour of course was intensely alive to the grave dangers attached to this undertaking. France sympathized with the Papacy and was determined to fight in behalf of the Church, while a new kingdom might encounter disaster if brought into a general war. Before the same parliament he said:

"It only remains to persuade the Pontiff himself that the Church can yet be independent, though deprived of her temporalities, and to him I think we ought to make some such representations as the following: 'Holy Father, the temporal power is no longer a guarantee of your independence; renounce it, and we will give you that liberty which, for three centuries, you have vainly sought from the great Catholic Powers, and of which you tried to snatch some vestige by means of concordats. By these same concordats you, Holy Father, were obliged to concede—in return for privileges, nay, less than privileges—the use of spiritual arms to secular governments who granted you some scanty measure of freedom; while we are ready to offer you, in all its fulness, that which you have never been able to obtain from those who boasted, nevertheless, of being your allies and devout sons. We are ready to proclaim this great principle throughout Italy: A free Church in a free State!' "

Cavour died in June, 1861, his great work done. There were none great enough to take his place, but his policy was still adhered to, only, unfortunately, with uncertainty and hesitation. Prussia made war against Austria in 1866, having Italy as an ally, the conditions being that Venice should be ceded to the kindgom if the allies were victorious. Italian armies did not make a very good showing on the battle field, but Prussia fought with intense feeling and won. In November, 1866, the troops of the kingdom entered Venice.

Florence remained the temporary capital until Rome should be won. French troops occupied the city, which became the refuge for brigands and lawless characters of different degrees of crime. To reduce the country to order, so long as mis-

doers could slip into the Papal State and remain unmolested, was impossible. In the course of the Franco-Prussian war, France had need of her troops, and as soon as they withdrew the king announced that Italy would occupy the city, which it did September 20, 1870. In June, 1871, the headquarters of the government were transferred from Florence to the city which had been so many years before the capital of the peninsula.

The Pope was allowed to retain many of the prerogatives of a ruler; he could receive and send out ambassadors, no Italian officer possessed any right in the land reserved for the Vatican, and a large yearly revenue was granted him. However, the Popes have refused to recognize this absorption of their earlier territory into the kingdom. They claim to be prisoners and refuse the subsidy granted by the government. The hostility of the Papacy has been one of the reasons for retarding progress since the union of the peninsula. It has given rise to two hostile parties, one supporting the government, the other the Pope.

Another reason that Italy did not at once reach the position believed possible, judging by her tremendous effort put forth in the cause of liberty, has been the wide differences existing in the northern and southern portions of the peninsula. Northern Italy is an important manufacturing region, commerce is extensively carried on, and its people are alert and intelligent citizens. In the Middle Ages northern Italy was peopled by eager, inquiring people who were better educated as a rule than those in other parts of Europe. Southern Italy, until very recent years, has been held under most oppressive taxation. It is an agricultural district and the people are densely ignorant. The very conditions of life that have made it possible for people to exist with very little exertion have fostered this inactive state. There are other explanations.

The *Mafia,* a chain of secret societies, was organized—if such a loose society can be said to have been organized—years ago to protect the lower classes against the landowners and government. Princes were tyrannical and whatever simple steps could be taken to shield the people this society, with its allied branches, took. When the entire country became

joined together as one kingdom, under a king who protects the interests of all, the society did not die out. On the contrary, as citizenship was extended, it became a political factor. Since in early days justice was not to be obtained by the poor man in court, the Mafia took administration of punishment into its own hands and dealt retaliating blows in the dark. So the old impression of the courts lived on, and no member of the Mafia will give any information to an officer, nor will he resort to the courts. A uniform ignorance of everything is his attitude toward officials, and secret retaliation of injury is his recourse. There is no initiation into this society and no head. Each one learns the many secret maxims from some older member. A few have become known:

"The poor resort to force; fools have recourse to law."

"Take the life of whoever makes you lose the means of living."

"Be respectful to officers of the law, but stand afar off."

"Of what does not concern you, say neither good nor ill."

"If needful, bear witness; but take heed that what you testify does no harm to your neighbor."

"An influential friend is worth more than a thousand lire in your pockets."

These are some of the sayings that have the force of law to the unenlightened Mafia members.

In Naples the Camorra has been more dangerous. A society of criminals, either by deed or intention, it levies tribute by blackmail. It has been aided by politicians, who have used it as a tool for selfish ends. Brigands have been driven out of the land, generally speaking, although they may still be found in unfrequented mountain districts.

The different industrial interests and the influence of these two southern Italian societies have, together with the hostility of the Papacy, led to the retarding of a nation which has often given evidence of remarkable ability and genius.

Foreign relations must not be ignored in this connection. The early alliance with France was broken off. France resented the fact that Italy did not come to her aid in the Franco-Prussian war; Italy resented the part France took in prolonging the controversy over Rome. In 1882 Germany and Austria made an alliance and invited Italy to join them

against the aggressive policy of France and Russia. While this has given security to the new kingdom it forced it to maintain a military system which has been a heavy burden.

Victor Emmanuel died in 1878. Cavour's favorite saying was that without him the union of Italy would have been impossible. Humbert succeeded him and ruled until 1900, when he was cut off by an assassin who claimed to be a nihilist. Since 1900 Victor Emmanuel III. has been Italy's ruler. Both he and Queen Helen have the warm affection of their people.

CHAPTER III.

History of Early Opera.

The idea of the modern opera was first conceived about 1580 by a group of scholars and musical amateurs known as the "Bardi circle." This group of men held regular meetings at the home of Count Bardi, in Florence, Italy, to discuss matters of import to literature, science and art. Among the subjects which aroused the interest of these enthusiasts was the possibility of creating a form of music which could be used for dramatic purposes. All they desired was a kind of melody which would be subordinate to the text, but would render verse more effective by acting as its accompaniment. They imagined this result had been attained by the ancient Greeks in their dramas, and accordingly set about to revive the classic form.

Many difficulties presented themselves, for there was no way of ascertaining just what kind of music had been used in Athens. Their experiments did not result in a restoration of the noble Greek tragedy, as they had hoped, but in an intonation which was half-way between speech and song. Out of this grew the "recitative," a kind of musical declamation, consisting of an irregular rising and falling of the voice, upon which modern opera has been based.

Gradually sustained melody was developed because it was frequently found necessary to require an actor to represent a fixed mood, and this can be effected only by means of a sustained air. When melody is thus developed in regular form it is called an "aria," this name being given to the long solo parts of an opera. The effect of music upon the mind is quite different than that of poetry. It acts directly upon the emotions, while the appeal of poetry is made through an understanding of its meaning. Music expresses what words cannot, and aids the text of a drama by making the hearer more sensitive to the plot.

Monteverde (1568-1643) was the first genius to give his

entire attention to the opera. He loosened some of its rigid laws and proved that dramatic action may be expressed in music as well as in poetry. For some time before Monteverde's death, Venice was the center of the opera world. It is said that six hundred and fifty different operas were performed there in one century. The first *public* opera house was erected there in 1627, and thus began the introduction of the new music, hitherto the possession of a privileged few, to all classes. So great was the success of the new institution that by the end of the century ten other opera houses had been built in Venice, and were eagerly patronized. In Rome none were opened until 1671, but we hear of operas being given out of doors or in private houses as early as 1632. Before the seventeenth century, woman held a most insignificant place in the musical world, but the new art of song brought the feminine voice into great prominence.

Many singing schools were established, and by the latter part of the seventeenth century singers of marvelous technical ability sprang up. Composers even went to the length of writing for certain popular singers; the opera stage became but a display ground for the showy art of the vocalist, who was allowed to alter the notes and even to insert embellishments at will.

"The world has never seen a more complete devotion to a single branch of art. The Italian method became the law for Europe. The great singer was the pet of fashionable society, and his gains were fabulous. . . . The work existed solely for the honor and glory of the singer, purely as singer, not as singer and actor combined. The audience cared little or nothing for the play, and listened only to the arias, which they judged with the greatest keenness on technical grounds."[1]

Scarlatti (1659-1725), founder of the influential Neapolitan school, was by far the most famous composer of his time. As director of the Royal School and writer of church and opera music, he was in a position to aid greatly in the development of his art, and many of his pupils became well-known throughout Europe. He increased the scope of the aria and

[1] Dickinson's "The Study of the History of Music," 109.

accompanied recitative, and enlarged the overture to a form of three movements, from which the symphony was later developed. But his works reflect the superficiality of his age and, like the others, soon sank into oblivion.

The operas of George Frederich Handel are discussed in connection with the sketch of his life.* Their general tone was much higher than that of contemporary writers, but they followed the same structural lines and did little to advance the art of opera writing. Handel adhered to the artificial rules observed by all composers of his time, but his melodies were more varied and his treatment of a more masterly order.

Opera exists in two forms: serious and comic—called in Italy "opera seria" and "opera buffa." In its early history the Italian serious or grand opera often included comic elements, but later they were discarded and developed into a distinct form, known as opera buffa. This grew out of the old burlesque and puppet show, for which Italy, especially Rome, has been noted since antiquity. These entertainments, designed to amuse the masses, were free from the conventional and stereotyped restraints of the serious opera. The body of the play was given in recitative style. The whole tendency of the opera buffa was toward truth and simplicity; its constant effort was to portray life as it really is, and in this it exerted a most wholesome effect. To be sure, the early—and many of the later—comic operas contained much that was undesirable and even vulgar, but gradually they became more refined and, because of their variety and naturalness, developed the elements of true musical drama.

Italian grand opera of the eighteenth century was entirely given over to vocal display. Action and text were wholly subservient to melody and were quite overlooked in the desire to create brilliant song effects. Its artificial and stereotyped form is well described in the following passage from the Memoirs of George Hogarth. "In the structure of an opera, the number of characters was generally limited to six, three of each sex; and if it were not a positive rule it was at least a practice hardly ever departed from to make them all lovers—a practice the too slavish adherence to which introduced feeble-

*See p. 200.

ness and absurdity into some of the finest works of Metastio. The principal male and female singers were each of them to have airs of all the different kinds. The piece was to be divided into three acts, and not to exceed a certain number of verses. It was required that each scene should terminate with an air; that the same character should never have two airs in succession; that an air should not be followed by another of the same class; and that the principal airs of the piece should conclude the first and second acts. In the second and third acts there should be a scene consisting of an unaccompanied recitative, an air of execution, and a grand duet sung by hero and heroine. There were occasional choruses, but trios and other concerted pieces were unknown except in the Opera Buffa, where they were beginning to be introduced."

Opera was not introduced into France until the middle of the seventeenth century, and was, from the first, quite independent of Italian influences. Great importance was given to the chorus and ballet, and in the endeavor to perfect dramatic action and scenic effects, musical shortcomings were entirely overlooked. The French are always fond of witty dialogue, and this they interspersed freely throughout their operas; they gave great importance to the so-called "dry" recitative, a monotonous and unmusical form of heightened speech. Often an opera was but a series of choruses and ballets, loosely joined together by the endless recitative. In comparison to the polished and brilliant execution of the Italians, the inferior singing and ever-present ballets of the French must have presented a strange contrast. The Italians overestimated the importance of the musical side of drama, while the French laid their emphasis on the side of plot and action. Each had glaring defects and each was positive of its own superiority. Later we find these two influences acting and re-acting upon one another, making possible the work of the nineteenth century.

Goldoni has given an amusing account of early French opera which has been translated from his Autobiography: "I kept waiting for the airs, the music of which, I thought, would have at least amused me; when, behold! out comes the ballet again, and concludes the act. I, thinking that the whole act

had been without a single air, turn to my neighbour for explanation on that point. He begins to laugh, and assures me that the act I have heard contained no less than six airs. 'How? I am not deaf.' It turns out that I had taken all the airs for an endless recitative. A minute later out came the three actors, all singing together; this was meant for a trio, but again I mistook it for a recitative. In short, all was beautiful, grand, magnificent, excepting the music. When the curtain had fallen, all my acquaintances asked me how I had liked the opera. The answer bursts out of my lips, "Tis a paradise for the eyes, but a hell for the ears.' "

The works of Jean Baptiste de Lully represent the best in French opera. Although a native Italian, he is classed with the French school; he did not, like his countrymen, permit the musical side of his dramas to overbalance all other elements. As a boy his experiences were varied; when thirteen years old he was retained as a helper in the Royal kitchen in Paris, but he attracted attention by his unusual skill as a dancer and violin player and was gradually advanced until he reached the position of composer and music-master to the French king. The greatest service he performed was in his treatment of the overture; his melodies are pleasing but his operas reflect the formal tone of all French music of the seventeenth century.

The period from 1750 to 1780 is very important in the history of the opera. The rise of opera-comique and the reforms of Gluck set loose influences that paved the way for our modern musical drama. We have seen that the Italian grand opera was characterized by a vocal display, which sacrificed action and text; that the tendency of French opera was just the opposite—giving great place to dramatic effect and woefully lacking on the musical side. Operatic history ever since has centered about the conflict of these two tendencies.

The French opera-comique is very similar in origin to the Italian opera buffa, and grew out of the vaudeville, the favorite entertainment of the lower classes. As early as 1714 it was the custom for holiday-makers to gather in the market places and watch the performance of burlesques—often coarse in character but always uproariously applauded. These rude

farces were plentifully interspersed with popular songs, in which the audience joined with great gusto. When songs in direct connection with the plot of the farce were introduced we have the beginnings of comic opera. It was the inevitable result of the growing demand for naturalness and spontaneity in dramatic representation. At the present time "opera-comique" means any opera that has been brought out at the Theâtre de l' Opéra-comique, in Paris, and does not imply the comic element. Thus the term is often applied to tragedies, such as Bizet's "Carmen" and Puccini's "Madame Butterfly."

The invasion of an Italian buffa company in Paris in the year 1732 did much to destroy the structure of French grand opera and direct more attention toward the opera-comique. Many were weary of artificiality and turned eagerly to the Italian music. The success of the buffa troupe called forth heated criticism on the part of French composers and two strong factions arose, with supporters among all classes. One party was in favor of adopting Italian opera and the other violently opposed to it; even the king and queen took part in the discussion—on opposite sides. The result of this contention was most wholesome; it roused the people from the apathy into which they had fallen, and paved the way for an opera in which music and drama should not be opposed to one another, but in which they could be blended into a composite whole. A composer then appeared who dared to upset the cherished traditions—one who marks the dividing line between the old and modern school of opera.

Christoph Willibald Gluck was born in Bavaria in the year 1714. His parents were poor and at the age of twelve he was sent to a Jesuit school for six years, where he studied singing, violin, organ and the classics. After this he devoted himself exclusively to his musical work, studying and playing at Prague. For many years he had no idea of writing any but grand operas; his early works, written in the conventional Italian style, met with such success that he was called to London. Here he produced two operas that proved to be utter failures, and Gluck betook himself and his wounded pride to Paris.

By 1760 he had become convinced that the form of grand

opera was shallow and even absurd; he possessed a strong dramatic instinct, was a devoted student of Greek poetry, and desired to create operas that should be in accordance with the Athenian tragedies. Nothing worth mentioning came from his pen until 1762, when his great reform opera "Orpheus and Eurydice," appeared. This drama is divided into three acts.

The curtain rises upon a scene showing a grassy valley with the tomb of Eurydice in the foreground. A chorus of mourners is interrupted by a cry of grief from Orpheus, husband of the dead Eurydice, who vows he will follow her to the underworld. The God Amor appears and tells him of the perilous conditions imposed on any mortal who would attempt to bring a shade back from Hades; but Orpheus determines to accomplish his purpose. Act II takes place in Hades, opening with a chorus of the Furies, in which the barking of the dog Cerberus is often heard. In the midst of all this uproar Orpheus enters and by means of heart-rending strains on his lyre makes an impassioned appeal for mercy. At last, moved by the beauty of the song, the Furies allow him to pass beyond into the Elysian Fields. By command of the Gods, Orpheus may not look upon his departed love, so he tries to find her by instinct. Compassionate spirits become interested and place her hand in his. In the last act Orpheus is discovered leading Eurydice, who is transported with joy; finally she notices that he holds his face aloof and will not gaze upon her. For this she reproaches him and at last, overpowered by her entreaties, Orpheus turns and, as he looks upon her, she falls dead. Then follows the exquisite melody, "What shall I do without Eurydice?" In the midst of his hopeless grief, Amor returns and restores Eurydice to her faithful lover.

Gluck found great difficulty with his singers, for in his endeavor to assign music to its proper place he went to the other extreme and did not give the vocalists enough opportunity. In his later operas, "Alcestis," produced in 1767, "Iphigenia in Aulis," and "Iphigenia in Tauris"—the latter written to show his superiority over a rival composer—he displayed greater skill in depicting dramatic scenes. The principles which Gluck tried to lay down may be stated briefly as

follows: He desired to do away with the artificiality that had grown up in the opera, and compel actors to sing the notes as they were written by the composer. He thought the overture ought to indicate the general character of the opera, that the instruments should be used as means of expression, and that there should be no disparity between the aria and the recitative. In short, his whole aim tended toward simplicity; he introduced and made permanent principles of dramatic simplicity and unity.

Gluck was not one of the great melodists and his operas are seldom heard today; but the principles which he established have never been laid aside. His was a frivolous age, and his reforms required the expenditure of a moral strength that commands the highest respect and admiration.

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI.

CHAPTER IV.

Modern Italian Opera.

After reaching the highest pinnacle of glory in the technical perfection of its melody, Italian opera steadily declined. Its success in the eighteenth century had been due to the development of showy vocalism alone, and when this could be carried no further there was nothing whatsoever in the form or plot of the opera to redeem it. The inevitable result was a gradual sliding backward and for many years no composer appeared to check its fall.

Italy, the land of sunshine and song, has been the birthplace of most of our musical *forms,* but it has always remained for some other country to develop the ideas suggested by her composers. While Germany was producing such men as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann, Italy's importance in the musical world was rapidly growing less. That she has deteriorated rather than advanced in the art of music is proved by the fact that she contributes practically nothing to the most varied concert program of today. Her one trend of musical development has been in the field of opera, and, in order to produce operas that would succeed, her composers have been forced to cater to the popular taste, which was content with a pleasing melody combined with a trivial plot requiring no mental exertion to follow its development.

When Italian grand opera had declined to such an extent that it was practically extinct, it suddenly burst forth with renewed splendor under the inspiration of Rossini and his followers, and for a short time Italian melody once more held sway.

Gioacchino Antonio Rossini (1792-1868) came of humble parentage, his father being a town trumpeter and his mother the daughter of a baker. His aptitude for music showed itself at an early age, and when very young he began the study of singing, cello and counterpoint in his native town of Pesaro, Italy. The whole history of music tells of no composer who has met with such instant success, for from the beginning of his career Rossini had all Italy at his feet. He

appeared at a time when musical taste was at a low ebb, and, accepting it just as he found it, he exploited the popular forms with great skill.

"Italy, unlike Germany, is a land of singing rather than of music, and as soon as emphasis is placed on things vocal rather than things dramatic, on manner rather than matter, deterioration is certain to result. The consequence is that the works of Rossini and his compeers, despite their fluent brilliancy and perfection of technique, are composed of flimsy material, and rely for their support on a public that is often frankly unmusical." [1]

His early operas were written in the *Seria* style and were faithful imitations of other Italian operas of his day. It is in opera buffa that Rossini was at his best, for it alone afforded him an opportunity to display his love of brilliant effects and "vocal fireworks." His first opera of importance was the famous "Barbiere di Seviglia" (Barber of Seville), written in Rome in 1816. This delightful comedy is based on the love affair of Count Almaviva, who is enamoured of Rosina, the pretty ward of Doctor Baitolo. However, her guardian wishes to wed her himself and so zealously guards her from all would-be suitors. After serenading to no avail, the Count disguises himself as a soldier and, aided by Figaro, the witty barber of Seville, attempts to enter the Doctor's house but he is foiled by a guard. Not daunted by this failure, the count next appears as a substitute sent by Basilo, Rosina's singing teacher, who, he reports, is seriously ill. Of course the Count makes good use of the hour to advance his suit, which is suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Basilo himself. But Figaro bribes him to retreat and Rosina agrees to elope that night. Many difficulties present themselves but finally the lovers flee and are married before Bartolo and his friends appear.

This is perhaps the most popular of Rossini's works and assuredly is the best opera buffa in existence. Among its arias in popular use as concert numbers, are Rossini's chamber aria—"Una Voce Poco Fa," and the final trio of the Count, Rosina and Figaro—"Zitti, Zitti." In his last opera, "William Tell," Rossini shows a broader and more truly musical

[1] Elson's "A Critical History of the Opera," 149.

style. This opera was written in French and met with enormous success. Immediately after its production, Rossini abandoned this field and never again wrote an opera. Some assert that his natural indolence was the cause of his retirement, but it is more than probable that he realized he had reached the limit of his powers as a composer and was content with the climax he had produced.

Rossini's sole object was to entertain and he cared little about the lasting value of his work. Still it would be unjust to say that his influence was corrupting; his melody is of a higher grade than that of his compeers and he greatly increased the importance of the orchestra.

Of the works of his contemporaries, Donizetti and Bellini, there is little to be said. They reflect for the most part the characteristics of Rossini's style, but show less originality and orchestral vigour. Verdi (1813-1901) is sometimes classed with this group of composers but, although his early operas might easily have been the production of Donizetti or Bellini, his later work marks the beginning of a more modern style and proves him a greater genius than any of the so-called "Rossini School" of Italian musicians.

Guiseppe Verdi was born in a little Italian hamlet on October 10, 1813, the same year in which a still greater genius —Richard Wagner—came into the world. Evincing a love for music when very young, Verdi was allowed to follow the bent of his genius. He received lessons on the organ and in counterpoint and when nineteen was prepared to ably fill positions as organist. The following story related by Elson tells of his early skill and independence:

"It happened that in the competition for an organist's post, none of the twenty-eight aspirants was able to write a correct fugue on the subject given by Basily. When he complained to Lavigna, * the latter waged that Verdi could do it. The young student, who was sitting near by, at once took pen and paper and soon finished the composition. Basily read the production with astonishment, and was forced to compliment Verdi on his skill. 'But how is it that you have written a double canon on my subject?' queried the master.

*Lavigna was Verdi's teacher.

'Because I found it rather poor, and wished to embellish it,' was Verdi's instant reply."

Although his early operas have been relegated to the obscurity which they deserve, his later works give evidence of a superior intellect and true artistic feeling. He was a man of broad interests, an intense patriot and during his lifetime held several diplomatic positions. In all, he wrote twenty-seven operas, but not more than six of these are performed today. He is perhaps best known as the composer of "Il Trovatore," although the merits of this opera by no means justify its popularity.

The plot of "Il Trovatore" is very confused and trivial; indeed, it has been called by one able critic "melodrama run mad." Its success is due to its catchy and very effective melodies which appeal strongly to the greater part of opera-attending audiences. "The music is often distressingly simple and tawdry, but in spite of that quality it possesses such direct melodic and dramatic force that the opera deserves far more praise than the critics are willing to accord to a work of the purely tuneful school that inspires our street organs. Despite its weak plot, it has the strength of a musical setting excellent in design and workmanship, though written as if in words of one syllable to please a public that was wholly child-like in its emotions and impulses."[2]

Two men seek the hand of Leonore, Countess of Sergaste, one a minstrel by the name of Manrico, and the other Count Luna. Azucena, a gipsy, is supposed to be the mother of Manrico and she vows revenge on Count Luna because his father had caused her mother to be burned as a witch. Azucena has stolen one of his children for revenge, named him Manrico and brought him up as her own son. After exciting incidents, Manrico and Azucena are imprisoned by the wicked Count, who threatens to kill them unless Leonora will promise to marry him. She is sent to tell Manrico, but he declines to accept liberty at such a price, and is consequently executed in the presence of Azucena. Rather than keep the promise which she has made only to save her lover's life, Leonore takes poison. The gipsy then tells the Count that Manrico was not her son, but his own brother, and, filled with rage at the

[2] Elson's "A Critical History of Opera," 283.

error she has allowed him to commit, the Count orders her to be burned at the stake.

The "Anvil Chorus," the "Miserere" and music of the famous prison scene contain some of the magnificent melodies in which this opera abound, but unfortunately they are thrown together with little judgment or regard to the effect of the opera as a whole.

In "Aïda" Verdi displays a power and dignity most astonishing when we take into consideration the triviality of his earlier work. It is a master-piece of dramatic force, and most ably reflects the magic beauty of the Nile country. For "Aïda" was written as a result of a commission from the Khedive of Egypt, in 1869, to write a national opera for his people. The effect of this work was to bring to Verdi the recognition of the highest musical circles in Europe.

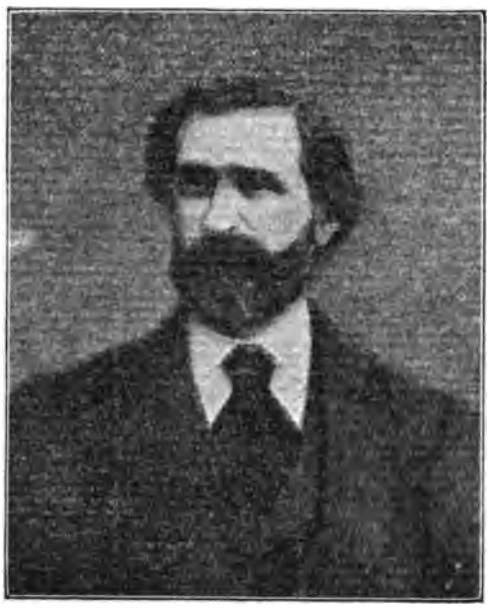
The scene of the opera is laid in ancient Egypt, and its highly-colored and somewhat sensuous melodies are quite in keeping with Eastern mysticism and romance. Aïda is the daughter of the Ethiopian king and is living as a hostage at the Egyptian court. There Rhadames, a young warrior, falls in love with her, not knowing that she is the daughter of a king. In the ensuing war with the Ethiopians, Rhadames covers himself with glory and returns with a host of prisoners, among whom is Aïda's father, Amonasro. The king celebrates the overwhelming victory by freeing all but Amonasro and rewards the unwilling Rhadames with the hand of Princess Amneris.

When Aïda's father learns of her attachment with his conqueror, he persuades her to influence him to join their cause and leave his native land. But the plot is overheard by the jealous Amneris, who betrays Rhadames to the government. He is thereupon tried and found guilty, but is offered pardon if he will renounce Aïda and marry Amneris. This he refuses to do, so is sentenced to the horrible death of being buried alive in a vault. There Aïda conceals herself and the faithful lovers die in each other's arms.

Two other operas written in this later period justify the high position which Verdi holds in the Italian opera-world, "Othello" and "Falstaff," both based upon Shakespearean stories and characters. Opera repertoire contains no more

original and vivacious comedy than "Falstaff," which was written in the composer's eightieth year.

Some critics have accused Verdi of imitating Wagner's style, but this indicates either a shallow perception or the inability to recognize national characteristics when they are most apparent. Verdi is as thoroughly Italian in his style as Wagner is German in his, and he well deserves the name he has won as a creator of most ravishing melody.



GIUSEPPE VERDI.

MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE

AS would be expected, the literature of modern Italy has strongly reflected the political conditions of the times. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the epic had great popularity. Charlemagne was the lofty figure around whom a wide variety of tales gathered. The story of "The Cid" was given a new dress in Italian lore, where Roland was known as Orlando. Tasso, by far the most gifted in these years, attempted a mighty Christian epic, and seized upon the story of the First Crusade. His *Jerusalem Delivered* was the result.

In the seventeenth century, Italy fell largely under the dominance of Spain. With foreign rule and oppression came a deadening of intellectual vigor. Literature became bombastic and artificial and empty. Gradually a reaction against the artificial set in, but this led to an attempted Arcadian simplicity—an affected pastoral tone which was quite as unnatural and artificial as the other had been. The sonnet grew in favor and poets imitated Petrarch; story writers followed the example of Boccaccio. Greatest of these was Bandello. In the latter half of the century, when the Turks threatened Europe, Filicaja caught an inspiration and wrote in stirring measures upon the siege of Vienna. As the southland gradually wrested itself free from Spanish rule, once again the spirit of the people found natural expression. Parini won lasting renown by his attack upon the self-indulgence of the nobles. A selection from his poem "The Day," is quoted. Several results came as a consequence of the effort made to revive the ancient drama. Comedy was given marked impetus in Venice; the opera arose, and tragedy found a leader in Alfieri, who worked for its reconstruction along lines adhered to by the Greeks. In his dramas patriotism, rather than love, became the ruling passion. A struggle for nationality followed the collapse of the Napoleonic republics. Men who were fearless enough to express their sentiments often wasted away in prisons for long years together. Yet such a fate did not quell the noble spirit of patriotism which led at last to a united Italy.

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

For his beautiful style the Italians, with mingled familiarity and enthusiasm, have called Ariosto "Ludovico the Divine." He was born in 1474 and died in 1533, being the greatest Italian poet between Petrarch and Tasso. His romantic epic, "Orlando Furioso," fills a curious niche in the Temple of Fame between Dante's "Commedia" and Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata" (Jerusalem Delivered). Both of these masterpieces were inspired by a truly religious spirit. Dante's poem was half pagan, half mediæval; Tasso's was half mediæval, half modern. In Ariosto, however, we behold the reflex of the skepticism of his age, that turned from the legends of the Church to the Carlovingian romances. In order to appreciate exactly the impulse, nature and success of Ariosto's poem it is necessary to recall the rise of this romantic cycle and its antecedent treatment at the hands of Luigi Pulci (1431-1484), and Count Matteo Boiardo (1434-1494), without the last of whom, indeed, it may be truthfully said Ariosto's work would have been impossible. It must be observed that "Charlemagne became to Christendom what Æneas was to Rome, and his historical character was entirely superseded and overlaid by his mythical and acquired personality. The chief repository of the legends concerning him is the Latin chronicle of Saint Jago, attributed by its author to Archbishop Turpin, the Emperor's spiritual peer, and the Northern French *chansons de geste*, which were very popular in Italy. Charlemagne's real exploits in Germany where he defeated the Saxons, and in Italy where he overthrew the Lombards, were not forgotten; but the romancers delighted in celebrating his expedition to Spain, despite its calamitous issue. The reason is not far to seek.

The Moors stood in the same relation to the Emperor's Frankish chivalry as the Saracens afterwards stood to the Christians. Hence it was easy for writers to invest their narrative with associations and sentiments which had grown up during the Crusades." (Snell.)

The particular legend of Roland (translated by the Italians into Orlando) grew out of the battle of Roncesvalles, in August, 778 A.D. Although not even mentioned in the original history of Archbishop Turpin, Roland became the hero of a version revised by a monk of Vienne. This pseudo-Turpin relates Roland's bravery, the episode of his far-resounding horn, of his battle with the giant Ferracute (Ariosto's Ferrau), Ganelon's treachery and Charlemagne's later vengeance on the Saracens. The "Chanson de Roland" not only told of Turpin's own fate, but added a second hero to Roland in Oliver. Roland falls in love with Oliver's sister, Aude, and fights a duel with Oliver. Roland's sword is named "Durendal." In Italy, however, this legend was to be most glorified. Nicolas of Padua (1320) wrote an elaborate romance concerning the "Entree en Espagne" (Entry into Spain), and its sequel, "La Prise de Pampelune" (Taking of Pampeluna). These romances formed the groundwork for Sagna's "Rotta di Roncesvalle" (Defeat at Roncesvalles). Besides this there was a prose harmony of this Cycle of Charles the Great, entitled "Reali di Francia" (The Frankish Royalty). At last Pulci lifted these despised vernacular romances from the popular level into courtly style. Orlando (Roland), the hero, is now made the nephew of Charlemagne. Portions of Pulci's epic are so extravagant, so grotesque, so bizarre, that the idea has inevitably occurred that the poet nourished a design similar to that of Cervantes, and in reality was merely mocking at the institutions of chivalry. The "Orlando Innamorato" of his successor Boiardo is graver in style and loftier in spirit; the angry warrior is transformed into the enamored lover of Angelica, an infidel princess of exquisite beauty and consummate coquetry. Angelica retires to a castle in Cathay where she is besieged by Agricane, a

fabulous king of Tartary, who is defeated and killed by Orlando. The style of this epic was too labored and heavy to suit the masses, for whom the flippant Berni made a new version of the poem, that appeared almost simultaneously with Ariosto's greater work. Curiously enough, Ariosto, who was to continue and eclipse Boiardo, was a son of a governor of the citadel of Reggio, who had superseded Boiardo in that post. He was also, like Boiardo, a courtier of the house of Este at Ferrara. Nevertheless, the only acknowledgment given by Cardinal Ippolito of Este to the poet's verses was the patronizing remark: "Where did you find so many stories, Master Ludovic?" Yet Ariosto was once spared by the bandits of the Apennines in honor of his great masterpiece. The courtier poet lived and died in poverty. After his death it was claimed that Charles V. had crowned him.

Ariosto filed and polished his epic, "Orlando Furioso," to the day of his death. The Italian ottava (octave) stanza attained in him the highest perfection of grace, variety and harmony. The epic was first published in 1516 in forty cantos, afterwards increased to forty-six. The plot of Ariosto's poem begins at a point before Boiardo's unfinished epic ends. The hero of "Orlando Furioso" is in reality the Saracen knight, Rogero (Ruggiero), who receives baptism for the sake of his love for Bradamante, sister of Rinaldo. The narrative of their love is elegantly recited, as well as Bradamante's fight in armor in a duel with her own knight. She has an enchanted spear. Corneille wrote later a drama on this episode Full of poetic beauties are the descriptions by Ariosto of the death of the Duke Zerbino, the complaints of Isabella, his wife, the discord among the Saracens, and the love of Rogero and Bradamante. In the end, Orlando, mad for his love of Angelica, has his wits brought back from the moon in a phial by the Scotch magician Astolfo, who also has a horn with which he can destroy whole armies at a blast. Ariosto's epic has been translated into English by Sir John Harington and by William Stewart Rose. Our extracts are from the latter.

THE MADNESS OF ORLANDO.

HERE from his horse Orlando lit,
  And at the entrance of the grot surveyed
A cloud of words, which seemed but newly writ,
  And which the young Medoro's hand had made.
On the great pleasure he had known in it,
  This sentence he in verses had arrayed;
Which in his tongue, I deem, might make pretence
To polished phrase; and such in ours the sense:

"Gay plants, green herbage, rill of limpid vein,
  And, grateful with cool shade, thou gloomy cave,
Where oft, by many wooed with fruitless pain,
  Beauteous Angelica, the child of grave
King Galaphron, within my arms has lain;
  For the convenient harborage you gave,
I, poor Medoro, can but in my lays,
As recompense, forever sing your praise;

"And any loving lord devoutly pray,
  Damsel and cavalier, and every one,
Whom choice or fortune hither shall convey,
  Stranger or native,—to this crystal run,
Shade, caverned rock, and grass, and plants, to say,
  'Benignant be to you the fostering sun
And moon, and may the choir of nymphs provide
That never swain his flock may hither guide!' "

In Arabic was writ the blessing said,
  Known to Orlando like the Latin tongue,
Who, versed in many languages, best read
  Was in this speech; which oftentimes from wrong,
And injury, and shame, had saved his head
  What time he roved the Saracens among.
But let him boast not of its former boot,
O'erbalanced by the present bitter fruit.

Three times, and four, and six, the lines impressed
  Upon the stone that wretch perused, in vain
Seeking another sense than was expressed,
  And ever saw the thing more clear and plain;

And all the while, within his troubled breast,
  He felt an icy hand his heart-core strain.
With mind and eyes close fastened on the block
At length he stood, not differing from the rock.

Then well-nigh lost all feeling,—so a prey
  Wholly was he to that o'ermastering woe.
This is a pang—believe the experienced say
  Of him who speaks—which does all griefs outgo.
His pride had from his forehead passed away,
  His chin had fallen upon his breast below;
Nor found he—so grief barred each natural vent—
Moisture for tears, or utterance for lament.

Stifled within, the impetuous sorrow stays,
  Which would too quickly issue; so to abide
Water is seen, imprisoned in the vase
  Whose neck is narrow and whose swell is wide;
What time, when one turns up the inverted base,
  Towards the mouth so hastes the hurrying tide,
And in the strait encounters such a stop,
It scarcely works a passage, drop by drop,

He somewhat to himself returned and thought
  How, possibly, the thing might be untrue;
That some one (so he hoped, desired, and sought
  To think) his lady would with shame pursue.
Or with such weight of jealousy had wrought
  To whelm his reason, as should him undo;
And that he, whosoe'er the thing had planned,
Had counterfeited passing well her hand.

With such vain hope he sought himself to cheat,
  And manned some deal his spirits and awoke;
Then pressed the faithful Brigliadoro's seat,
  As on the sun's retreat his sister broke.
Nor far the warrior had pursued his beat,
  Ere eddying from a roof he saw the smoke,
Heard noise of dog and kine, a farm espied,
And thitherward in quest of lodging hied.

Languid he lit, and left his Brigliador
  To a discreet attendant: one undressed

His limbs, one doffed the golden spurs he wore,
  And one bore off, to clean, his iron vest.
This was the homestead where the young Medore
  Lay wounded, and was here supremely blessed.
Orlando here, with other food unfed,
Having supped full of sorrow, sought his bed.

The more the wretched sufferer seeks for ease,
  He finds but so much more distress and pain;
Who everywhere the loathed handwriting sees,
  On wall, and door, and window: he would fain
Question his host of this, but holds his peace,
  Because, in sooth, he dreads too clear, too plain,
To make the thing, and this would rather shroud,
That it may less offend him, with a cloud.

Little availed the count his self-deceit,
  For there was one who spake of it unsought;
The shepherd swain, who, to allay the heat,
  With which he saw his guest so troubled, thought
The tale which he was wonted to repeat,—
  Of the two lovers,—to each listener taught,
A history which many loved to hear.
He now, without reserve, 'gan tell the peer,

How, at Angelica's persuasive prayer,
  He to his farm had carried young Medore,
Grievously wounded with an arrow; where,
  In little space, she healed the angry sore.
But while she exercised this pious care,
  Love in her heart the lady wounded more,
And kindled from small spark so fierce a fire,
She burnt all over, restless with desire:

Nor thinking she of mightiest king was born,
  Who ruled in the East, nor of her heritage,
Forced by too puissant love, had thought no scorn
  To be the consort of a poor foot-page.
His story done, to them in proof was borne
  The gem, which in reward for harborage
To her extended in that kind abode,
Angelica, at parting, had bestowed.

A deadly axe was this unhappy close,
  Which, at a single stroke, lopped off the head;
When satiate with innumerable blows,
  That cruel hangman, Love, his hate had fed.
Orlando studied to conceal his woes;
  And yet the mischief gathered force and spread,
And would break out perforce in tears and sighs,
Would he, or would he not, from mouth and eyes.

When he can give the rein to raging woe,
  Alone by others' presence unrepressed,
From his full eyes the tears descending flow,
  In a wide stream, and flood his troubled breast.
'Mid sob and groan, he tosses to and fro
  About his weary bed, in search of rest;
And vainly shifting, harder than a rock
And sharper than a nettle found its flock.

. . . . . .

In him, forthwith, such deadly hatred breed
  That bed, that house, that swain, he will not stay
Till the morn break, or till the dawn succeed,
  Whose twilight goes before approaching day.
In haste Orlando takes his arms and steed,
  And to the deepest greenwood wends his way;
And when assured that he is there alone,
Gives utterance to his grief in shriek and groan.

Never from tears, never from sorrowing,
  He paused: nor found he peace by night or day:
He fled from town, in forest harboring,
  And in the open air on hard earth lay.
He marvelled at himself, how such a spring
  Of water from his eyes could stream away,
And breath was for so many sobs supplied—
And thus ofttimes, amid his mourning, cried:

"These are no longer real tears which rise,
  And which I scatter from so full a vein:
Of tears my ceaseless sorrow lacked supplies;
  They stopped, when to mid-height scarce rose my pain.

The vital moisture rushing to my eyes,
  Driven by the fire within me, now would gain
A vent: and it is this which I expend,
And which my sorrows and my life will end.

"No; these, which are the index of my woes,
  These are not sighs, nor sighs are such; they fail
At times, and have their season of repose.
  I feel my breast can never less exhale
Its sorrow: Love, who with his pinions blows
  The fire about my heart, creates this gale.
Love, by what miracle dost thou contrive,
It wastes not in the fire thou keep'st alive?

"I am not—am not what I seem to sight:
  What Roland was is dead and underground,
Slain by that most ungrateful lady's spite,
  Whose faithlessness inflicted such a wound.
Divided from the flesh, I am his sprite,
  Which, in this hell, tormented, walks its round,
To be but in its shadow left above,
A warning to all such as trust in Love."

All night about the forest roved the count,
  And, at the break of daily light, was brought
By his unhappy fortune to the fount,
  Where his inscription young Medoro wrought.
To see his wrongs inscribed upon that mount
  Inflamed his fury so, in him was naught
But turned to hatred, frenzy, rage, and spite;
Nor paused he more, but bared his falchion bright;—

Cleft through the writing, and the solid block
  Into the sky in tiny fragments sped.
Woe worth each sapling and that caverned rock,
  Where "Medore and Angelica" were read!
So scathed, that they to shepherd or to flock
  Thenceforth shall never furnish shade or bed.
And that sweet fountain, late so clear and pure,
From such tempestuous wrath was ill secure.

For he turf, stone, and trunk, and shoot, and lop,
  Cast without cease into the beauteous source;
Till, turbid from the bottom to the top,
  Never again was clear the troubled course.
At length, for lack of breath compelled to stop,—
  When he is bathed in sweat and wasted force,
Serves not his fury more,—he falls and lies
Upon the mead, and, gazing upward, sighs.

Wearied and wo-begone, he fell to the ground,
  And turned his eyes toward heaven; nor spake he aught,
Nor ate nor slept, till in his daily round
  The golden sun had broken thrice, and sought
His rest anew; nor ever ceased his wound
  To rankle, till it marred his sober thought.
At length, impelled by frenzy, the fourth day,
He from his limbs tore plate and mail away.

Here was his helmet, there his shield bestowed;
  His arms far off; and farther than the rest,
His cuirass; through the greenwood wide was strewed
  All his good gear, in fine: and next his vest
He rent; and, in his fury, naked showed
  His shaggy paunch, and all his back and breast,
And 'gan that frenzy act, so passing dread,
Of stranger folly never shall be said.

So fierce his rage, so fierce his fury grew,
  That all obscured remained the warrior's spright;
Nor, for forgetfulness, his sword he drew,
  Or wondrous deeds I trow, had wrought the knight.
But neither this, nor bill nor axe to hew,
  Was needed by Orlando's peerless might.
He of his prowess gave high proofs and full,
Who a tall pine uprooted at a pull.

The Duel of Rogero and Bradamant.

Leo will not enter Paris; but nigh
  Pitches his broad pavilions on the plain;
And his arrival by an embassy
  Makes known that day to royal Charlemagne.
Well pleased is he; and visits testify
  And many gifts the monarch's courteous vein.
His journey's cause the Grecian prince displayed,
And to dispatch his suit the sovereign prayed:

"To send afield the damsel, who denied
  Ever to take in wedlock any lord
Weaker than her: for she should be his bride,
  Or he would perish by the lady's sword."
Charles undertook for this; and, on her side,
  The following day upon the listed sward
Before the walls, in haste enclosed that night,
Appeared the martial maid, equipped for fight.

Rogero passed the night before the day
  Wherein by him the battle should be done,
Like that which felon spends, condemned to pay
  Life's forfeit with the next succeeding sun:
He made his choice to combat in the fray
  All armed; because he would discovery shun:
Nor barded steed he backed, nor lance he shook;
Nor other weapon than his falchion took.

No lance he took: yet was it not through fear
  Of that which Argalia whilom swayed,
Astolpho's next, then hers, that in career
  Her foemen ever upon earth had laid:
Because none weened such force was in the spear,
  Nor that it was by necromancy made;
Excepting royal Galaphron alone,
Who had it forged, and gave it to his son.

Nay, bold Astolpho, and the lady who
  Afterwards bore it, deemed that not to spell,
But simply to their proper force, was due
  The praise that they in knightly joust excel;

And with whatever spear they fought, those two
  Believed that they should have performed as well.
What only makes that knight the joust forego,
Is that he would not his Frontino show.

For easily that steed of generous kind
  She might have known, if him she had espied,
Whom in Montalban, long to her consigned,
  The gentle damsel had been wont to ride.
Rogero, that but schemes, but hath in mind
  How he from Bradamant himself shall hide,
Neither Frontino nor yet other thing,
Whereby he may be known, afield will bring.

With a new sword will he the maid await;
  For well he knew against the enchanted blade
As soft as paste would prove all mail and plate:
  For never any steel its fury stayed;
And heavily with hammer, to rebate
  Its edge, as well he on this falchion laid.
So armed, Rogero in the lists appeared,
When the first dawn of day the horizon cheered.

To look like Leo, o'er his breast is spread
  The surcoat that the prince is wont to wear;
And the gold eagle with its double head
  He, blazoned on the crimson shield, doth bear;
And (what the Child's disguisement well may stead)
  Of equal size and stature are the pair.
In the other's form presents himself the one;
That other lets himself be seen of none.

Dordona's martial maid is of a vein
  Right different from the gentle youth's, who sore
Hammers and blunts the falchion's tempered grain,
  Lest it his opposite should cleave or bore.
She whets her steel, and into it would fain
  Enter, that stripling to the quick to gore:
Yea, would such fury to her strokes impart,
That each should go directly to his heart.

As on the start the generous barb is spied,
  When he the signal full of fire attends;
And paws now here, now there; and opens wide
  His nostrils, and his pointed ears extends;
So the bold damsel, to the lists defied,
  Who knows not with Rogero she contends,
Seemed to have fire within her veins, nor found
Resting-place, waiting for the trumpet's sound.

As sometimes after thunder sudden wind
  Turns the sea upside down; and far and nigh
Dim clouds of dust the cheerful daylight blind,
  Raised in a thought from earth, and whirled heaven-high;
Scud beasts and herd together with the hind,
  And into hail and rain dissolves the sky;
So she upon the signal bared her brand,
And fell on her Rogero, sword in hand.

But well-built wall, strong tower, or aged oak,
  No more are moved by blasts that round them rave,
No more by furious sea is moved the rock,
  Smote day and night by the tempestuous wave,
Than in those arms, secure from hostile stroke,
  Which erst to Trojan Hector Vulcan gave,
Moved was he by that ire and hatred rank
Which stormed about his head, and breast, and flank.

Now aims that martial maid a trenchant blow,
  And now gives point; and wholly is intent
'Twixt plate and plate to reach her hated foe;
  So that her stifled fury she may vent:
Now on this side, now that, now high, now low,
  She strikes, and circles him, on mischief bent;
And evermore she rages and repines,
As balked of every purpose she designs.

As he that layeth siege to well-walled town,
  And flanked about with solid bulwarks, still
Renews the assault; now fain would batter down
  Gateway or tower; now gaping fosse would fill;

Yet vainly toils (for entrance is there none)
  And wastes his host, aye frustrate of his will;
So sore toils and strives without avail
The damsel, nor can open plate or mail.

Sparks now his shield, now helm, now cuirass scatter,
  While straight and back strokes, aimed now low, now
    high,
Which good Rogero's head and bosom batter
  And arms, by thousands and by thousands fly
Faster than on the sounding farm-roof patter
  Hailstones descending from a troubled sky.
Rogero, at his ward, with dextrous care,
Defends himself, and ne'er offends the fair.

Now stopped, now circled, now retired the knight,
  And oft his hand his foot accompanied;
And lifted shield and shifted sword in flight,
  Where shifting he the hostile hand espied.
Either he smote her not, or—did he smite—
  Smote, where he deemed least evil would betide.
The lady, ere the westering sun descend,
Desires to bring that duel to an end.

Of the edict she remembered her, and knew
  Her peril, save the foe was quickly sped:
For if she took not in one day nor slew
  Her claimant, she was taken; and his head
Phœbus was now about to hide from view,
  Nigh Hercules' pillars, in his watery bed,
When first she 'gan misdoubt her power to cope
With that strong foe, and to abandon hope.

But how much more hope fails the damsel, so
  Much more her anger waxes; she her blows
Redoubling, yet the harness of her foe
  Will break, which through that day unbroken shows;
As he, that at his daily drudgery slow,
  Sees night on his unfinished labor close,
Hurries and toils and moils without avail,
Till wearied strength and light together fail.

Didst thou, O miserable damsel, trow
  Whom thou wouldst kill, if in that cavalier
Matched against thee thou didst Rogero know,
  On whom depend thy very life-threads, ere
Thou killed him thou would'st kill thyself; for thou,
  I know, does hold him than thyself more dear;
And when he for Rogero shall be known,
I know these very strokes thou wilt bemoan.

King Charles and peers him, sheathed in plate and shell,
  Deem not Rogero, but the emperor's son;
And viewing in that combat fierce and fell
  Such force and quickness by the stripling shown;
And, without e'er offending her, how well
  That knight defends himself, now change their tone;
Esteem both well assorted; and declare
The champions worthy of each other are.

When Phœbus wholly under water goes,
  Charlemagne bids the warring pair divide,
And Bradamant (nor boots it to oppose)
  Allots to youthful Leo as a bride.
Not there Rogero tarried to repose;
  Nor loosed his armor, nor his helm untied:
On a small hackney, hurrying sore, he went
Where Leo him awaited in his tent.

Twice in fraternal guise and oftener threw
  Leo his arms about the cavalier;
And next his helmet from his head withdrew,
  And kissed him on both cheeks with loving cheer.
"I would," he cried, "that thou wouldst ever do
  By me what pleaseth thee; for thou wilt ne'er
Weary my love: at my call I lend
To thee myself and state; these freely spend;

"Nor see I recompense, which can repay
  The mighty obligation that I owe;
Though of the garland I should disarray
  My brows, and upon thee that gift bestow."

Rogero, on whom his sorrows press and prey,
  Who loathes his life, immersed in that deep woe,
Little replies; the ensigns he had worn
Returns and takes again his unicorn;

And showing himself spiritless and spent,
  From thence as quickly as he could withdrew,
And from Young Leo's to his lodgings went;
  When it was midnight, armed himself anew,
Saddled his horse and sallied from his tent;
  (He takes no leave, and none his going view);
And his Frontino to that road addressed,
Which seemed to please the goodly courser best.

THE VALLEY OF LOST LUMBER.

ASTOLFO rides to the moon on the winged hippogriff to recover for Orlando the wits which he had lost for love of the Princess Angelica.

Astolfo was conducted by his guide to a narrow valley between two steep mountains. Here was miraculously collected everything which had been lost on earth, either through some human failing or by the fault of time or fortune—not only riches and power, but also those things which fortune alone can neither give nor take away. Many a reputation lies up there, which time, like a moth, has long been gnawing at here below, and also numberless vows and good resolutions made by sinners. There we should find the tears and sighs of lovers, the time lost in gaming, all the wasted leisure of ignorant men, and all vain intentions which have never been put into action. Of fruitless desires there are so many that they lumber up the greater part of that place. In short, whatever you have lost here below you will find again if you ascend thither.

Our Paladin, as he passed along, now and again asking questions of his guide, saw a mountain of blown bladders, which seemed to be full of noise inside. And he knew that these were the ancient crowns of the Assyrians, and of Lydia, and of the Persians and Greeks, which once were famous, while now their very names are almost forgotten. Close by he saw great masses of gold and silver piled up in

heaps, which were those gifts that people made, in hopes of getting a reward, to kings and princes. He saw wreaths of flowers with traps hidden among them, and on asking, heard that they were flatteries. Verses that men made in praise of their patrons are seen there, under the form of grasshoppers who have hurt themselves with chirping. . . . He saw many broken bottles of different kinds, and found that they stand for the service men pay to courts, and the thanks they get for it. Then he came to a great pool of spilt broth, and asking what it was, his guide told him that it represented the alms people direct to be given after their deaths. Then he passed by a great heap of various flowers, which once were sweet-scented, but now have a foul odor; this was the gift (if we may be permitted to say so) that Constantine bestowed on the good Pope Sylvester.

He saw a great quantity of twigs covered with bird-lime; there, O fair ladies, is your beauty! He saw . . . but it would be an endless task to count up the things which were shown him there. The only thing he did not find was folly: that remains here on earth, for no one ever parts with it. At last he came to that which we are all so firmly persuaded we possess, that no one ever prayed to have it given him—I mean common sense. There was a huge heap of it, as big as all the other things put together. It was like a clear, soft liquid, which easily evaporates if it is not kept tightly corked, and was contained in bottles of various shapes and sizes, each one being labelled with the name of its owner. Astolfo noticed one which was much larger than the rest, and read on the label, "*Orlando's Wits.*" He also saw a great part of his own; but what made him marvel more than any thing else was the fact that many people whom he had believed to have plenty of sense were now shown to have little or none, the bottles marked with their names being nearly full. Some lose it through love, others in striving after honors; yet others in seeking for riches by land and sea, or by putting their trust in great lords and princes, or in pursuing after follies of magic and sorcery, or gems or pictures, or any thing else which a man values above others. There was a great quantity of the wits of philosophers and astrologers stored

there, and also of those of poets. Astolfo took up his own, having received permission to do so, and put the flask to his nose; and it appears that his wits returned to their place right enough, for Turpin confesses that from thenceforth Astolfo lived very wisely indeed for a long time. But afterwards, it is true, he made one mistake which once more deprived him of his brains. Then he took up the large flask which contained Orlando's, and which was no light weight, and turned to depart. . . .

GIOVAMBATTISTA GIRALDI CINTHIO.

CINTHIO deserves note not only as one of the most voluminous Italian novelists of the sixteenth century, but as the author of the story which furnished Shakespeare with the plot for his tragedy of "Othello." He was a noble of Ferrara, and wrote the "Hecatomithi," or Hundred Fables (1565). After the manner of Boccaccio, he feigned that these tales were told by a party of ladies and gentlemen fleeing from a pestilence which had followed the famous sack of Rome. With all their revolting incidents and labored style, these tales possess a powerful and dramatic interest. Cinthio's tragic stories abound in dark atrocities and terrific extravagance. He ransacked the catalogue of human crimes. The entire third decade is devoted to the theme of the infidelity of wives and husbands.

In regard to his story of "Othello," Thomas Roscoe has aptly pointed out wherein Shakespeare has generally improved upon the novelist. "In the drama Iago is actuated to revenge by jealousy and resentment arising from Cassio's promotion; while in the novel he is merely influenced by love turned into hatred. In Shakespeare the villain employs his wife to steal the handkerchief, but in the Italian this deed is performed by himself. The noble character of Othello is also wholly of the poet's creation, he being drawn by the novelist with the vulgar features of a morose, selfish, and cruel husband." Nevertheless Shakespeare has borrowed almost entirely the characters of Desdemona, Cassio and Iago, while "the gradual and artful method pursued by Iago of infusing suspicions,

like a slow poison, into the noble nature of Othello, is closely copied from the novelist." The fifth novel of Cinthio's eighth decade suggested to Shakespeare the comedy of "Measure for Measure."

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

AT the period when the King of France appointed the celebrated Giovanni Trivulzi governor of Milan, the capital city of Lombardy, a certain noble youth resided there of the name of Giovanni Panigarola, whose bold and fiery temper involved him in frequent disputes, both with the soldiers and the citizens, to the no slight interruption of the public peace. This unruly disposition having more than once caused him to be brought before the governor at the instance of several individuals with whom he had been engaged, he would probably have incurred the punishment due to his indiscretion, had not the venerable Trivulzi been more desirous of reforming offenders than of punishing them. Discharging him merely with a severe reprimand, out of regard to the feelings of the youth's family and friends, he trusted that he should hear of him no more. But this unfortunately was not the case; the perverse and ungrateful youth still pursuing the same perilous career in spite of the entreaties and reproaches of his best friends. Even his union with a pleasing and accomplished young lady of Lampogiani, named Philippa, failed to convince him of the folly of his conduct; her tenderness and anxiety were lavished upon him in vain, and she lived in daily expectation of hearing of some calamitous event. Though he always treated her with the utmost kindness and affection, she would rather have been herself the victim of his quarrelsome and unhappy disposition, than have heard of his indulging it at the expense of others, and at the imminent risk of his own life. Unable to support this incessant anxiety, the fond Philippa would frequently conjure him to abstain from thus wantonly hazarding his reputation and her own repose, for the sake of encouraging so idle and dangerous a propensity, which cost her so many tears. Then throwing her fair arms around him, she declared

that she could not live long under the torments she endured on his behalf, being in hourly dread of beholding him borne homewards a lifeless corpse. "I had rather," she exclaimed, "that you would at once pierce my bosom with your sword than listen to the sad accounts I am daily expecting to hear from you, so derogatory to your own honor and the name you bear, and frequently, I fear, so unjust towards the objects of your resentment. I entreat you, therefore, by our long attachment, by all my unutterable love and devotion to you, that, if you have any pity or gentleness in your nature, you will henceforth become more reasonable, and avoid occasions of embroiling yourself with others, consent to lead the blameless and honorable life for which your abilities and your connections are in every way so well calculated to qualify you. Then, and then only, shall I consider myself truly happy, blest with your society, and enjoying the honor and respectability of your name."

Whilst listening to the kind and judicious words of her he loved, Giovanni sincerely promised reformation, and believed that he could renounce all his errors, and never more give her reason to complain. But when he was again exposed to temptations, when his boon companions repeatedly invited him, and, half-mad with wine, he received imaginary insults from the guests, borne away by the force of his habitual passions, he quickly gave or as quickly received offence. About this time the kind governor, Trivulzi, was called to France, and one of a more severe and implacable disposition soon after assumed his place. Nor was it long before the luckless Giovanni embroiled himself in a hot dispute with an officer of the governor's guards, until, proceeding from words to blows, they drew their daggers, and his adversary in a few seconds lay dead at Giovanni's feet. He was speedily secured by several other officers who had witnessed the fact, and being carried before the new governor, was condemned on the following day to lose his head. When these tidings reached the ears of his poor wife, so far from being prepared by all her former fears for so fatal an occurrence, she gave way to the extremity of wretchedness and despair. Inveighing against the cruelty of the governor, her own and her husband's

unhappy fate, she beat her bosom, she tore her hair, and refused the consolations of her nearest relatives. "I will not be comforted!" she exclaimed, in a tone of agony; "you do not, you cannot know, the sufferings I endure; and may God, in his infinite mercy, grant that none of you ever may! Away, away, then, and attempt not to assuage the burning agony I feel. It is worse than death, and death I could suffer a thousand times rather than my husband should thus wretchedly and ignominiously end his days."

Fearing lest she might be induced by the excess of her feelings to put an end to her existence, her friends were unwilling to leave her for a moment alone; yet finding their attempts to console her were vain, they stood silently about her couch until the object of their solicitude, having wearied herself with her lamentations, came at length to the resolution of either saving her beloved husband or perishing in the attempt. With this view she declared to her friends around her, that the only means of mitigating her sorrow would be to procure for her a final interview with her husband, that she might at least have the sad consolation of bidding him an eternal farewell. Compassionating her forlorn condition they all united in soliciting their husbands and brothers to endeavor to obtain this favor from the governor; and it was permitted that during that night she might share the unhappy youth's imprisonment.

Great was the emotion experienced on both sides when they met: she threw herself into his arms, and her tender reproaches half died away on her lips. "Alas! alas! to what a state has your inconsiderate conduct reduced us! Have I lived to hear that to-morrow you are condemned to suffer death, and that I am doomed to live in the consciousness of such a sad and widowed lot! Ah, why did you not sooner yield to the repeated entreaties and reproaches of your unhappy wife? Did I not tell you that some fatal consequences would be sure, sooner or later, to follow? It is come, and you have sacrificed life upon life to your wicked and infatuated career. It is enough; and we have now to pay the forfeit of all your folly and of all——I fear, alas! I fear to speak it to one who should have time to repent ere yet he die;" and her

sobs here interrupting her voice, she gave way to a fresh burst of sorrow. He who had before appeared unmoved and collected was now melted even to tears on witnessing the deep sorrow of his wife, knowing how fondly she was attached to him, and how ill able she was to sustain the sorrows in store for her. "My own Philippa," he cried, gently raising her up, "I am sorry for you from the bottom of my soul; but try to calm yourself: why distress yourself thus for me? You see I am not terrified at the fate which awaits me. I had rather thus die for having conducted myself valiantly against the brutal wretch who insulted me, than live ignominiously among my fellow-citizens under the control of the soldiers who domineer over us. One at least has paid the forfeit of his crime. Console yourself, therefore, my Philippa, seeing that I die honorably, and not like a false traitor or a bandit, but in the noble attempt to tame the ferocity of those who too nearly resemble them. It was the slave of the cruel governor who first provoked me to do the deed; nor could I have received the insulting language he made use of without covering myself with eternal infamy. Then mourn not over my fate; approve yourself worthy of my love; and as you have ever shown yourself a sweet and obedient wife, so even now obey me in summoning fortitude and patience to bear our lot;" and kissing her tenderly, he sought to console her by every means in his power. But his kindness seemed only to increase her grief; she declared that she should never be able to survive the affliction of losing him thus, and that she was resolved to save him or perish in the attempt. "Therefore," she continued, "am I come; and as I trust that the sufferings we have experienced in this trying scene will have made some impression on your mind, instead of further indulging these womanish complaints, we will summon fortitude to avail ourselves of the last resource which fortune has left in our power." "How! what is it you mean?" inquired her astonished husband. "That you should hasten to avoid the fate prepared for you by disguising yourself in these clothes, which I have brought hither for the purpose. Lose not a moment, for as we are nearly of the same age, and I am not much lower in stature than you, the deception will not easily

be detected, and in my dress you may make your escape. The guards are all newly appointed and unacquainted with your person. Once safe yourself, indulge not the least anxiety about me. I am innocent, and, vindictive as he may be, the governor will not venture to shed innocent blood." "We cannot tell that," replied Giovanni, "and the very possibility of it is sufficient to make me decline your kind and noble-hearted offer. Should he even threaten you with death, my Philippa, the governor would be certain to have me in his hands again to-morrow. So say no more of this, my love," he continued, as he kissed away her fast-falling tears, "and do not believe that I would thus vilely fly, as if I were afraid to meet my fate. What will the world, what will my dearest friends and fellow-citizens say, when they hear that I have absconded at the risk of your life, and thus confirmed the worst reports of my adversaries? No, Philippa, never! let me here terminate my restless days rather than in any way endanger yours, which are far more precious in my eyes."

But the affliction and despair exhibited by his gentle wife on hearing these words were such as may be easier imagined than expressed; nor did she cease uttering the most wild and incoherent lamentations, until, entertaining fears for her reason, he retracted his purpose and promised to favor her design. And as she now assisted him, between sobs and smiles, to assume his female attire, she declared that she could have borne the thought of his death fighting bravely in the field, or in any way except by the hands of the public executioner. "It would then," said she, "have been my duty to support myself; but the very idea of your dear life being thus thrown away, like a wild weed, would have embittered all my future existence. For I recollect having frequently heard my honored father say, and he was one of the most valiant and high-minded of our citizens, that the truly brave ought never to shun death when a noble occasion offers of serving either their country or their friends, but that it must be truly grievous to the wretch who is compelled to meet it unsupported by any generous enterprise or any sense of honor. And alas! I fear you would at last feel yourself too much in the latter situation; and for myself, I should doubly feel it. So

now, dearest love, I entreat you to use every precaution in your power to avoid discovery and effect your escape; breathe not a syllable to any one till you are beyond the reach of danger; consent not to gratify the cruelty of the governor, but save yourself for more honorable enterprises, which may confound the malice of your enemies;" and saying this, she conjured him to hasten away.

Taking a hasty farewell, therefore, Giovanni bound his cloak more closely about him, and presented himself, just as the morning dawned, before the sentinels of the prison. Believing him to be the lady on her return from her husband, he was allowed to pass without examination or suspicion. In the morning the officers entered the prison to bind the hands of the culprit and lead him forth to execution, when the lady, turning suddenly round upon them, inquired, with an air of authority, whether they had been commissioned to treat her with this indignity. On discovering her sex, and after searching every part of the prison for the real offender in vain, the governor was immediately made acquainted with the truth. He ordered her to be instantly conducted into his presence, in the utmost rage at the idea of having been thus overreached by a woman; and so far from commiserating her situation, he threatened her with the severest punishment, declaring that her life should answer for his, and commanding the officers upon their duty to proceed to the place of execution. Thither then the devoted wife was carried, in spite of her tears and entreaties and those of the surrounding people, among whom tidings of the fact having quickly gone forth, a vast concourse of each sex and of all ages were speedily assembled. Mingled sorrow and admiration were depicted on every countenance, and each manly breast burned with admiration of a woman of such exalted fidelity and truth, and with a wish to rescue her from so unmerited a doom. But everywhere surrounded by the tyrant's satellites, the wretched lady, invoking the name of her husband, and appealing for justice and mercy in vain, now approached the scene of her execution, and, amidst the horror and indignation of the spectators, was on the point of sealing her unexampled fidelity with her life. At this moment a loud cry was heard amongst the spectators, a sword

flashed above the heads of the people, and the tumult approaching nearer, Giovanni issued from the crowd, and the next moment had rescued his beloved wife from the soldiers' hands. Yet fearful lest any act of violence might involve them both in the same fate, he instantly surrendered his sword, and embracing his weeping wife, said, "Did I not tell you that I would never permit you to fall a victim to your incomparable generosity and truth? Unhand her, wretches!" he cried, turning towards the officers; "I am your prisoner, and those bonds are only mine." "No! obey the governor's commands," cried the lady; "it is I who am sentenced to suffer; venture not to dispute his orders. No, I will not be released," she continued, as they were about to set her free; and a scene of mutual tenderness and devotion then took place which drew tears from the hardest heart.

In the meantime the governor, having heard of the arrival of Giovanni, with the same unrelenting cruelty gave orders that both should be executed on the spot, the husband for the homicide he had committed, and his consort for effecting the release of the criminal from prison. The indignation of the citizens on hearing this inhuman sentence could no longer be controlled. An instantaneous attack was made upon the soldiers and officers of the guard, who were prevented from proceeding with their cruel purpose, while numbers rushed towards the mansion of the governor, declaring that they would have justice, and insisting that the whole affair should be laid before the king. Though highly enraged at this popular interference with his sanguinary measures, the governor was compelled to bend before the storm, and with evident reluctance submitted to refer the matter to his royal master. This was no other than the celebrated Francis, whose singular magnanimity, united to his pleasing and courteous manners, still render him so justly dear to the French people.

On receiving an account of the noble and generous manner in which the lady had conducted herself, and of the worth and valor of her husband, with the proofs of mutual fidelity and affection which they had displayed, King Francis, with his usual liberality and clemency, issued his commands that they should instantly, without any further proceedings, be

set at liberty. He, moreover, expressed his high admiration of their mutual truth and constancy, and approved of the good feeling and spirit evinced by the Milanese people, declaring his only regret to be, that it was not in his power to render such examples of heroic worth as immortal as they deserved to be. After a more strict investigation of the unhappy affair in which Giovanni had been last engaged, it was discovered that his adversary had really been the aggressor, and had instigated him, both by words and blows, to the terrible revenge which he had taken, in prosecuting which, at the risk of his own life, he had laid the insulting soldier dead at his feet.

Great was the triumph of the people of Milan when the tidings of the pardon of the prisoners arrived, and they paraded the streets with shouts of applause in honor of King Francis, whose clemency and magnanimity failed not to add to his popularity among all ranks. Nor was the rage and disappointment of the bad governor inferior to the joy of the people upon this occasion, as he beheld the procession bearing the happy pair in triumph to their home. The inhabitants instantly despatched a deputation to the French monarch, expressing their grateful sense of his kindness, and their devoted attachment to his royal person.

Such, likewise, was the favorable impression made upon the character of Giovanni by this occurrence, that, influenced also by the excellent example of his wife, he from that period entirely abandoned the dangerous courses which he had so long pursued.

GIOVANNI FRANCESCO STRAPAROLA.

THE origin of children's stories is often impossible to trace, but that of "Puss in Boots" is to a certain extent definitely known. It is found in the "Tredeci Piacevoli Notti," Thirteen Happy Nights, of Giovanni Francesco Straparola da Caravaggio, who flourished in the middle of the sixteenth century. Yet it must be noted that in his story the cat did not wear boots, those picturesque adornments being added by the French adapter. Straparola published his "Nights" at Venice in 1550-4. These seventy-four tales were fabled to

have been told by a fallen prince and his friends during their cool evening gatherings at Murano (Venice). Straparola used the North Italian dialects, and his "Nights" never attained the fame of Boccaccio's "Days." Many of his characters were simple country-folk, and the whole work seems adapted to such listeners. Later dramatists and novelists availed themselves of the plots of some stories, and specimens were translated into English, but the only complete English version is that by W. G. Waters, issued at London in 1894.

A recent critic has remarked of these tales: "Their substance, whatever may be said concerning Straparola's disregard of style, is often the product of true imagination, an imagination which seized and filed the floating fairy lore of the time. The glamour of fairyland—the sun-glamour of the East, not the moon-glamour of the North—lies over many a passage. Magic lore, represented in the 'Decameron' by only two stories, that of the 'Summer Garden in Winter Snow,' and that of 'Saladin and Messer Thorelo,' in Straparola is rife. His 'Nights' are full, it may be said, of dreams. Perrault and Mme. d'Aulnoy have popularized many a one. Grimm's brilliant tale of the 'Master Thief' is identical with the Cassandrino of the first Night. The 'Grateful Dead,' episode of the eleventh Night surely lingered in Hans Andersen's memory when he invented the weird tale of the 'Fellow Traveler.' They are a mine of enchantments: fairy horses, star children, water that danced, apples that sang. There is Samaritana, the gentle snake-sister, and Biancabella, more gentle and less wise. There is the 'Fairy Doll,' and, stranger than all, the fable of the Fool, Flaminio, 'who went to seek Death and found Life, who showed him Fear and let him make trial of Death,' in which one feels a touch of northern mysticism alien to Italian sentiment. Lastly, born of Straparola's own brain—so far criticism has traced no other original—is 'Puss in Boots.' . . . Nor in the matter of romance do many incidents surpass in picturesqueness the scene of the trial by Serpent, or that of the drowning of Malgherita as, swimming towards her lover's shore, she is decoyed by the false light attached to her brother's boat, and dies exhausted in mid seas."

Italy of the Renaissance lives again in these "Nights" as in the Decameron. The old life of mixed intellectual, social and sensual pleasure is depicted amid beauteous gardens and environments of art. The "Nights" are full of color and perfume, as well as mystical moonlight. We hear, too, the echoing strains of the romantic violins, the stately old Venetian dance tune, and all the delightful music and enjoyment, mingled with saddened revery, of the Murano palace.

Thia's Incantation.

Above the domain of Piove de Sacco, which is, as I need hardly tell you, a territory of Padua, is situated a village called Salmazza, wherein there lived a very long time since, a peasant called Cechato Rabboso, who, though he was a fellow with a big head and body, was nevertheless a poor fool, and over-trustful of his own powers. This Rabboso had to wife the daughter of a farmer called Gagiardi, who lived in a village called Campelongo. She was a wily, crafty, mischievous young woman, named Thia. Besides being so shrewd, she was a stout wench, handsome of face, so that it was commonly said that there was not another peasant woman for miles around who could be compared with her. She was so sprightly and nimble at country dances, that young gallants who saw her would not seldom lose their hearts to her straightway. Now it happened that a certain young man, who was himself handsome and of a sturdy figure, a prosperous citizen of Padua, by name Marsilio Vercelese, became enamored of this Thia. Whenever she went to a village dance, this youth would follow her thither, and for the greater part of the time he would dance with her. Yet this young gallant kept his love a secret as well as he could, so as not to let it be known to anybody.

Marsilio, knowing quite well that Cechato, Thia's husband, was a poor man, supporting his house by the work of his hands, and laboring hard from early morning till late at night, began to prowl around Thia's house, that he might gaze upon her. One day it chanced that Thia was sitting alone on a wooden bench near the door, and holding under her arm the

distaff on which some flax was wound, when Marsilio, taking courage, came forward, and said, "God be with you, friend Thia." And Thia answered: "Welcome, young gentleman!" "Do you not know," said Marsilio, "that I am consumed of love for you, and am like to die?" To this Thia answered: "How should I know whether you love me or not?" Said Marsilio, "If you never knew it before, I will now let you know that I am consumed with all the passion that a man can feel." Then he said, "And you? Tell me the truth, do you love me too?" Thia, smiling, said, "Perhaps I love you a little." Then said Marsilio, "Tell me how much." "I love you very much," said Thia. Marsilio cried, "Alas, Thia, if you really loved me as much as you say, you would show it by some sign." Thia answered, "Well, what sign would you have me give?" Marsilio said, "O Thia, you know very well without my telling you." But said Thia, "No, I cannot possibly know unless you tell me." Then said Marsilio, "I will tell you if you will listen and not be angry." Thia answered, "I promise you that if it is a good thing, and not against my honor, I will not be angered with you." Then Marsilio said, "My love, when will you let me embrace you in lovers' fashion?" "Now," replied Thia, "you are only deceiving me. How can I, a peasant girl, be fit for you, a gentleman and citizen of Padua? You are a signor, I am a working woman; you can have fine ladies to your taste, I am of low condition. You wear an embroidered coat and bright-colored hose, all worked with wool and silk, and I have nought but a torn dimity petticoat and this linen head-cloth. I have neither money nor goods to sell for our few necessaries. We have not enough to eat to keep us alive till Easter. Oh, we poor peasants! What pleasure have we in life? We toil hard to till the earth and sow the wheat which you fine folk consume, while we make the best shift we can with rye bread."

In answer to Thia's speech Marsilio said, "Do not distress yourself for this, for if you grant me your favor I will see that you want for nothing." Thia replied, "Ah, that is what you cavaliers always say until we have done your pleasure; then you go away and we never see any more of you. We are left deceived and shamed; and you go bragging of your

good fortune, and treating us as if we were carrion. I know the tricks you citizens of Padua can play." Then said Marsilio, "Now let us have done with words. I ask you will you grant me the favor I desire." "Go away, for the love of God, I pray," cried Thia, "before my husband comes back, for nightfall is drawing near. Come back to-morrow, and we will talk as long as you will." But Marsilio was loath to break off this conversation, and still remained, so she cried, "Go away immediately, I beg you." Then Marsilio, seeing that she was strongly moved, cried out, "God be with you, Thia, my sweet soul! my heart is in your keeping." "May God go with you, dearest hope of my life," said Thia, "I commend you to His care." "To-morrow," said Marsilio, "by His good help, we will meet again." "Very well, be it so," said Thia, and Marsilio took his leave.

When the morrow came, Marsilio repaired to Thia's house, and found her busy digging in the garden. As soon as they saw one another, they exchanged greetings and began to talk lovingly. After a time Thia said, "Dear heart, to-morrow morning early Cechato, my husband, must go to the mill, and will not return till the next day; wherefore you may come here in the evening. I will be on the watch for you." Then Marsilio jumped and danced for very gladness, and took leave of Thia, half out of his wits for joy.

Thia went to prepare the corn and put it into sacks so that on the morrow Cechato should have nothing to do but to load the cart therewith, and to go on his way singing. On the next morning Cechato borrowed a cart with two oxen from the people for whom he worked, took the corn his wife had prepared the night before, loaded it on the cart and went toward the mill. The days were short and the nights long, the roads were broken, and the weather was foul with rain and ice, so poor Cechato found himself obliged to remain that night at the mill, and this in sooth fell in well with the plans of Thia and Marsilio.

As soon as night had fallen, Marsilio, according to his agreement, took a pair of fine capons and some white bread and good wine, and stole across the fields to Thia's house. Having opened the door, he found her sitting by the fire

winding thread. After greeting each other, they spread the table and sat down to eat, and after they had made an excellent meal, they had other enjoyments. But when day was beginning to break, while they were amorously talking, Cechato drew near the house, and called, "O my Thia! make up a good fire, for I am more than half dead with cold." Thia was somewhat frightened; so she quickly opened the door, managing to let Marsilio hide himself behind it. Then she ran to meet her husband, and began to embrace him. After Cechato had come into the yard, he cried out, "Make a good fire, Thia, for I am well nigh frozen. So cold was it at the mill that I could not sleep a wink." Thia took an armful of billets to light the fire, taking care to stand so as to hide Marsilio.

Then Thia said, "Ah! Cechato, my good man, I have good news for you." "What has happened?" inquired Cechato. Thia replied, "While you were away, a poor old man came begging alms, and as a recompense for some bread and a cup of wine, he taught me an incantation to throw a spell over that greedy kite which troubles us." "What is this you are telling me?" said Cechato. Then Thia said to her husband, "You must kneel down on the ground, and turn your head and shoulders towards the door, and your knees towards the fire; I must spread a white cloth over your face, and put the corn measure over your head." "I am sure," said Cechato, "that my head will never go into our corn measure." "I am sure it will," replied Thia; "just look here!" And with these words she put the measure over his head, saying, "Nothing in the world could be a better fit. Now keep yourself quite still, and I will take our sieve in my hand and dance around you, while I speak the incantation the old man taught me. You must not stir a finger till I have repeated the incantation thrice; otherwise it will have no effect. After this we shall see whether the kite will come to steal our chickens." To this Cechato replied, "Would to God that what you say might be true, for that fiend of a kite devours every chicken we hatch."

"Let us begin quickly then," said Thia. "Now, Cechato, lie down." And Cechato straightway laid himself on the

floor. "That is right," said Thia, as she covered his head with a white linen cloth. Then she rammed the corn measure on his head and caught up the sieve. Then she began to dance and skip, repeating the following incantation:

Thievish bird, I charge you well,
Harken to my mystic spell,
While I dance and wave my sieve,
All my tender chicks shall live.
Not a bird from all my hatch,
Thievish rascal, shall you snatch.
Thieves who stand behind the door,
Harken, fly, and come no more.
If my speech you cannot read,
Surely you are fools indeed.

While Thia went on with her mummery she made signs to Marsilio that he had better run away. But Marsilio, who failed to catch her meaning, kept still in his hiding place. Cechato, half-stifled and weary of lying stretched on the floor, cried out, "Well, is it all over now?" But Thia answered, "Stay where you are, for heaven's sake. Did I not tell you I should have to repeat the incantation thrice? I hope you have not wrecked everything by trying to get up." "No, no, surely not," said Cechato, as Thia made him lie down as before, and began to chant her incantation again.

Marsilio now began to understand the meaning of Thia's mummery, so he slipped out from his hiding-place and got out of doors. Thia, when she saw him take to his heels and run out of the yard, finished her exorcism and suffered her fool of a husband to get up. Then Cechato, somewhat warmed, went out to unload the flour he had brought from the mill. Thia, going out to help him, saw Marsilio in the distance hurrying off, and shouted after him, "Ah, ah! what a wicked bird! Begone! I will send you a packing if you show yourself here again. Is he not a greedy wretch? Do you not see that he was bent on coming back? Heaven give him a bad year!" And so it happened every time the kite came back, that Thia would set to work with her conjuration as before.

TORQUATO TASSO.

TASSO, one of the four greatest poets of Italy, produced in his "Gerusalemme Liberata" (Jerusalem Delivered) the third and last of her great epics. He found his inspiration, not in the Carlovingian romances of Pulci, Boiardo and Ariosto, but in the First Crusade.

Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento, near Naples, in 1544. His father had some note as a poet, and the son, trained in boyhood by the Jesuits, proved from his earliest years a prodigy of learning. As a man he set himself to reconcile Ariosto and Aristotle in a masterpiece which should be the great epic of Christendom. He made public his entire ideas and plans in three "Discorsi" (Discourses) on the epic art and the ancient unities. Tasso therefore sought for a theme which should not be either too old to have lost interest or too modern to prevent poetic license and invention in treatment. He chose the subject of the First Crusade and the liberation of the sepulchre of Christ from the Saracens in the eleventh century by Godfrey of Bouillon. In Godfrey he secured a noble hero, and, indeed, a hero who actually claimed descent, on the maternal side, from the great central figure of the previous romance cycle, Charlemagne. The quaint old English historian, William of Malmesbury, has left on record how Godfrey, stricken with a serious illness, made the solemn vow to undertake, if he should recover, the liberation of the Holy Sepulchre, and how he "shook disease from his limbs and shone with renovated beauty." His diplomacy with the Greek Emperor Alexius and his shaming of his brother Baldwin are well-known anecdotes of history. In 1099 he began the siege of Jerusalem, which was taken after five weeks' assault. Godfrey tarnished his glory as crusader by ordering a general

massacre of infidels, but he somewhat redeemed this act by declining to wear a crown of gold in the city where the Saviour had worn a crown of thorns. Instead of king he proclaimed himself under the title of Baron and Defender of the Holy Sepulchre. He died in the year 1100 and was buried in the soil of his barony. Tasso makes him in the poem the equal of Tancred in the field and of Raymond in council.

Tasso does not follow faithfully all of the historical facts, and brings in the supernatural agency of God and Satan to supply the necessary epic machinery. There are twenty cantos. It opens with the summons of Godfrey by the Archangel Gabriel, who bids him march on Jerusalem. King Aladine is struck with consternation, but is reinforced by the arrival of the heroic maid, Clorinda, in knightly armor, from Persia. She makes a sally against the Franks, and Tancred is sent to the rescue. Thereupon Herminia, a daughter of the deceased king of Antioch, points out the leading Crusaders to Aladine, as Helen did the Argive heroes to Priam in the Iliad. Tancred and Clorinda come into personal conflict. Tancred falls in love with this fair Amazon, but afterward unwittingly slays the infidel heroine in a night combat. Satan (or Pluto, as Tasso calls him), indignant at the success of the Christians in Palestine, summons a council in the infernal regions, as the result of which an enchantress, Armida, is instigated to go to the camp of the Crusaders in order to seduce their chiefs. Rinaldo is cast into temporary disgrace through her wiles, but Godfrey remains unharmed. Herminia falls meanwhile in love with Tancred, and, alarmed over Tancred's wounds, puts on Clorinda's armor and seeks the Christian camp. Her horse runs away with her to a shepherd's cottage on the banks of the Jordan. Tancred loses himself in his pursuit of her and is conducted to Armida's castle, built on an island in the Dead Sea, where he is entrapped and confined in a cell. Raymond fights the Mohammedans in Tancred's absence. Rinaldo becomes Armida's slave in her bower of bliss. Mutiny breaks out at camp against Godfrey, who is supposed to have slain Rinaldo, owing to a false report of that knight's death. The latter is really under Armida's thraldom, and a mighty effort is necessary to rescue him. God-

frey is transported in a vision to Heaven, where Hugh, the deceased commander of the forces of the French king, assures him of ultimate victory over the scheming Sultan Solyman and the boastful Argantes. Only, as a first condition, Rinaldo must be brought back to camp. (He had already, before falling victim to her charms himself, liberated many Christian knights whom Armida had transformed to fishes.) Peter the Hermit is inspired to predict Rinaldo's future glory. Charles the Dane and Ubald are sent on the quest for Rinaldo. They journey even unto the island of Teneriffe, where they pass beasts, snow and the Fountain of Laughter, and rescue the entranced knight despite Armida's enchantments. She flies to an Egyptian caliph and pledges him her hand if he will but slay Rinaldo. The caliph despatches a carrier-dove to the besieged Mohammedans with a promise of reinforcement, but the dove, chased by a hawk, carries the news to Godfrey. An immediate attack is made on Jerusalem, in which Rinaldo, purified at Mount Olivet, performs wonders. Tancred has already slain Clorinda—to his own distress; he now slays Agricante. Jerusalem capitulates. Armida seeks to kill herself, but is sought out by Rinaldo and converted to Christianity. He then becomes her true knight. Such is the bare outline of this mixed epic of Christian heroism and romance.

Tasso brought to its execution a genius well fitted by temperament for the task. His religious idealism and his innate melancholy both suited his theme. As Carducci has well said: "Tasso is the legitimate heir of Dante Alighieri; he believes, and reasons on his faith by philosophy; he loves, and comments on his love in a learned style; he is an artist, and writes dialogues of scholastic speculation that would fain be Platonic."

Tasso had also written, at the age of eighteen, an epic on "Rinaldo." And he wrote later in life a poetic pastoral, "Aminta," which—produced in the days of Palestrina—is said to have exerted a marked influence on the new opera and cantata, and upon the contemporary romances of Italy. Tasso also wrote a drama, "Torrismondo," in which he sought to apply the principles of "Œdipus" to a tragedy of Belisarius and the Goths.

A precocious prodigy from the start, Tasso wore out his strength in his arduous literary labors, but more particularly in the intense anxiety which he felt for their fame. Before publishing his great epic he foolishly submitted it to a number of persons, all of whom suggested senseless changes; and after its publication his sensitive nature was tortured by the scandalous and contemptible attacks made upon it, himself and even the memory of his father by the Academy Della Crusca and the spiteful Salviati. Posterity has reason to think, furthermore, that throughout long years he had loved in secret the lovely Princess Leonora d'Este, but veiled his passion by addressing his verses to a second Leonora, wife of Giulio di Tiena. Some consider that he was alternately in love with the two, and even with Lucretia Bendidio, a maid of honor to the princess. Goethe, in his drama of "Torquato Tasso," adopts the tradition of his love for the princess as the reason for Tasso's imprisonment in the mad-house of Santa Anna by Leonora's brother, Alphonso II., Duke of Ferrara. Unsentimental criticism would seem to show that however Tasso may have been moved by love, his incarceration by the duke was due to a curious veritable nervousness, akin to insanity, which finally gained control of the exhausted poet. Tasso himself, in his own letters, bewails his unhappy mental condition and constantly speaks of the duke with the deepest reverence and even affection. The story of his later years has well been styled "a perfect Odyssey of malady, indigence and misfortune." Yet finally fate seemed to smile again.

To Cardinal Cinthio Aldobrandini, one of the nephews of Clement VIII., the reigning pope, Tasso had dedicated his revised epic under the new title of "Gerusalemme Conquistata." Tasso had also celebrated Clement's accession to the pontificate in an ode. Both of these spiritual princes now invited him (in 1594) to come to Rome to be crowned as Petrarch had been before him. Tasso could not refuse the honor, although little elated at the idea. He even prophesied that he should not live to enjoy this flattering tribute. The cardinal's illness really caused a delay, and the exhausted Tasso died in 1595 (ere he could be crowned with laurel) in the refuge of the Monastery of St. Onofrio. Clement had

granted him a plenary indulgence in remission of his sins, "I go crowned," said the dying poet, "not with laurel as a poet into the Captiol, but with glory as a saint to heaven."

TASSO'S INVOCATION.

THE invocation and dedication with which Tasso opens his "Jerusalem Delivered," may be said to contain a statement of the Eastern Question which remains true to-day. The extract is from J. H. Wiffen's translation.

I sing the pious arms and Chief, who freed
  The Sepulchre of Christ from thrall profane;
Much did he toil in thought, and much in deed;
  Much in the glorious enterprise sustain;
And Hell in vain opposed him; and in vain
  Afric and Asia to the rescue poured
Their mingled tribes; Heaven recompensed his pain
  And from all fruitless sallies of the sword,
True to the Red-Cross flag his wandering friends restored.

O thou, the Muse, that not with fading palms
  Circlest thy brows on Pindus, but among
The Angels warbling their celestial psalms,
  Hast for thy coronal a golden throng
Of everlasting stars! make thou my song
  Lucid and pure; breathe thou the flame divine
Into my bosom; and forgive the wrong,
  If with grave truth light fiction I combine,
And sometimes grace my page with other flowers than thine.

The world, thou know'st, on tiptoe ever flies
  Where warbling most Parnassus' fountain winds,
And that Truth, robed in Song's benign disguise,
  Has won the coyest, soothed the sternest minds:
So the fond mother her sick infant blinds,
  Sprinkling the edges of the cup she gives
With sweets; delighted with the balm it finds
  Round the smooth brim, the medicine it receives,
Drinks the delusive draught, and, thus deluded, lives.

And thou, Alphonso, who from fortune's shocks
  And from her agitated sea, didst save

And pilot into port from circling rocks
My wandering bark, nigh swallowed by the wave!
Accept with gracious smile—'tis all I crave—
These my vowed tablets, in thy temple hung,
For the fresh life which then thy goodness gave;
Some day, perchance, may my prophetic tongue
Venture of thee to sing what now must rest unsung.

Well would it be (if in harmonious peace
The Christian Powers should e'er again unite,
With steed and ship their ravished spoils to seize,
And for his theft the savage Turk requite)
That they to thee should yield, in wisdom's right,
The rule by land, or, if it have more charms,
Of the high seas; meanwhile, let it delight
To hear our verse ring with divine alarms;
Rival of Godfrey, hear, and hearing, grasp thine arms!

TANCRED AND CLORINDA.

MEANWHILE Clorinda rushes to assail
The Prince, and level lays her spear renowned:
Both lances strike, and on the barred ventayle
In shivers fly, and she remains discrowned;
For, burst its silver rivets, to the ground
Her helmet leaped (incomparable blow!),
And by the rudeness of the shock unbound,
Her sex to all the field emblazoning so,
Loose to the charméd winds her golden tresses flow.

Then blazed her eyes, then flashed her angry glance,
Sweet e'en in wrath; in laughter then what grace
Would not be theirs!—but why that thoughtful trance?
And, Tancred, why that scrutinizing gaze?
Know'st not thine idol? lo, the same dear face,
Whence sprang the flame that on thy heart has preyed,
The sculptured image in its shrine retrace,
And in thy foe behold the noble maid,
Who to the sylvan spring for cool refreshment strayed.

He, who her painted shield and silver crest
Marked not at first, stood spell-bound at the sight;
She, guarding as she could her head, still pressed
Th' assault, and struck, but he forbore the fight,

And to the rest transferring his despite,
Plied fast his whirling sword; yet not the less
Ceased she to follow and upbraid his flight,
With taunt and menace heightening his distress;
And, "Turn, false knight!" she cried, loud shouting through the press.

Struck, he not once returns the stroke, nor seeks
So much to ward the meditated blow,
As in those eyes and on those charming cheeks
To gaze, whence Passion's fond emotions flow:
"Void," to himself he says, "too cruel foe,
Void fall the strokes which that beloved arm
Distributes in its wrath! no fatal throe
Is that thy scimitar creates; the harm
Is in thy angry looks, that wound me while they charm!"

Resolved at length not unconfessed to fall,
Though hopeless quite her pity to obtain,
That she might know she struck her willing thrall,
Defenseless, suppliant, crouching to her chain;
"O thou," said he, "that followest o'er the plain
Me as thine only foe, of all this wide
Presented people! yet thy wrath restrain;
The press let us forsake, so may aside
Thy force with mine be proved, my skill with thine be tried.

"Then shalt thou measure in the face of day
Thy strength with mine, nor own my valor less."
Pleased she assents, and boldly leads the way,
Unhelmed,—he follows in his mute distress.
Already stood th' impatient Warrioress
Prepared, already had she struck, when he
Exclaimed: "Hold! hold! ere we ourselves address
To the stern fight, 'tis fit we should agree
Upon the terms of strife; fix first what these shall be!"

Her arm she stayed; strong love and wild despair
A reckless courage to his mind impart;
"These be the terms," said he, "since you forswear
All peace with me, pluck out my panting heart,
Mine own no more! I willingly shall part
With life, if farther life thy pride offend;

Long have I pined with love's tormenting smart;
'Tis fit the fond and feverish strife should end;
Take then the worthless life which I will ne'er defend.

"Behold! my arms are offered,—I present
My breast without defense,—spare not to smite!
Or shall I speed the task? I am content
To strip my cuirass off, and thus invite
Thy cruel steel!"—in harsher self-despite,
The mournful youth would have proclaimed his woes;
But suddenly, in craft or panic fright,
The Pagans yield to their pursuing foes,
And his brave troops rush by, and numbers interpose.

Like driven deer before th' Italian band
They yield, they fly in swiftness unconfined;
One base pursuer saw Clorinda stand,
Her rich locks spread like sunbeams on the wind,
And raised his arm in passing, from behind,
To stab secure the undefended maid;
But Tancred, conscious of the blow designed,
Shrieked out, "Beware!" to warn th' unconscious maid,
And with his own good sword bore off the hostile blade.

Still the stroke fell, and near the graceful head
Her snowy neck received the point, which drew
Some rosy drops, that crimsoned, as they shed,
Her yellow curls with their bespangling dew;
E'en thus gold beams with the blush-rose's hue,
When round it rubies sparkle from the hand
Of some rare artist; trembling at the view,
His wrath the prince no longer may command,
But on the caitiff falls, and shakes his threatening brand.

The villain flies, and full of rage the knight
Pursues,—as arrows swift, they scour the plains:
Perplexed she stands, and keeps them both in sight
To a great distance, nor to follow deigns,
But quickly her retreating band regains;—
Sometimes she fronts in hostile attitude
Th' arrested Franks, now flies, and now disdains
To fly,—fights, flies again, as suits her mood,
Nor can she well be termed pursuer or pursued.

ARMIDA VISITS GODFREY.

PRINCE IDRAOTES, a wizard of Damascus, seeking to weaken the Christians, sends his niece Armida to beguile Godfrey of Bouillon, the leader of the Crusaders.

Armida, in her youth and beauty's pride,
  Assumed the adventure, and at close of day,
Eve's vesper star her solitary guide,
  Alone, untended, took her secret way.
In clustering locks and feminine array,
  Armed but with loveliness and frolic youth,
She trusts to conquer mighty kings, and slay
  Embattled hosts; meanwhile false rumors soothe
The light censorious crowd, sagacious of the truth.

Few days elapsed, ere to her wishful view
  The white pavilions of the Latins rise;
The camp she reached—her wondrous beauty drew
  The gaze and admiration of all eyes;
Not less than if some strange star in the skies,
  Or blazing comet's more resplendent tire
Appeared; a murmur far before her flies,
  And crowds press round, to listen or inquire
Who the fair pilgrim is, and soothe their eyes' desire.

Never did Greece or Italy behold
  A form to fancy and to taste so dear!
At times, the white veil dims her locks of gold,
  At times, in bright relief they reappear:
So, when the stormy skies begin to clear,
  Now through transparent clouds the sunshine gleams;
Now, issuing from its shrine, the gorgeous Sphere
  Lights up the leaves, flowers, mountains, vales and streams,
With a diviner day—the spirit of bright beams.

New ringlets form the flowing winds amid
  The native curls of her resplendent hair;
Her eye is fixed in self-reserve, and hid
  Are all Love's treasures with a miser's care;

The rival roses upon cheeks more fair
  Than morning light, their mingling tints dispose;
But on her lips, from which the amorous air
  Of paradise exhales, the crimson rose
Its sole and simple bloom in modest beauty throws.

Crude as the grape unmellowed yet to wine,
  Her bosom swells to sight; its virgin breasts,
Smooth, soft and sweet, like alabaster shine,
  Part bare, part hid by her invidious vests;
Their jealous fringe the greedy eye arrests,
  But leaves its fond imaginations free,
To sport, like doves, in those delicious nests,
  And their most shadowed secrecies to see;
Peopling with blissful dreams the lively fantasy.

As through pure water or translucent glass
  The sunbeam darts, yet leaves the crystal sound,
So through her folded robes unruffling pass
  The thoughts, to wander on forbidden ground:
There daring Fancy takes her fairy round,
  Such wondrous beauties singly to admire;
Which, in a pleasing fit of transport bound,
  She after paints and whispers to Desire,
And with her charming tale foments the excited fire.

Praised and admired Armida passed amid
  The wishful multitudes, nor seemed to spy,
Though well she saw, the interest raised, but hid
  In her deep heart the smile that to her eye
Darted in prescience of the conquests nigh.
  While in the mute suspense of troubled pride
She sought with look solicitous, yet shy,
  For her uncertain feet an ushering guide
To the famed Captain's tent, young Eustace pressed her side.

As the winged insect to the lamp, so he
  Flew to the splendor of her angel face,
Too much indulgent of his wish to see
  Those eyes which shame and modesty abase;
And, drawn within the fascinating blaze,
  Gathering, like kindled flax, pernicious fire

From its resplendence, stupid for a space
He stood—till the bold blood of blithe desire
Did to his faltering tongue these few wild words inspire:

"O Lady! if thy rank the name allow,
If shapes celestial answer to the call,—
For never thus did partial Heaven endow
With its own light a daughter of the Fall,—
Say on what errand, from what happy hall,
Seek'st thou our camp! and if indeed we greet
In thee one of the tribes angelical,
Cause us to know—that we, as were most meet,
May bend to thee unblamed and kiss thy saintly feet."

"Nay," she replied, "thy praises shame a worth
Too poor to warrant such a bold belief;
Thou seest before thee one of mortal birth,
Dead to all joy, and but alive to grief;
My harsh misfortunes urge me to your Chief;
A foreign virgin in a timeless flight;
To him I speed for safety and relief,
Trusting that he will reassert my right;
So far resounds his fame, for mercy and for might.

"But, if indulgent courtesy be thine,
To pious Godfrey give me straight access!"

"Yes, lovely pilgrim," he replied, "be mine
The task to guide thee in thy young distress:
Nor is my interest with our Chieftain less
Than what a brother may presume to vaunt;
Thy suit shall not be wanting in success;
Whate'er his sceptre or my sword can grant,
Shall in thy power be placed, to punish or supplant."

He ceased, and brought her where, from the rude crowd
Apart, with captains and heroic peers,
Duke Godfrey sat; she reverently bowed,
A sweet shame mantling o'er her cheek, and tears
Stifling her speech: he reassured her fears,
Chid back the blush so beautifully bright,
Till, sweeter than the music of the spheres,
Their captive senses chaining in delight,
Her siren voice broke forth, and all were mute as Night.

Rinaldo's Interview with Armida.

Rinaldo paused to contemplate where next
He should his falchion ply, where render aid,—
His foes in all their movements were perplexed,
Their colors struck, and scarce a spear displayed.
Here then his terrible career he stayed,
Curbed in his courser, to the sheath resigned
His sword, his martial ecstasy allayed,
And, calming every passion, called to mind
Armida's helpless plight and destinies unkind.

Her flight he well observed; mild pity now
Called for his courtesy and gracious cheer,
And the remembrance of his parting vow
To stand her firm and faithful chevalier,
Came o'er his mind, with feelings sweet and dear;
So that he followed where the dinted ground
Betrayed her goaded palfrey's swift career:
She the meanwhile a dreary glen had found,
Fit place for secret deaths, with cypress compassed round.

Well pleased she was at heart that chance should guide
Her wand'ring steps to so retired a place;

Here she alighted then, and cast aside
Her bow, her arrows, and their golden case.
"There lie," she murmured, "in your deep disgrace,
Unhappy arms! that from the war return
With scarce a spot your mistress to *aggrace:* [*add grace to*
There buried lie, there rust amidst the fern,
Since to avenge my wrongs you've shown such small concern!

"Ah! midst so many weapons could not one
At least return with hostile crimson blessed?
If other hearts to you seem marble, shun,
Spare not your points to pierce a woman's breast;
In this mine own, stripped naked for the test,
Achieve your triumphs, and your fame restore;
Tender it is, Heaven knows, to wounds impressed,
By Love's sharp arrows, Love—who evermore
Strikes wheresoe'er he aims, and hurts the sufferer sore.

"Show yourselves sharp on me and strong; (your past
Degeneracy I pardon;) O poor heart!
Into what straits of fortune art thou cast,
When these alone can peace to thee impart.
But since no other solace to my smart
Remains, none other passport to repose,
Go to! the wounds of this consenting dart
Shall cure the wounds of love—a few brief throes,
And death shall bring the balm that soothes all earthly woes!

"Blessed, if in dying I bear not with me
This my long plague to pester Hell's foul host,
Hence, Love! come only, dear Disdain, and be
The eternal partner of my injured ghost!
Or, rising with it from the Stygian coast,
To the false wretch that did me such despite,
In such a whirlwind of resentment post,
With such grim shapes, that all his dreams by night
May be one ceaseless round of agonized affright!"

She ceased; and fixed in her intention, drew
The best and sharpest arrow from her case;
Rinaldo reached the wood, and caught a view
Of her mad gesture and disordered pace;

Saw her last act, and with how wild a grace
She to the fatal stroke her soul addressed;
Already death's pale hue o'erspread her face,
When, just in time her purpose to arrest,
The knight stepped in behind, and saved her beauteous breast.

Armida turned; and saw, to her surprise,
The knight, for unperceived was his advance;
Shrieking, she snatched away her angry eyes
From his loved face, and sunk in Passion's trance;
She swooned, she sank, like a sweet flower by chance
Snapped half in two, that, with its bells abased,
Droops on its stem; he with distracted glance
Upheld her, falling, round her charming waist
Threw his sustaining arm, her clasping zone unbraced;

And o'er her snowy breast and face deprived
Of life's warm hues, fond tears of pity shed;
As by the summer morning's dew revived,
The fading rose resumes its native red,
So she, recovering, raised her drooping head
And cheek, revived by this celestial rain;
Thrice her unclosing eyes sought his, thrice fled
The bitter-sweet enchantment, nor again
Would she look up, but blushed 'twixt wrath and warm disdain.

And with her languid hand would have repelled
The nervous arm by which she was sustained;
Oft she essayed, but he the faster held,
The more she strove the more she was inchained,

Yielding herself at length like one constrained
To that dear bond, for still perchance 'twas dear,
Despite the scorn she showed, the hate she feigned,
She sighing thus broke forth, while tear on tear
Gushed from the downcast eyes she did not, would not rear.

"Oh! ever parting and returning ever,
Cruel alike! what dark devices guide
Thy movements now? 'tis strange thou shouldst endeavor
To save the life whose strings thou dost divide.
Thou seek to save me! to what scorn beside
Am I reserved? what modes of misery
Am I to suffer next? No! no! thy pride
And traitorous purpose well we know; but I
Am weak indeed, if e'er I want the power to die.

"Thy honors truly must be incomplete,
If unsaluted; there must be displayed,
Chained to thy car, or suppliant at thy feet,
A dame, now seized by force, as first betrayed!
This be thy noblest boast: time was, I prayed
To thee for peace and life, how sweet would fate
Prove to my grief,—but ne'er, false renegade,
Kneel I to thee for it! there's not a state
Which, if it were thy gift, I should not hold in hate!

"Of myself, traitor! hope I to unloose,
Some way or other, this most wretched frame
From thy fierce tyranny; and if the noose,
Dagger, and drug, and precipice, and flame
Fail thy chained slave, by means as sure my aim,
Thank Heaven, I yet can compass, and defeat
No less thy malice than thy guile; for shame!
Cease thy base flatteries; cease thy false deceit:
How yet he strives with hope my sorrowing soul to cheat."

Thus she laments; and with the floods of tears
Which love and scorn distill from her fair eyes,
A sympathizing part her sorrow bears,
Where some chaste sparks of love and pity rise:
And with a voice sweet as the west wind's sighs,
He to her troubled heart speaks peace: "I crave

Thy grace, Armida! calm thyself," he cries;
"Not to be scorned, but crowned, thy life I save;
No foe, but still, yes still, thy champion, yea, thy slave.

"Mark in my eyes, if you my words alone
Distrust, the fervor of my soul: I swear
Again to seat thee on thy father's throne,
And make thy comfort my peculiar care;
And Oh, would Heaven, auspicious to my prayer,
Chase from thy mind, with its celestial flame,
Those mists of Pagan darkness which impair
Its inward grace and beauty, not a dame
In the whole East should match thy glory, power and fame!"

Thus does he soothe, thus sue to her; and so
Tempers his suit with tears, his tears with sighs,
That, like a virgin wreath of mountain snow
When zephyr breathes or sunshine warms the skies,
Her haughty scorn, that wore so stern a guise,
And all her cherished anger melt away,
And milder wishes in their room arise:
"Behold," she says, "thy hand-maid; I obey;
Thy lips my future life, thy will my fortune sway!"

The Golden Age.

(From the idyllic drama "Aminta.")

O lovely age of gold!
Not that the rivers rolled
With milk, or that the woods wept honey-dew;
Not that the ready ground
Produced without a wound,
Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew;
Not that a cloudless blue
Forever was in sight,
Or that the heaven, which burns
And now is cold by turns,
Looked out in glad and everlasting light;
No, nor that even the insolent ships from far
Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse than war:

But solely that that vain
And breath-invented pain,
That idol of mistake, that worshiped cheat,

That Honor,—since so called
By vulgar minds appalled,—
Played not the tyrant with our nature yet.
It had not come to fret
The sweet and happy fold
Of gentle human-kind;
Nor did its hard law bind
Souls nursed in freedom; but that law of gold,
That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,
Which Nature's own hand wrote,—What pleases is
permitted.

Then among streams and flowers
The little winged powers
Went singing carols without torch or bow;
The nymphs and shepherds sat
Mingling with innocent chat
Sports and low whispers; and with whispers low,
Kisses that would not go.
The maiden, budding o'er,
Kept not her bloom uneyed,
Which now a veil must hide,
Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore;
And oftentimes, in river or in lake,
The lover and his love their merry bath would take.

'Twas thou, thou, Honor, first
That didst deny our thirst
Its drink, and on the fount thy covering set;
Thou bad'st kind eyes withdraw
Into constrained awe,
And keep the secret for their tears to wet;
Thou gather'dst in a net
The tresses from the air,
And madest the sports and plays
Turn all to sullen ways,
And puttest on speech a rein, in steps a care.
Thy work it is,—thou shade, that wilt not move,—
That what was once the gift is now the theft of Love.

Our sorrows and our pains,
These are thy noble gains.
But, O thou Love's and Nature's masterer,

Thou conqueror of the crowned,
What dost thou on this ground,
Too small a circle for thy mighty sphere
Go and make slumber dear
To the renowned and high;
We here, a lowly race,
Can live without thy grace,
After the use of mild antiquity.
Go, let us love; since years
No truce allow, and life soon disappears;
Go, let us love; the daylight dies, is born;
But unto us the light
Dies once for all; and sleep brings on eternal night.

MATTEO BANDELLO.

NEXT to Boccaccio, Bandello is the Italian novelist best known to foreigners. From his tales, many of which are founded on history, the Elizabethan dramatists drew various plots. Matteo Bandello was born at Castelnuovo, in Piedmont, in 1480. He entered the Church, but was not zealous in its service. He resided for many years at Mantua, where he superintended the education of Lucrezia Gonzaga; but his chief residence was at Milan. In the commotions of the time his house was set on fire and much of his literary work destroyed. He then sought refuge in the French territories, near Agen, in company with his friend Fregoso. When the latter was assassinated in 1541, Bandello accepted from Francis I. the offer of the bishopric of Agen, which he retained until his death in 1562. His "novels," eighty-nine in number, were published at Lucca in 1554, and were dedicated to Ippolita Sforza, wife of Alessandro Bentivoglio, for whose amusement the work had been undertaken, but she died before it was completed. Hence the author addressed some of the stories separately to particular persons. He also took some pains to indicate the source whence he had derived his stories.

MUCH ADO ABOUT A KISS.

IN the castle of Moncaliero, not far from the city of Turin, there dwelt a widow lady of the name of Zilia Duca, whose consort died before she had attained her twenty-fourth year. Though extremely beautiful, her manners were somewhat abrupt, resembling rather those of a pretty rustic than of a polished city dame. She devoted herself to the education and future welfare of an only son, between three and four years old, and relinquished all idea of again entering into the marriage state. Entertaining somewhat narrow and avaricious views, she kept as small an establishment as she could, and performed many menial offices usually left to the management of domestics. She rarely received or returned visits; stealing out on the appointed fasts early in the morning to attend mass

at an adjoining church, and returning home in the same private manner.

Now it was a general custom with the ladies in that part of the world, whenever strangers happened to arrive at their residence, to grant them a salute by way of welcome to their roof. But the lady of whom we speak proved for once an exception to this general and hospitable rule. For Messer Filiberto da Virle, a gentleman and a soldier of distinguished prowess and esteem, stopping at Moncaliero, on his way to Virle, chanced also to attend mass at the same church where Madonna Zilia was to be seen. Charmed with her graceful and attractive air, no less than with the beauty of her countenance, he eagerly inquired who she was; and though little pleased with the avaricious character which he heard attributed to her, he tried in vain to efface the impression she had made. He pursued, however, his journey to Virle, where, after transacting his affairs, he resolved to retrace his steps to Moncaliero, not very far distant, and take up his residence there for some time. With this view, taking a house not far from the castle, he availed himself of every opportunity of throwing himself in the lady's way, and resolved at all risks, and whatever might be the labor, to induce her to relinquish the unsociable conduct of which she was accused.

After feasting his eyes long and vainly in her sight, he at length contrived to obtain the pleasure of an introduction; but she had scarcely spoken two words to him, when she excused herself, and retreated, as usual, home. In truth she had been short with him, and he felt it in such a way that he made a strong resolution, which he almost as suddenly broke, of renouncing all thoughts of her forever. He next enlisted some of her own sex among her most intimate acquaintance to employ their influence with her to vanquish her obduracy, in order that, after having carried the outworks, he might take the castle of Moncaliero by storm. But the enemy was on the alert, and all his efforts proved abortive. He looked, he sighed, he wrote, he went to mass, he walked before and behind the castle, in the woods, by the river-side, where he threatened to drown himself; but the lady's heart was more impregnable than a rock, harder than everything except his

own fate; for she deigned neither to smile upon nor to write to him. What should the wretched lover do? He had already lost his appetite, his complexion and his rest, besides his heart, and really felt very unwell. Though physicians were not the persons to prescribe for such a case, they were nevertheless called in, and made him a great deal worse; for he was now rapidly advancing towards that bourne from which neither lovers nor travelers return; and without other help, it became very evident that the poor young gentleman would soon give up the ghost.

While his life hung suspended in this languishing state, one of his friends and fellow-officers, a happy fellow from Spoleto, hearing of his condition, came posting to his succor, determined at least to be in time for his funeral, and see that all due military honors were paid to his loving spirit. When he arrived, Messer Filiberto had just strength enough to tell the story of his love and the cruel disdain of the lady, intending afterwards, as he assured his friend, to think no more about it, but quietly to expire. His friend, however, having really a regard for him, and believing he would grow wiser as he grew older, strongly dissuaded him from the latter alternative, observing that he ought to think about it; that it was a point of honor on which he ought to pique himself to bring it, like a good comedy, to a happy conclusion. "My poor Filiberto," he continued, "leave the affair to me, and be assured you shall speak to her as much as you please." "That is all I wish," exclaimed the patient with a little more animation, while a slight color suffused his cheek; "persuade her only to listen to me, and, trust me, I can manage the rest myself. But it is all a deception. What can you do, when I have wasted all kinds of love-messages, gifts, oaths, and promises in vain?" "Do you get well; that is all you have to do," returned our Spoletino, "and leave the rest to me." He spoke with so much confidence that the patient in a short time grew wonderfully better; and when the physician a few days afterwards stepped in, he gave himself infinite credit for the improvement which had taken place. Now the reader must know that the wits of Spoleto are renowned all over Italy; they are the most loose-tongued rattlers, the most dili-

gent petitioners for alms in the name of St. Antony; the most audacious and sleight-of-hand gentry in the world. They have a very excellent gift of talking and making something out of nothing; and no less of persuading people to be of their own opinion, almost against their will. Nearly the whole of that amusing generation who are in the habit of getting through the world by easing the rich and the simple of their superfluous cash, who dance upon two poles, dole out the grace of St. Paul, charm the dancing serpents, or sing wicked songs in the public streets, will be found to trace their birth to Spoleto.

Messer Filiberto's friend was well qualified, therefore, as a relation of those itinerant wits, to assist a brother in distress, especially in such a dilemma as that in which our hero found himself. Considering him, at length, sufficiently convalescent, our Spoletino fixed upon a sort of traveling peddler to forward the designs he had formed for the relief of the unhappy lover. Bribing him to exchange dresses, he took possession for a period of his collection of wares, consisting of every article most tempting to a woman's eyes, either for ornament or for use. Thus armed, he set out in the direction of Donna Lilia's residence, announcing himself as the old traveling merchant with a fresh supply of the choicest goods. These tidings reaching the ears of the lady, she sent to desire him to call at her house, which he directly entered with the utmost familiarity, as if by no means for the first time, and addressed her in the most courteous langauge he could command. Then opening his treasures, she entered upon a review of the whole assortment, displacing and undervaluing everything, while she purchased nothing. At length, fixing her eyes upon some beautiful veils and ribbons, of which she fancied she was in want, she inquired how much he expected for such very ordinary articles. "If you will sell them, good man, for what they are really worth, I will take no less than five-and-thirty yards; but if you ask too much, I will not look at them; I will not have a single ell." "My lady," replied the false merchant, "do my veils indeed please you? They are at your service, and say nothing as to the price; it is already paid. And not only these, but the whole of this

excellent assortment is your own, if you will but deign to receive it." "No, no, not so," cried the lady, "that would not be right. I thank you, good man; though I certainly should like to have them at as low a rate as I can. So ask what you please, and I will give what I please, and then we shall understand one another: you gain your livelihood in this way, and surely it would be cruel, however much I might wish it, to take them for nothing. So deal fairly with me, and I will give you what I think the goods are really worth." "But, your ladyship, please you," replied the wary merchant, "I shall consider it no loss, but a favor, if you will condescend to receive them under no conditions at all. And I am sure if you possess as courteous a mind as your face betokens, you will accept these trifles presented to you on the part of one who would gladly lay down not only his whole property, but his life at your feet."

At these words, the lady, "blushing celestial rosy red," eyed the merchant keenly for a moment: "I am astonished to hear you talk thus, and I insist upon knowing who you really are. There is some mystery in all this, and I am rather inclined to think you must have mistaken the person to whom you speak." The merchant, however, not in the least abashed, being a native of Spoleto, acquainted her in the mildest and most flattering terms with the long and passionate attachment entertained for her by poor Messer Filiberto, and the delicacy with which he had concealed it until the very last. Handsome, accomplished, rich, and powerful, he was prepared to lay all his extensive seigniories at her feet, and account himself the most fortunate of mankind. In short, he pleaded so eloquently, and played his part so well, that she at length, after a pretty long resistance, consented to see his friend. He then hastened back to Messer Filiberto, who overwhelmed him with the most rapturous thanks, and lost no time in preparing to pay a visit to his beloved, who received him at the appointed hour in the drawing-room of her own house. There was a single maid-servant in her company, who sat at work in a recess, so that she could scarcely overhear their discourse.

Bending lowly before her, Messer Filiberto expressed his deep sense of the honor she had conferred on him, and pro-

ceeded in impassioned terms to relate the origin and progress of his affection, his almost unexampled sufferings, and the sole hope which still rendered his life supportable to him. He further assured her that his gratitude would be eternal, in proportion to the amount of the obligations under which she laid him. The sole reply which he received to his repeated and earnest protestations was, that she was resolved to remain faithful to the memory of her departed consort, and devote herself to the education of her only son. She was, moreover, grateful for his good opinion, though she was sure he could not fail to meet with ladies far more beautiful and more worthy of his regard. Finding that all his efforts proved quite fruitless and that it was impossible to make any impression, he threw himself once more at her feet with tears in his eyes, declaring that if she possessed the cruelty to deprive him of all hope, he should not long survive. The lady remained silent, and Messer Filiberto, then summoning his utmost pride and fortitude to his aid, prepared to take his leave, beseeching her only, in the common courtesy and hospitality of the country, to grant him in return for his long love and sufferings a single kiss, which, against all social laws, she had before denied him, although it was generally yielded to all strangers who entered an hospitable roof. "I wish," replied Donna Zilia, "I knew whether your affection for me is so strong as you pretend, for then, if you will but take a vow to observe one thing, I will grant what you require. I shall then believe I am truly beloved, but never till then." The lover eagerly swore to observe the conditions she should impose, and seized the price of the promise he had given. "Now, Signor Filiberto," exclaimed the lady, "prepare to execute the cruel sentence I shall impose. It is my will and pleasure that you no longer trouble me with such entreaties for the future, at least for some time; and if you are a true knight, you will not again unseal your lips for the space of three years."

The lover was greatly surprised and shocked on hearing so harsh and unjust a sentence, though at the same time he signified his submission by his silence, merely nodding his assent. Soon after, making the lady a low bow, he took his

departure for his own residence. There, taking the affair into his most serious consideration, he at last came to the fixed resolution of submitting to this very severe penalty, as a punishment, at least, for his folly in so lightly sporting with his oath. Suddenly, then, he became dumb, and feigning that he had met with some accident, he set out from Moncaliero on his return to Virle. His friends, on finding him in this sad condition, expressed the utmost sorrow and surprise; but as he retained his usual cheerfulness and sense enough to conduct his own affairs, they corresponded with him as well as if he had retained the nine parts of speech. Committing his affairs to the conduct of his steward, a distant relative in whom he had the highest confidence, he determined to set out on a tour for France, to beguile, if possible, the irksomeness of his situation. Of an extremely handsome person, and possessing noble and imposing manners, the misfortune under which he appeared to labor was doubly regretted wherever our hero made his appearance.

About the period of his arrival in France, Charles, the seventh of that name, was engaged in a warm and sanguinary war against the English, attempting to recover possession of the dominions which his predecessors had lost. Having already driven them from Gascony and other parts, he was busily preparing to follow up his successes in Normandy. On arriving at this sovereign's court, Messer Filiberto had the good fortune to find several of his friends among the barons and cavaliers in the king's service, from whom he experienced a very kind reception, which was rather enhanced by their knowledge of the cruel misfortune under which he labored. But as it was not of such a nature as to incapacitate him for battle, he made signs that he wished to enter into the king's bodyguards; and being a knight of well-known prowess, this resolution was much applauded, no less by his majesty than by all his friends. Having equipped himself in a suitable manner, he accompanied a division of the army intended to carry Rouen by assault. Here he performed such feats of strength and heroic valor in the presence of the king as to excite the greatest admiration; and on the third attack the place was carried by storm. His majesty, afterwards inquiring

more particularly into the history of the valiant knight, and learning that he was one of the lords of Virle in Piedmont, instantly conferred upon him an office in his royal household, and presented him with a large sum of money as an encouragement to persevere in the noble career he had commenced, observing at the same time that he trusted some of his physicians would be enabled to remove the impediment in his speech. Our hero, smiling at this observation, expressed his gratitude for these royal favors as well as he could, shaking his fist at the same time, in token that he would punish his majesty's adversaries.

Soon after a sharp skirmish occurred between the French and the enemy for the possession of a bridge. The affair becoming serious, and the trumpets sounding to arms, the king, in order to encourage his troops, galloped towards the spot. Talbot, the commander of the English forces, was already there, and had nearly obtained possession of the bridge. His majesty was in the act of encouraging his soldiers, when Messer Filiberto, on his black charger, passed him at full speed with his company. With his lance in rest, he rode full at the horse of Talbot, which fell to the ground. Then seizing his huge club, and followed by his companions, he made such terrible havoc among the English, that, dealing death in every blow, he shortly dispersed them on all sides, and compelled them to abandon their position on the bridge. It was with difficulty that their commander himself effected his escape; while King Charles, following up his success, in a short time obtained possession of the whole of Normandy.

On this occasion the king returned public thanks to the heroic Filiberto, and in the presence of all the first nobility of his kingdom invested him with the command of several castles, with a hundred men-at-arms to attend him. He now stood so high in favor at court that the monarch spared no expense to obtain the first professional advice that could be found in every country, with the hope of restoring him to the use of speech; and, after holding a solemn tournament in honor of the French victories, he proclaimed a reward of ten thousand francs to be paid to any physician, or other person, who should be fortunate enough to discover the means of

restoring the use of speech to a dumb cavalier who had lost his voice in a single night. The fame of this reward reaching as far as Italy, many adventurers, induced by the hope of gain, sallied forth to try their skill, however vainly, since it was impossible to make him speak against his will. Incensed at observing such a concourse of people at his court under the pretence of performing experiments on the dumb gentleman, until the whole capital became infested with quacks, his majesty ordered a fresh proclamation to go forth, stating that whoever undertook to effect the cure should henceforth, in case of failing to perform what he promised, be put to death, unless he paid down the sum of ten thousand francs. The good effect of this regulation was quickly perceived in the diminution of pretenders to infallible cures, few caring to risk their fortunes or their lives, in case of their inability to pay, though they had before been so liberal of their reputation.

When the tidings of Messer Filiberto's good fortune and favor at the French king's court reached Moncaliero, Donna Zilia, imagining that his continued silence must be solely owing to the vow he had taken, and the time being at length nearly expired, fancied it would be no very bad speculation to secure the ten thousand francs for herself. Not doubting but that his love remained still warm and constant, and that she really possessed the art of removing the dumbness at her pleasure, she resolved to lose no time in setting off directly for Paris, where she was introduced to the commissioners appointed to preside over Messer Filiberto's case. "I am come, my lords," she observed, "hearing that a gentleman of the court has for some time past lost his speech, to restore to him that invaluable faculty, possessing for that purpose some secret remedies which I trust will prove efficacious. In the course of a fortnight he will probably be one of the most eloquent men at court; and I am quite willing to run the risk of the penalty if I perform not my engagement as required. There must, however, be no witness to my proceedings; the patient must be intrusted entirely to me. I should not like every pretender to obtain a knowledge of the secret I possess; it is one which will require the utmost art in its application." Rejoiced to hear her speak with so much confidence on the

subject, the commissioners immediately dispatched a message to Messer Filiberto, informing him that a lady had just arrived from Piedmont, boasting that she could perform what the most learned of the faculty in France had failed to do, by restoring the dumb to speech. The answer to this was an invitation to wait upon our hero at his own residence, when he recognized the cruel beauty who had imposed so severe a penance, and concluded at the same time that she had undertaken the journey not out of any affection for him, but with the most mercenary views. Reflecting on his long sufferings and unrequited affection, his love was suddenly converted into a strong desire of revenge; he therefore came to a determination of still playing the mute, and not deigning to exchange a single word with her, merely bowed to her politely at a distance.

After some moments' silence, the lady finding that he had no inclination to speak, inquired in a gentle tone whether he was at a loss to discover in whose company he was. He gave her to understand that he knew her perfectly well, but that he had not yet recovered his speeeh, motioning, at the same time, with his fingers towards his mouth. On this, she informed him that she now absolved him from his vow; that she had traveled to Paris for that purpose, and that he might talk as much as he pleased. But the dumb lover, only motioning his thanks, still continued as silent as before, until the lady, losing all patience, very freely expressed her disappointment and displeasure. Still it availed her nothing, and, fearful of the consequences to herself if he persisted in his unaccountable obstinacy, she had at length recourse to caresses and concessions, which, whatever advantage he chose to take of them, proved ultimately as fruitless to restore his eloquence as every other means. The tears and prayers of the lady, to prevail upon him to speak, became now doubly clamorous, while she sorely repented her former cruelty and folly, which had brought her into the predicament of forfeiting either ten thousand francs or her life. She would immediately have been placed under a military guard, had it not been for the intercession of the dumb gentleman, who made signs that they should desist. The penalty, however, was to be enforced;

but the lady, being of an excessively avaricious turn, resolved rather to die than to furnish the prescribed sum, and thus deprive her beloved boy of a portion of his inheritance. When reduced to this extremity, Messer Filiberto, believing that upon the whole he had sufficiently revenged himself, took compassion upon her sufferings, and hastened to obtain an audience of the king. He entreated, as a special favor, that his majesty would remit the fine and grant liberty to her, as well as to some other debtors, which in the utmost surprise at hearing the sound of his voice, the king promised to do. He then proceeded to inform his majesty of the whole history of his attachment to the lady, and the strange results by which it had been attended to both parties, though fortunately all had ended well.

Messer Filiberto then hastened to hold an audience with the lady, seriously proposing to give her a little good advice; and she was quite as much rejoiced as his majesty when she first heard him speak. "You may recollect, madam," he observed, "that some time ago, when at Moncaliero, I expressed the most ardent and constant attachment to you,—an attachment which I did not then think that time could have ever diminished. But your conduct in cheating me into the vow of silence, and your cruelty to me, as well before that time as since, have wrought a complete change in my sentiments towards you. I have acquired wealth and honors; I stand high in the favor of my monarch; and having, I think, taken ample revenge upon you by the fears and troubles you have experienced, I have not only granted you your liberty and your life, but ordered you to be freely supplied with every convenience and facility for your return home. I need not advise you to conduct yourself in future with care and prudence; in all the economical virtues you are reputed to be unrivaled; but I would venture to hint, that from the example I have in this instance afforded you, you will be more cautious how you sport with the feelings of those who love you, as it is an old saying, that the wily are often taken in their own nets." He then provided her with an honorable escort and money to defray her expenses, while he himself not long after received the hand of a young beauty of the

court, bestowed upon him by his royal master. By this union he received an accession of several castles and domains, and sent for his witty young friend from Spoleto to share with him a portion of his prosperity. Still retaining his favor at court, upon the death of Charles VII. he continued to enjoy the same appointments and the same influence under Louis XI., his successor.

ANTONIO FRANCESCO DONI.

DONI was not merely a story-teller; he composed a "Moral Philosophy," "Epistles of Love," and a variety of other works. Though less known than other Italian writers, he ranks, as regards style, among the approved novelists. He was born at Florence in 1513, and being of studious habits entered the Church; but in mid-life he threw off the ecclesiastical habit and went to Venice to earn his living by his pen. His philosophical studies seem to have made him sceptical, and he awakened the jealousy of the Inquisition. He then sought refuge at Ancona, but afterwards returned to his rural abode at Monselice, where he died in 1574. The composition of his novels was his recreation amid more serious labors. His critics pronounced them eccentric, like himself, yet not devoid of humor.

THE CRAFTY HUNCHBACK.

THE dowager queen of Salimspruch had a daughter named Galierina, about five years of age. As she was walking in the garden, this child happened to find a young lizard, with which she ran to her mother in great glee, throwing it, as young girls are apt to do, upon her mother's lap, which so terrified the queen that she declared, in her anger, she would never consent to bestow her daughter's hand in marriage until the reptile had grown to the size of the girl herself. She even swore by her crown that she would execute this threat; a vow which greatly displeased the governess of the fair child, who, being affectionately attached to her, vowed on her part to take the best care of the lizard she could. And such was the efficacy of this vow, that, with the blessing of

Heaven and fine feeding, the young lizard began to grow and grow, nor ever stopped until it became nearly as large as a crocodile. Every one was astonished on beholding it, and greatly praised the care and prudence of Donna Spira, who had thus rescued her fair pupil from the fate of dying an old maid. The latter having attained to maturity, it was deemed proper to try the effect of chance in the disposal of her hand, with which view the queen resolved to kill the lizard and extract its lungs, in order to exercise the sagacity of her suitors. "Now," said she, "we will proclaim a grand feast and tournament, and invite all the cavaliers in the world to try their fortune in the joust, and whoever afterwards guesses the name of the reptile which possessed these lungs, let him have my daughter and half this kingdom as a reward for his pains."

Far and wide, throughout all cities and nations, spread these happy tidings of a royal tournament and the marriage of Queen Pilessa's beauteous daughter. What magnificent trains of lords and dukes, counts and marquises, of all ages and nations, were seen gathering towards the happy spot! Long they fought, and fell, and conquered; after which, at the trumpet's sound, the lizard's lungs were exhibited to view in the midst of all, and proclamation was made, with a loud voice, that whatsoever prince or lord should declare to what animal these relics had belonged, should be entitled to the princess and half the kingdom as her dower. Upon this the name of every kind of creature in the world but the right one was quickly pronounced, until it came to the turn of the Duke of Milesi, who enjoying the good graces of Donna Spira, had fixed his eye boldly upon her beautiful charge. The nurse at length hit upon the following ingenious method, as she thought, of acquainting him with the real nature of the poor lizard's lungs. She cast her eye upon one of the ugliest hunchbacks that was ever seen, as the least suspicious person she could employ, and beckoning him, she said, "If you will promise to be secret, I will make you one of the richest hunchbacks that was ever known; you have only to be wise and keep silence." On receiving his promise she gave him a purse of ducats, saying, "Hasten to the Duke of Milesi,

and whisper him, on the part of the young lady, that the lungs belonged to a lizard." Upon which, repeating his oath of secrecy, the ugly hunchback left the nurse; and standing for some time apart, he considered whether it would be most prudent to inform the duke or avail himself of the information on his own account.

At length he determined that it would be better to possess half the kingdom for himself than the favor of the reigning prince; and so, taking fortune by the forelock, he ventured upon the following bold manœuvre: Making his way before the queen, he thus addressed her: "Knowing that your royal blood was ever faithful to its engagements, and relying upon the honor of your crown, I appear here to say to what creature these precious relics belonged, and claim in return your daughter and half of the kingdom." "Certainly, it is so," replied the queen; while all the barons and courtiers burst into a loud laugh as he pronounced them to be the lungs of a lizard. "Nay, let those laugh who win," cried the hunchback; "for I myself once brought up a lizard that grew as large as my back, until putting it one night to bed without its nightcap on, it caught such a bad cold, that before I had time to have it properly cured, it absolutely died of suffocation." The whole company upon this laughed still louder, saying, "Good! very good! was ever anything like it?" But the little hunchback continued: "It is, however, as I say; because, on dissecting my lizard, I found its lungs were made exactly the same as these." The queen replied, "Since fortune has so far favored you, I am bound to observe my engagement; and now, truly the hand of my daughter with half the kingdom is your own."

Mr. Hunchback was accordingly arrayed like a courtier, and exalted above all the barons of the land: there was no denying that he was the fair princess's future spouse. Sad, however, was the envy and heart-burning of the suitors to behold such a monster so well versed in the anatomy of lizards and entitled to the fair princess's hand. Truly they would have laid foul hands upon him and eaten him up alive, could they have found an opportunity, but he kept close to his princess's side. But what was the indignation of her nurse, when, expecting to behold the handsome duke, she saw this little wretch elevated in his place! Casting upon him the eye of a basilisk, though she ventured not to break out into open abuse, she muttered to herself, "O villain of a hunchback! by the holy cross of our Lord, I will make thee pay dearly for this!" Then, full of the most desperate thoughts, she proceeded to consult with her unhappy charge, who also viewed him with evident reluctance, and listened but too willingly to every possible means of dispatching him in preference to receiving him as her lord. But the glorious tidings having already gone abroad, there came a number of fresh hunchbacks, flocking to the royal festival of their companion, who performed a variety of admirable tricks, to the astonishment of all the court. This added not a little to the influence of the new prince, who seemed greatly pleased at the praises which they on all sides elicited. But to cut short the scene, which he thought began to trench a little upon his dignity, when the presumptuous hunchbacks approached him familiarly to receive their reward, their royal brother gave each of them a kick upon their humps, and ordered them to be taken down into the kitchen.

Now this unkind usage of his old friends was extremely grating to the gentle feelings of his princess; she therefore gave secret orders that these very facetious hunchbacks should be invited for another day, in order to receive the due recompense of their humorous tricks. In the meantime, under various pretexts, she contrived to keep her royal consort at a distance until the day appointed for the return of the hunchbacks arrived. They were directly introduced into the princess's chamber, where she opened upon their astonished eyes

a variety of trunks filled with costly apparel; but, just as she was in the act of presenting some to them, the footsteps of her crooked spouse were heard actually ascending the staircase. There was no alternative but to thrust the little crooked fellows into the trunks, which was no sooner done than the royal hunchback stepped into the chamber. All was still as death; for had they made the least noise they would infallibly have been hanged, to satisfy the foolish jealousy of his highness. He remained with the princess some time, which placed the lives of his trembling subjects in the utmost jeopardy, as they were already beginning to gasp for breath. Still he stayed and stayed; and when at length, on his taking his leave, the princess hastened to open the trunks, what was her surprise and sorrow on finding that all her amusing guests were quite dead! After breathing harder and harder, they had gone into convulsions, and their feeble kicks had scarcely reached the ears of the royal spouses. Closing the trunks, however, she resolved to make the best of a bad business; and consulting with her nurse, they forthwith confided the whole affair to a faithful courtier, presenting him at the same time with a sum of money. With this he directly proceeded to purchase three large bags, exactly alike; and calling a stout porter, he gave them to him, saying, "Follow me;" and marched back as fast as he could, straight into the palace.

They first took one of the little deceased, and squeezing him till he came within the dimensions of the bag, the princess, addressing the porter, said, "Do you mark me? Carry this sack away, and throw it, just as it is, into the river. Here are ten ducats: but take heed how you open it, and when you come back you shall have twenty more." So the porter threw the burden on his shoulder, saying, "I wish I had more such jobs as these;" and after pitching it into the river, he hastened back as fast as he could. In the chamber he found the same identical burden lying there which he thought he had just disposed of, the second hunchback having assumed the place of the first. Testifying no little surprise, the lady said to him, "Do not be alarmed; but truly he is a sly villain, as you see, and delights to plague people. He will be sure to come back again if you do not throw him far enough, and sink him in

the river; this time you must take better care." Perfectly satisfied with the ducats, the man took up his burden and again launched it into the deepest part of the river he could find, and staying to watch it fairly sink, he exclaimed in a joyful tone, "I think you are fairly gone at last;" for the night was now setting in, and he did not much relish another journey along the banks of the river. Taking a light, however, he returned into the chamber, and beheld a third sack ready prepared for him; and seizing it in no little anger, he bore it away. But as soon as he had made his way through the crowd, he determined at all hazards to know with what kind of a devil he had to deal; and opening the bag, he found an ugly little hunchback in it. "O thou cursed beast!" he cried, "I will try to end thee now;" and taking out a huge knife, he severed the head from the body. Then thrusting it into the sack, filled with stones and iron, he once more committed him to the river, and made his way back to the palace.

Now it so chanced that just at the entrance he met with the royal hunchback himself, returning doubtless from some mischievous expedition, and making the best of his way to pay another visit to his beloved princess. The porter had no sooner set his eyes upon him than he exclaimed in the utmost indignation, "Ah! villain hunchback! are you here before me again?" and seizing him with all the glorious strength of a porter by the beard, he bound him in a moment quite fast, and thrusting him into the sack, he said, "Three times you have made me return, and yet you are at it again; but we shall see who has the best of it." In this way he carried the royal hunchback along, who in vain asserted his title to majesty, and that he was just going on a visit to his queen, and endeavored to bribe his treacherous subject at any price. It was all in vain; he was thrown headlong into the river, while the porter proceeded back, not without some apprehension that he should have another journey. On mounting the staircase, however, and proceeding into the chamber, he had the satisfaction of beholding his labors completed, for no more hunchbacks were to be seen. "Yes, you have done," said the princess; "I do not think he will come back any more now. Here, take all these ducats, and fare you well!" The porter

replied, "But he has returned a good many times, though; for I met him just now coming in at the gate; so I bound him fast and put him into the sack in spite of him, and then threw him again into the river. To be sure, he offered me a deal of money to let him go, and threatened and swore, and said he was the king; but it was all of no use: he was obliged to be drowned. So I think I have earned my wages well by four such journeys as these."

Upon hearing these tidings, the princess and her maids of honor were quite overjoyed; and lavishing the most liberal favors upon the porter for his lucky blunder, they bribed him to keep the matter secret. Thus by a single blunder the porter became a rich man, the lady was freed from an ugly brute of a husband, and the Duke of Milesi made happy in possessing the charms of the beautiful princess. Let the fate of the royal hunchback be a lesson, then, for those who are inclined, by fraudulent means, to advance themselves at the expense of others.

THE BARDI CIRCLE.

MUSIC rather than literature was the domain of the Bardi circle. And yet the classical Italian opera was, in its original inception, the attempt of a certain Florentine circle of scholars to reconstruct the old Greek tragedy. They were not musicians in the highest sense of the term, and had not Monteverde come to their rescue with true melodic genius, there would have been no opera such as has actually been developed.

This music reform of the sixteenth century was inaugurated by a distinguished coterie of music-loving noblemen of Florence (Medici Feste Musicale). They chose a cask and grapes as their symbol; hence their odd name. The prime movers were Giovanni Bardi, Count of Vernio, at whose house they met; Vincenzo Galilei (uncle of the famous Galileo); Pietro Strozzi; Jacopo Corsi; and the actual composers—Giulio Caccini and Jacopo Peri. The enthusiasm for Greek art was then the ruling passion of Italy. These amateurs set themselves the task of reconstructing the Athenian drama. Music had been an integral and essential ele-

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ment of the Greek tragedies, "and their greatest embellishment," as Aristotle remarked. The tragedy had its origin in the "dithyramb," a dance-song. Æschylus had been a composer; Sophocles was a practical musican, and in his portrait in the Painted Porch he was pictured as holding a cithara in his hands. The Greek tragic actors chanted their lines; their word for dramatic declamation was "emmeleia" (in tune); their choruses sang the odes to dance-steps. It is unnecessary here to enter into the birth of monody and the recitative in Florence; it is enough to record that Jacopo Peri, in his preface to "Euridice," stated that he had been convinced by a study of the ancients that "though their dramatic declamation may not have risen to song, it was yet musically colored." But in seeking to introduce the lost Greek tragic music, these restorers produced a new art form. Peri's "Dafne" was privately performed in 1597, and in 1600 the first opera ever to be publicly performed, Peri's "Euridice," was given at Florence in honor of the marriage of Marie de' Medici and Henry IV. of France. Peri simply "tried to give musical form to the ordinary inflections of the human voice." But what a magical transformation in the world of art and pleasure has ensued.

GABRIELLO CHIABRERA.

CHIABRERA won the title of the Italian Pindar, because he was the first to introduce into his native tongue the elaborate metres and structure of the sublime lyrics of the Greek poet. His contemporaries regarded him as having attained the same lofty height, but with later critics his fame, like that of the French Ronsard, has suffered eclipse. His odes, in spite of their pomp and display, are felt to be chiefly pinchbeck and paste. Yet the author was a really learned man and dearly loved the Greek. Some of his less labored productions have a more genuine ring of true feeling.

Gabriello Chiabrera was a posthumous child, born at Savona, near Genoa, in 1552. He belonged to a patrician family, and from the age of nine was reared by his uncle at Rome, and instructed in the Jesuits' College. In a cardi-

nal's household for many years he enjoyed the society of the learned. At last some insult provoked the scholar to revenge, and he was obliged to depart. Returning to his birth-place he devoted himself more intensely to his beloved Greeks until he felt inspired to imitate them. His skillful, if rather mechanical, reproduction of the ancient metres secured him immediate fame, and he was invited to many courts. Thus applauded, he became an industrious writer in all varieties of style, from pastoral and satirical to epic and tragic. His happy philosophical life was prolonged to his eighty-fifth year.

To His Mistress's Lips.

Sweet, thornless rose,
Surpassing those
With leaves at morning's beam dividing!
By Love's command,
Thy leaves expand
To show the treasure they were hiding.

Oh, tell me, flower,
When hour by hour
I doting gaze upon thy beauty,
Why thou the while
Dost only smile
On one whose purest love is duty!

Does pity give,
That I may live,
That smile, to show my anguish over?
Or, cruel coy,
Is it but joy
To see thy poor expiring lover?

What'er it be,
Or cruelty,
Or pity to the humblest, vilest;
Yet can I well
Thy praises tell,
If while I sing them thou but smilest.

When waters pass
Through springing grass,
With murmuring song their way beguiling;
And flowerets rear
Their blossoms near,—
Then do we say that Earth is smiling.

When in the wave
The Zephyrs lave
Their dancing feet with ceaseless motion,
And sands are gay
With glittering spray,—
Then do we talk of smiling Ocean.

When we behold
A vein of gold
O'erspread the sky at morn and even,
And Phœbus' light
Is broad and bright,—
Then do we say 'tis smiling Heaven.

Though Sea and Earth
May smile in mirth,
And joyous Heaven may return it;
Yet Earth and Sea
Smile not like thee,
And Heaven itself has yet to learn it.

Epitaph on Ceni.

Weep not, beloved friends! nor let the air
For me with sighs be troubled. Not from life
Have I been taken; this is genuine life,
And this alone, the life which now I live
In peace eternal; where desire and joy
Together move in fellowship without end.
Franceso Ceni after death enjoined
That thus his tomb should speak for him. And surely
Small cause there is for that fond wish of ours
Long to continue in this world,—a world
That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a hope
To good, whereof itself is destitute.

ALESSANDRO TASSONI.

ALESSANDRO TASSONI was born at Modena in 1565. For several years he was secretary to Cardinal Colonna, and afterwards was in the service of Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy. Filled with hatred of the Spanish rule which was stifling the genius of his countrymen, he endeavored to incite the duke to take the lead against the oppressors.

In the midst of the general sterility of the seventeenth century Tassoni exhibited exceptional ability. His heroic comic poem "La Secchia Rapita," "The Captured Bucket" is an admirable satire on the petty wars of the petty Italian states. The reference is to a raid made by the people of Modena on Bologna in 1325 (three centuries earlier), when a bucket was carried off as a trophy and afterwards suspended in the cathedral. Many of the allusions in the poem are now obscure, but, as a whole, it takes high rank among the burlesques, and has had many imitators. In other works Tassoni showed serious ability in philosophy and criticism. He died in 1635.

THE CAPTURED BUCKET.

MEANWHILE the Potta, where the battle droops,
Sends fresh detachments of his foremost troops.
Himself was mounted on a female mule,
Which, though a magistrate, he scarce could rule:
She bit, and winched, and such excursions made,
As if her legs a game at draughts had played;
At length, not minding whether wrong or right,
Full speed she ran amidst the thick o' the fight.
About this time La Grace received a wound,
And, much against his will, went off the ground.

When the most ancient race of Boii saw
One captain prisoner made, and one withdraw;
They, who before had made a bold retreat,
Renounce their hands, and solely trust their feet.
Forwards the Potta urges with his spear,
And like some devil flashes in their rear.

Such quantities of blood the brook distained,
It many days both warm and red remained;
That brook which heretofore had scarce a name,
Baptized in blood, *Il Tepido* [the Warm] became.
Such crowds went reeking to the Elysian shore,
Charon complained there was no room for more.
All the day long, and all the following night,
The poor Bolonians prosecute their flight.
Three hundred horse, Manfredi at their head,
Fill every road and river with their dead:
So close the warlike youth oppressed their heels,
Returning day the city walls reveals.
The gate Saint Felix, opening soon, admits,
In one confusion, foreigners and cits;
So thick they crowd, the watch no difference knew;
In went the conquered and the conquerors too.
Far as an arrow's flight, and quick as thought,
Manfredi's men within the town were got:
Manfred, who ne'er left any thing to chance,
Halts at the gate, nor further would advance;
By drums and trumpets sounding from the walls,
The endangered troops he suddenly recalls.

Radaldo, Spinamont, Griffani fierce,
And other names too obstinate for verse,
Fainting with heat, and harassed with the chase,
Espied a well belonging to the place:
They thanked the gods with lifted hands and eyes;
Then hastily despatched to nether skies
The bone of discord, apple of the war,—
A bran new *bucket*, made of fatal fir.
Low was the water, and the well profound;
The pulley, dry and broke, went hobbling round;
The unlucky hemp, knotting, increased delay,
And all their hopes hung dangling in midway.
Some with still sighs the bucket's absence mourn,
Others, impatient, curse its slow return;
At length it weeping comes, as if it knew
The sanguinary work that was to ensue.
Greedy they all advance to seize their prey:
Radaldo's happy lips first pulled away.
Scarce had he drunk, when, lo! a numerous ring

Of adverse swords surround the ravished spring;
Rushing from every alley through the town,
"Kill! kill!" was all the cry, and "Knock 'em down!"
The Potta-men alarmed, with active feet
Regain their steeds, and leap into their seat;
Sipa, not liking much their threatening face,
Began to keep aloof, and slack their pace.
The bucket chanced to be at Griffon's nose:
His tip thus spoiled, away the water throws,
Cuts the retaining cord, and then applied
The vehicle to shield his near-hand side;
His off-hand grasps a sword, and, thus prepared,
Defies the world, and stands upon his guard:
Nimbly the men of Potta intervene,
And from the foe their brave companion screen. . . .

Clear of this scrape, Manfredi's squadrons join,
And treading back their steps, repass the Rhine.
Their captain, who no worthier spoils could show
Than this same bucket conquered from the foe,
Caused it in form of trophy to advance
Before the troops, sublime upon a lance:
To think how he in open day had scoured
Bolonia, and their virgin-spring deflowered;
To think how he had ravished from the place
An everlasting pledge of their disgrace;
Elate and glorying in his slit-deal prize,
Not victory seemed so noble in his eyes.
Straight from Samogia's plains he sends express
To Modena the news of his success;
And straight the town resolves in form to meet
The conquering army, and their general greet.

MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.

ITALIAN poetry had sunk into a tame artificial mannerism in the seventeenth century, yet the genuine poetic spirit was not lost, as the career of Filicaja testifies. It needed, however, the imminent crisis of Christendom to rouse the latent genius of this Pindar of modern Europe. Vincenzo da Filicaja was born at Florence in December, 1642, and educated at the University of Pisa. He was admitted to the best literary society of the times and devoted himself to their learned pursuits, after the death of a young lady to whom he was attached induced him to renounce the usual amatory strains. The siege and deliverance of Vienna in 1683 stirred his spirit to its utmost depths, and his impassioned feeling found vent in six noble odes. While these poems bear traces of the affectations then in vogue, they rise in parts to the loftiest heights of inspiration. Their fame spread through the Catholic courts of Europe. Christina, who had abdicated the throne of Sweden and was living in splendor at Rome, hastened to bestow her generosity on the poet thus revealed. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, Cosmo III., also gave him substantial rewards, placed him in important offices, and raised him to the rank of senator. After twenty years of affluence, Filicaja died at Florence in 1707. In his minor poems he sometimes attained the elegance of Petrarch, but his fame rests on the sublimity of his odes.

THE DELIVERANCE OF VIENNA.

(Translated by Lord Macaulay.)

THE chords, the sacred chords of gold,
Strike, O Muse, in measure bold;
And frame a sparkling wreath of joyous songs
For that great God to whom revenge belongs.
Who shall resist his might,
Who marshals for the fight
Earthquake and thunder, hurricane and flame?
He smote the haughty race
Of unbelieving Thrace,
And turned their rage to fear, their pride to shame.
He looked in wrath from high,
Upon their vast array;
And, in the twinkling of an eye,
Tambour and trump and battle-cry,
And steeds and turbaned infantry,
Passed like a dream away.
Such power defends the mansions of the just:
But, like a city without walls,
The grandeur of the mortal falls
Who glories in his strength and makes not God his trust.

The proud blasphemers thought all earth their own;
They deemed that soon the whirlwind of their ire
Would sweep down tower and palace, dome and spire,
The Christian altars and the Augustan throne.
And soon, they cried, shall Austria bow
To the dust her lofty brow.
The princedoms of Almayne [Germany]
Shall wear the Phrygian chain;
In humbler waves shall vassal Tiber roll;
And Rome, a slave forlorn,
Her laurelled tresses shorn,
Shall feel our iron in her inmost soul.
Who shall bid the torrent stay?
Who shall bar the lightning's way?
Who arrest the advancing van
Of the fiery Ottoman?

As the curling smoke-wreaths fly
When fresh breezes clear the sky,
Passed away each swelling boast
Of the misbelieving host.
From the Hebrus rolling far
Came the murky cloud of war,
And in shower and tempest dread
Burst on Austria's 'fenceless head:
But not for vaunt or threat
Didst thou, O Lord, forget
The flock so dearly bought, and loved so well.

Even in the very hour
Of guilty pride and power
Full on the circumcised thy vengeance fell.
Then the fields were heaped with dead,
Then the streams with gore were red,
And every bird of prey, and every beast,
From wood and cavern thronged to thy great feast.

What terror seized the fiends obscene of Nile!
How wildly in his place of doom beneath,
Arabia's lying prophet gnashed his teeth,
And cursed his blighted hopes and wasted guile!
When, at the bidding of Thy sovereign might,
Flew on their destined path
Thy messengers of wrath,
Riding on storms and wrapped in deepest night
The Phthian mountains* saw,
And quaked with mystic awe:
The proud Sultana of the Straits †bowed down

Her jewelled neck and her embattled crown;
The miscreants, as they raised their eyes
Glaring defiance on Thy skies,
Saw adverse winds and clouds display
The terrors of their black array;
Saw each portentous star,
Whose fiery aspect turned of yore to flight
The iron Chariots of the Canaanite,‡
Gird its bright harness for a deadlier war.

*Pelion and Ossa, mountains in Phthia, in Northern Greece.
†Constantinople.
‡"The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."—Judges v. 20.

Beneath Thy withering look
Their limbs with palsy shook;
Scattered on earth the Crescent banners lay;
Trembled with panic fear,
Sabre and targe and spear,
Through the proud armies of the rising day.
Faint was each heart, unnerved each hand;
And if they strove to charge or stand,
Their efforts were as vain
As his who, scared in feverish sleep
By evil dreams, essays to leap,
Then backward falls again.
With a crash of wild dismay
Their ten thousand ranks gave way;
Fast they broke and fast they fled;
Trampled, mangled, dying, dead,
Horse and horseman mingled lay;
Till the mountains of the slain
Raised the valleys to the plain.
Be all the glory to Thy name divine!
The swords were ours; the arm, O Lord, was Thine.

Therefore to Thee, beneath Whose footstool wait
The powers which erring men call Chance and Fate,
To Thee who hast laid low
The pride of Europe's foe,
And taught Byzantium's sullen lords to fear,
I pour my spirits out,
In a triumphant shout,
And call all ages and all lands to hear.
Thou Who evermore endurest,
Loftiest, mightiest, wisest, purest;
Thou, Whose will destroys or saves,
Dread of tyrants, hope of slaves,
The wreath of glory is from Thee,
And the red sword of victory.

There, where exulting Danube's flood
Runs stained with Islam's noblest blood

From that tremendous field,
There, where in mosque the tyrants met,
And from the crier's minaret
Unholy summons pealed,
Pure shrines and temples now shall be
Decked for a worship worthy Thee.
To Thee thy whole creation pays
With mystic sympathy its praise,
The air, the earth, the seas:
The day shines forth with livelier beam;
There is a smile upon the stream,
An anthem on the breeze.
Glory, they cry, to Him whose might
Hath turned the barbarous foe to flight,
Whose arm protects, with power divine,
The city of His favored line.
The caves, the woods, the rocks, repeat the sound;
The everlasting hills roll the long echoes round.

But if Thy rescued Church may dare
Still to besiege Thy throne with prayer
Sheathe not, we implore Thee, Lord,
Sheathe not Thy victorious sword.
Still Pannonia pines away,
Vassal of a double sway;
Still Thy servants groan in chains,
Still the race which hates Thee reigns.
Part the living from the dead;
Join the members to the head,
Snatch Thine own sheep from yon fell monster's hold:
Let one kind Shepherd rule one undivided fold.

To Italy.

Italia, O Italia! hapless thou,
Who didst the fatal gift of beauty gain,
A dowry fraught with never-ending pain,—
A seal of sorrow stamped upon thy brow:
O, were thy bravery more, or less thy charms!
Then should thy foes, they whom thy loveliness
Now lures afar to conquer and possess,

Adore thy beauty less, or dread thy arms!
No longer then should hostile torrents pour
  Adown the Alps; and Gallic troops be laved
In the red waters of the Po no more;
  Nor longer then, by foreign courage saved,
Barbarian succor should thy sons implore—
  Vanquished or victors, still by Goths enslaved.

FRANCESCO MAFFEI.

MARQUIS FRANCESCO MAFFEI (1675-1755) was an archæologist and historian, but is more notable for his position in the history of the drama, not only in Italy, but in Europe. He desired to see the Italian stage remodelled after the French theatre. With this view he studied the native stage thoroughly, and edited a "Teatro Italiano." In defence of the drama, again assailed by Catholic writers as by the early Christians and the English Puritans, he was led to take up arms against a friar, Frate Consina. This controversy drew the attention of the Continent to him and to his own tragedy, "Merope" (1713), written in the Greek style, but without the customary chorus. Voltaire wrote Maffei a flattering letter, in which he declared that the author had rescued the Italian stage from the harlequins. But afterwards the Frenchman composed a drama on the same subject with the same title, and characteristically disparaged the original. Maffei wrote his play in noble verse, but even in Italy this was reduced to prose; while love scenes and interludes were inserted to cater to the lower tastes of the audiences. Nevertheless, until Alfieri's day the Italians praised it as their tragedy *par excellence*. This opinion excited Alfieri, to quote his own words, "to the highest pitch of indignation and anger, at seeing Italy in such a state of theatrical misery and blindness;" and he wrote another "Merope," in which he sought to improve upon Maffei.

Maffei found the basis for his tragedy in Apollodorus, in the tale of Æpytus, who became Ægisthus in the drama. Ægisthus's father and two brothers have been killed by the tyrant Polyphontes, who has also usurped the throne of Messina. Merope, the widowed and orphaned mother, is kept in

Polyphontes's power in the palace. The tyrant forces her to consent to marry him, but she gives assent only after learning that her son Ægisthus is still alive. The child had been reared in secret by a faithful attendant. At the moment when Polyphontes is about to espouse the queen, Ægisthus seizes a sacrificial axe, used in the nuptial ceremonies, and slays the tyrant. Alfieri protested that Maffei had depicted Merope as a "babyish mamma," and sought to ennoble her into his own ideal of "the queen-mother of tragedy."

The Mother's Lament for her Lost Son.

Allow it to be false, yet canst thou think
'Twill suffer me to harbor thoughts of joy
Barely to know that my Cresphontes wanders?
Alone, an inexperienced, homely youth,
And unapprised of ways, customs and dangers,
Who has no place of rest, poor and without
All hospitable succor, what will he not
Suffer for food, and for a place to rest?
What want? how often to a stranger's table
Shall he approach? and humbly asking bread,
Perhaps be driven away—he, whose great father
Spread his rich table for such numbers. Then
Should he fall sick, as that he may too easy,
Whose care will he then be? low on the ground
When he shall languid lie, afflicted sore,
A draught of water none shall hand to him.
O Heavens, might I at least but travel with him,
I think that I should suffer all in peace.

METASTASIO.

METASTASIO (1698-1782) was the Hellenized name of Pietro Trapassi, the talented son of a papal soldier who had become a grocer. The little Pietro's remarkable skill of improvisation attracted the attention of the learned Gian Vincenzo Gravina, who promptly adopted the youthful prodigy. Gravina not only instructed Metastasio in the art of the Italian drama as he himself understood it, but pledged his young protegé to devote himself to its serious study. On the death of his adoptive father Metastasio quickly spent the large fortune left him, and soon had poverty as a second stimulus to spur him on to redeem his promise. But, made timid by poverty, he turned for a while to law, and selected at Naples so stern a master of jurisprudence that he dared not openly woo the Muse. A splendid opportunity offered, however, in the viceroy's invitation to write a musical drama for the birthday celebration in honor of the escort of Emperor Charles VI. Having imposed a vow of secrecy on the composer, Metastasio produced the libretto for the opera, "Gli Orti Esperidi" (The Hesperides). The prima donna of the occasion, Marianna Bulgarelli, famous as "La Romanina," who had been the Venus of the opera, was so impressed by the genuine poetry of her words (an unheard-of thing) that she hunted out Metastasio and prevailed upon him to desert law for the opera. She practically adopted him, took him into her own home, and paved his way to fame. He took holy orders at Rome and was thenceforth known as Abbé Metastasio. He studied music and singing, and called the

male soprano Farinelli "his twin-brother." Under such training he became able to make poetry and music twin handmaids, and for his day he attained the zenith of his art. He himself played the harpsichord—"like a seraph," as he used to say. He was associated with the best musical composers of the time, for all of whom he wrote libretti. His themes were taken from history, mythology and romance, and his wide knowledge of different ages and countries supplied rich variety of local imagery, as well as decoration and costume. The charm, grace, melody and sweetness of his verse led composers to overlook the lack of contrast and strong passion, and some of his libretti were set to music as many as thirty and forty times. Mozart's "Clemenza di Tito" (Clemency of Titus) is the solitary example of Metastasio's "dramma per musica" to be heard on the operatic stage to-day. It was first set to music by Caldara. Voltaire esteemed its poetry worthy to be ranked with that of Corneille and Racine. The delicacy and tenderness of Metastasio's muse is well felt in his "Ode to Spring." Metastasio enjoyed the patronage of both Maria Theresa and Joseph II., having in 1730 succeeded Apostolo Zeno as court-poet at Vienna, where his house became for fifty years a Mecca of musical pilgrims. In the latter part of his life he gave up theatrical composition, but taught the Austrian princesses Italian. He died at the age of eighty-four.

THE EMPEROR'S BRIDE.

(From the Drama of "Titus.")

THE scene represents the Roman Emperor Titus descending from the Capitol, preceded by Lictors, followed by the Prætors, and surrounded by a numerous crowd of people.

Chorus. O guardian gods! in whom we trust
To watch the Roman fate,
Preserve in Titus, brave and just,
The glory of the state!
For ever round our Cæsar's brows
The sacred laurel bloom;
In him, for whom we breathe our vows,
Preserve the weal of Rome!

Long may your glorious gift remain
  Our happy times to adorn:
So shall our age the envy gain
  Of ages yet unborn!

Publius. This day the Senate style thee, mighty Cæsar,
The Father of thy Country; never yet
More just in their decree.
Annius. Thou art not only
Thy country's father, but her guardian god:
And since thy virtues have already soared
Beyond mortality, receive the homage
We pay to Heaven! The Senate have decreed
To build a stately temple, where thy name
Shall stand enrolled among the powers divine,
And Tiber worship at the fane of Titus.
Publius. These treasures, gathered from the annual tribute
Of subject provinces, we dedicate
To effect this pious work: disdain not, Titus,
This public token of our grateful homage.
Titus. Romans! believe that every wish of Titus
Is centred in your love; but let not, therefore,
Your love, forgetful of its proper bounds,
Reflect disgrace on Titus, or yourselves.
Is there a name more dear, more tender to me,
Than father of my people? Yet even this
I rather seek to merit than obtain.
My soul would imitate the mighty gods
By virtuous deeds, but shudders at the thought
Of impious emulation. He who dares
To rank himself their equal forfeits all
His future title to their guardian care.
O fatal folly, when presumptuous pride
Forgets the weakness of mortality!
Yet think not I refuse your proffered treasures:
Their use alone be changed. Then hear my purpose,
Vesuvius, raging with unwonted fury,
Pours from her gaping jaws a lake of fire,
Shakes from firm earth, and spreads destruction round
The subject fields and cities; trembling fly
The pale inhabitants, while all who 'scape
The flaming ruin meagre want pursues.

Behold an object claims our thoughts! dispense
These treasures to relieve your suffering brethren;
Thus, Romans, thus your Temple build for Titus.
Annius. O truly great!
Publius. How poor were all rewards,
How poor were praise to such transcendent virtue!

Chorus. O guardian gods! in whom we trust
To watch the Roman fate;
Preserve in Titus, brave and just
The glory of the state!

Titus. Enough,—enough!—Sextus, my friend, draw near;
Depart not, Annius; all besides, retire.
Annius (*aside to Sextus.*) Now, Sextus, plead my cause.
Sextus. And could you, Sir,
Resign your beauteous queen?
Titus. Alas, my Sextus!
That moment, sure, was dreadful,—yet I thought ——
No more,—'tis past; the struggle's o'er! she's gone!
Thanks to the gods, I've gained the painful conquest!
'Tis just I now complete the task begun;
The greater part is done, the less remains.
Sextus. What more remains, my lord?
Titus. To take from Rome
The least suspicion that the hand of Titus
Shall e'er be joined in marriage to the queen.
Sextus. For this the queen's departure may suffice.
Titus. No, Sextus, once before she left our city,
And yet returned; twice have we met,—the third
May prove a fatal meeting; while my bed
Receives no other partner, all who know
My soul's affection may with show of reason
Declare the place reserved for Berenice.
Too deeply Rome abhors the name of queen,
But wishes on the imperial seat to view
A daughter of her own;—let Titus then
Fulfill the wish of Rome. Since love in vain
Formed my first choice, let friendship fix the second.
Sextus, to thee shall Cæsar's blood unite;
This day thy sister is my bride ——
Sextus. Servilia?

Titus. Servilia.
Annius (*aside*). Wretched Annius!
Sextus (*aside*). O ye gods!
Annius is lost.
Titus. Thou hear'st not; speak, my friend,—
What means this silence?
Sextus. Can I speak, my lord?
Thy goodness overwhelms my grateful mind,—
Fain would I ——
Annius (*aside*). Sextus suffers for his friend!
Titus. Declare thyself with freedom,—every wish
Shall find a grant.
Sextus. (*aside*). Be just, my soul, to Annius!
Annius (*aside*). Annius, be firm!
Sextus. O Titus! ——
Annius. Mighty Cæsar!
I know the heart of Sextus: from our infancy
A mutual tenderness has grown between us.
I read his thoughts; with modest estimation
He rates his worth, as disproportioned far
To such alliance, nor reflects that Cæsar
Ennobles whom he favors. Sacred Sir!
Pursue your purpose. Can a bride be found
More worthy of the empire or yourself?
Beauty and virtue in Servilia meet;
She seemed, whene'er I viewed her, born to reign;
And what I oft presaged your choice confirms.
Sextus (*aside*). Is this the voice of Annius? Do I dream?
Titus. 'Tis well: thou, Annius, with despatchful care,
Convey the tidings to her. Come, my Sextus,
Cast every vain and cautious doubt aside;
Thou shalt with me so far partake of greatness,
I will exalt thee to such height of honor,
That little of the distance shall remain
At which the gods have placed thee now from Titus.
Sextus. Forbear, my lord! O moderate this goodness!
Lest Sextus, poor and bankrupt in his thanks,
Appear ungrateful for the gifts of Cæsar.
Titus. What wouldst thou leave me, friend, if thou deni'st me
The glorious privilege of doing good?

This fruit the monarch boasts alone,
The only fruit that glads a throne:
All, all besides, is toil and pain,
Where slavery drags the galling chain.

Shall I my only joy forego?
No more my kind protection show
To those by fortune's frown pursued?
No more exalt each virtuous friend,
No more a bounteous hand extend,
To enrich the worthy and the good?

Annius (*alone*). Shall I repent?—Oh, no!—I've acted well,
As suits a generous lover; had I now
Deprived her of the throne, to insure her mine,
I might have loved myself, but not Servilia.
Lay by, my heart, thy wonted tenderness!
She who was late thy mistress is become
Thy sovereign; let thy passion, then, be changed
To distant homage! But, behold she's here!
O Heaven, methinks she ne'er before appeared
So beauteous in my eyes!

Enter Servilia.

Servilia. My life! my love!
Annius. Cease, cease, Servilia; for 'tis criminal
To call me still by those endearing names.
Servilia. And wherefore?
Annius. Cæsar has elected thee—
Oh, torture!—for the partner of his bed.
He bade me bring, myself,—I cannot bear it!—
The tidings to thee. O my breaking heart!
And I—I have been once —— I cannot speak!—
Empress, farewell!
Servilia. What can this mean? Yet stay,—
Servilia Cæsar's wife? Ah! why?
Annius. Because
Beauty and virtue never can be found
More worthy of the throne. My life!—O Heaven!
What would I dare to say? Permit me, Empress,
Permit me to retire.

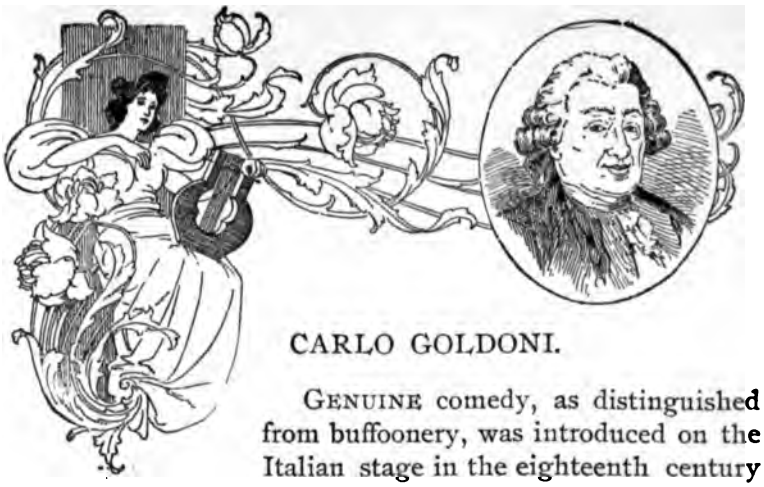
Servilia. And wilt thou leave me
In this confusion? Speak,—relate at full
By what strange means,—declare each circumstance——
Annius. I'm lost, unless I go. My heart's best treasure!

My tongue its wonted themes pursue,
Accustomed on thy name to dwell;
Then let my former love excuse
What from my lips unwary fell.

I hoped that reason would suffice
To calm the emotions love might raise:
But, ah! unguarded fond surprise
Each secret I would hide betrays. [*Exit.*

Servilia (*alone*). Shall I be wife to Cæsar? in one moment
Shake off my former chains? consign to oblivion
Such wondrous faith? Ah, no! from me the throne
Can never merit such a sacrifice!
Fear it not, Annius,—it shall never be!

Thee long I've loved, and still I'll love;
Thou wert the first, and thou shalt prove
The last dear object of my flame:
The love which first our breast inspires,
When free from guilt, such strength acquires,
It lasts till death consumes our frame.



CARLO GOLDONI.

GENUINE comedy, as distinguished from buffoonery, was introduced on the Italian stage in the eighteenth century by Carlo Goldoni (1707–1793). This "immortal comedian" of the Venetians was hailed by Voltaire as "the Italian Molière." In a letter to Goldoni himself the sage of Ferney declared, "Painter and son of Nature, I would entitle your comedies, 'Italy liberated from the Goths.'" It was indeed owing to Goldoni's persistent spirit and genial art that the Italian theatre became released from the bondage of the artificial and pantomime performances which in his youth passed for plays. The old-style *Commedie dell' arte*, or *a soggeto*, then held the boards. These pieces were mere sketches, acted by inferior actors in masks, who improvised and invented the greater part of the entertainment. The stock-characters, drawn from various Italian localities, comprised "the lean and slippered Pantaloon," Il Dottore (the Doctor), Brighella and Arlecchino (Harlequin), this last-named fool wearing a patchwork suit idealized in modern pantomime. Goldoni strove to reform this rude art. "I had no rivals to combat," he afterward remarked; "I had only prejudices to surmount." But he found these prejudices very difficult to conquer. His first play without masks proved an unmitigated failure in the popular estimation. Besides, Goldoni found it hard to get actors capable enough to perform anything outside of the old masked buffoonery. Even at the height of his fame he was bitterly attacked by the champions of the Commedia dell' arte—especially by Count Carlo Gozzi, who wrote fantastic farragoes for the mob, and went so far as to attack Goldoni

personally in his plays. Besides all this, Goldoni was obliged to bear the annoyances of his actors' complaints. They quarreled with him for presuming to dictate to them what they should do; for they had previously been accustomed to dictate to the playwrights. Goldoni has depicted these early trials in his "Memoirs," which he wrote at Versailles in his old age. Gibbon found these memoirs "more amusing than his very comedies."

Goldoni was well fitted by experience to effect this reform of the native Italian comedy. His youthful pastimes and study approximate almost exactly to those described by Goethe in his account of the childhood of Wilhelm Meister. Goldoni's grandfather was an extravagant lover of the play, and was continually giving private performances of dramas and operas under the roof of the family villa. The little Goldoni had a puppet-show for his sole delectation. Thus, despite the subsequent bankruptcy of the family and his own professional studies (those for the priesthood being interrupted by his writing of an ill-timed satire), Carlo Goldoni had a passion for the stage from his boyhood to the last day of his life. Goethe himself expressed amazement at Goldoni's mastery of stagecraft. It is not strange, therefore, that Goldoni did not follow up the law career before him, although at one time chancellor to a Podesta, and at another in the service of a Venetian ambassador. His remarkable facility for dramatic composition is evidenced in the fact that he wrote one hundred and fifty comedies. On a wager he once wrote sixteen comedies in a year, among them being two of his cleverest pieces.

He began with an ill-fated tragedy, "Amasalunta," which he burned in the room of a Milanese inn, whither he had gone for that very purpose. He then attempted the melodrama, influenced by Metastasio's example and fame. His first work of this kind was "The Venetian Gondolier," written for the troupe of actors kept by a prince of charlatans, the quack Buonafede, called the "Anonimo." This *intermezzo cantabile* was happily received at Milan. Although his first unmasked play was a failure, his second scored a palpable hit. Goldoni was gifted with a fertile invention. In his

plays he dealt with almost every phase of domestic life, and sketched the majority of human passions. His power of characterization is external, not internal like Molière's. He possessed scarcely any of Molière's psychology, and was not intellectually the Frenchman's peer. But his power of reproducing the scenes and surface individualities of every-day life has seldom, if ever, been surpassed. He utilized all his own experiences, as in "L'Amant Militaire" (The Military Lover), a reminiscence of the war of Don Carlos. His comedies do not depend, like the Spanish plays, on the intrigue of the plot; but the plots, in his case, turn rather upon the individualities of the dramatis personæ. He could justly boast of being the founder in Italy of the comedy of character.

Goldoni's most popular comedies are "La Locandiera" (The Hostess), played in America by Elenora Duse; "La Pamela," based on Richardson's novel, in the title rôle of which Ristori has achieved a reputation; and "Le Bourru Bienfaisant" (The Beneficent Bear), written in French for the wedding fête of Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin (Louis XVI.), at Versailles. "The Hostess" is a witty little coquette, who keeps an inn, and flirts with her amusing lodgers to the distraction of everybody. "The Beneficent Bear"—Geronte—is a gruff, blundering, old fellow, who is a curious personification of stupidity and good humor. Marriage on the sly is the motive of this plot, as well as of "The Curious Mishap," founded on a real episode, the scene of which is the Hague. Philibert, a Dutch merchant prince, is outwitted by his daughter Giannina and a poor French lieutenant, into actually hastening their marriage against his will. He gives the lieutenant a purse of money, under a mistaken idea that he is thus abetting another marriage which he is anxious to see consummated. Other comedies by Goldoni are "The Fan," with its many types of character; "The Woman of Tact," who becomes a chambermaid in order to win the love of the young man of the family; "The Ostentatious Miser;" and "The Father of the Family," in which convent-life is satirized in the chaperonage of an aunt. Goldoni also satirized the state-protected institution of gambling and the mediæval survival —*cavaliere sirvente* or *cicisbeo.*

His satire was not bitter, and yet was most keen. In "Pamela" it is amusing to note that Goldoni saw fit to humor Italian conventions by making Richardson's plebeian maid-servant turn out to be the daughter of a Scotch peer under attainder. Paolo Ferrari, a modern Italian comedian, has written a play on "Goldoni and his Comedies."

Robert Browning has paid a fine tribute to this brilliant dramatist.

> Goldoni,—good, gay, sunniest of souls,—
> Glassing half Venice in that verse of thine,—
>
> . . . . . .
>
> There throng the People: how they come and go,
> Lisp the soft language, flaunt the bright garb, see—
> On piazza, calle, under portico,
> And over bridge! Dear King of Comedy,
> Be honored! Thou that didst love Venice so,
> Venice, and we who love her, all love thee!

The Beneficent Bear.

(Act II., scene 4.)

Angelica (*aside*). What have I to do with Signor Dorval? I can go away.

Dorval. Mademoiselle Angelica!

Ang. Sir?

Dor. Have you seen your uncle? Has he told you nothing?

Ang. I saw him this morning, sir.

Dor. Before he went out of the house?

Ang. Yes, sir.

Dor. Has he returned?

Ang. No, sir.

Dor. (*aside*). Good. She knows nothing of it.

Ang. Excuse me, sir. Is there anything new in which I am concerned?

Dor. Your uncle takes much interest in you.

Ang. (*with modesty*). He is very kind.

Dor. (*seriously*). He thinks often of you.

Ang. It is fortunate for me.

Dor. He thinks of marrying you. (*Angelica blushes.*) What say you to it? Would you like to be married?

Ang. I depend on my uncle.

Dor. Shall I say anything more to you on the subject?

Ang. (*with a little curiosity*). But—as you please, sir.

Dor. The choice of a husband is already made.

Ang. (*aside*). O heavens! I tremble.

Dor. (*aside*). She seems to be pleased.

Ang. (*trembling*). Sir, I am curious to know—

Dor. What, Mademoiselle?

Ang. Do you know who is intended for me?

Dor. Yes, and you know him too.

Ang. (*with joy*). I know him too?

Dor. Certainly, you know him.

Ang. May I, sir, have the boldness—

Dor. Speak, Mademoiselle.

Ang. To ask the name of the young man?

Dor. The name of the young man?

Ang. Yes, if you know him.

Dor. Suppose he were not so young?

Ang. (*aside, with agitation*). Good heavens!

Dor. You are sensible—you depend on your uncle—

Ang. (*trembling*). Do you think, sir, my uncle would sacrifice me?

Dor. What do you mean by sacrificing you?

Ang. Mean—without the consent of my heart. My uncle is so good—but who could have advised him—who could have proposed this match? (*With temper.*)

Dor. (*a little hurt*). But this match—Mademoiselle—suppose it were I.

Ang. (*with joy*). You, sir? Heaven grant it!

Dor. (*pleased*). Heaven grant it!

Ang. Yes, I know you; I know you are reasonable. You are sensible; I can trust you. If you have given my uncle this advice, if you have proposed this match, I hope you will now find some means of making him change his plan.

Dor. (*aside*). Eh! this is not so bad. (*To Angelica.*) Mademoiselle—

Ang. (*distressed*). Signor?

Dor. (*with feeling*). Is your heart engaged?

Ang. Ah, sir—

Dor. I understand you.

Ang. Have pity on me!

Dor. (*aside*). I said so, I foresaw right; it is fortunate for me I am not in love—yet I began to perceive some little symptoms of it.

Ang. But you do not tell me, sir.

Dor. But, Mademoiselle—

Ang. You have perhaps some particular interest in the person they wish me to marry?

Dor. A little.

Ang. I tell you I shall hate him.

Dor. (*aside*). Poor girl! I am pleased with her sincerity.

Ang. Come, have compassion; be generous.

Dor. Yes, I will be so, I promise you; I will speak to your uncle in your favor, and will do all I can to make you happy.

Ang. (*with joy and transport*). Oh, how dear a man you are! You are my benefactor, my father. (*Takes his hand.*)

Dor. My dear girl! [*Enter Geronte.*

Geronte (*with animation*). Excellent, excellent! Courage, my children, I am delighted with you. (*Angelica retires, mortified; Dorval smiles.*) How! does my presence alarm you? I do not condemn this proper show of affection. You have done well, Dorval, to inform her. Come, my niece, embrace your future husband.

Ang. (*in consternation*). What do I hear?

Dor. (*aside and smiling*). Now I am unmasked.

Ger. (*to Angelica, with warmth*). What scene is this? Your modesty is misplaced. When I am not present, you are near enough to each other; when I come in, you go far apart. Come here. (*To Dorval, with anger.*) And do you too come here.

Dor. (*laughing*). Softly, my friend.

Ger. Why do you laugh? Do you feel your happiness? I am very willing you should laugh, but do not put me in a passion; do you hear, you laughing gentleman? Come here and listen to me.

Dor. But listen yourself.

Ger. (*to Angelica, and endeavoring to take her hand*). Come near, both of you.

Ang. (*weeping*). My uncle!

Ger. Weeping! What's the matter, my child? I believe you are making a jest of me. (*Takes her hand, and draws her forward; then turns to Dorval.*) You shall escape me no more.

Dor. At least let me speak.

Ger. No, no!

Ang. My dear uncle—

Ger. (*with warmth*). No, no. (*He becomes serious.*) I have been to my notary's, and have arranged everything; he has taken

a note of it in my presence, and will soon bring the contract here for us to subscribe.

Dor. But will you listen to me?

Ger. No, no. As to her fortune, my brother had the weakness to leave it in the hands of his son; this will no doubt cause some obstacle on his part, but it will not embarrass me. Every one who has transactions with him suffers. The fortune cannot be lost, and in any event I will be responsible for it.

Ang. (*aside*). I can bear this no longer.

Dor. (*embarrassed*). All proceeds well, but—

Ger. But what?

Dor. The young lady may have something to say in this matter. (*Looking at Angelica.*)

Ang. (*hastily and trembling*). I, sir?

Ger. I should like to know if she can say anything against what I do, what I order, and what I wish. My wishes, my orders, and what I do, are all for her good. Do you understand me?

Dor. Then I must speak myself.

Ger. What have you to say?

Dor. That I am very sorry, but this marriage cannot take place.

Ger. Not take place! (*Angelica retreats frightened; Dorval steps back.*) (*To Dorval.*) You have given me your word of honor.

Dor. Yes, on condition—

Ger. (*turning to Angelica*). It must then be this impertinent. If I could believe it! if I had any reason to suspect it! (*Threatens her.*)

Dor. (*seriously*). No, sir, you are mistaken.

Ger. (*to Dorval. Angelica makes her escape*). It is you, then, who refuse? So you abuse my friendship and affection for you!

Dor. (*raising his voice*). But hear reason—

Ger. What reason? what reason? There is no reason. I am a man of honor, and if you are so, too, it shall be done at once. (*Turning round, he calls*) Angelica!

Dor. What possesses the man? He will resort to violence on the spot. (*Runs off.*)

Ger. (*alone*). Where is she gone? Angelica! Hallo! who's there? Piccardo! Martuccia! Pietro! Cortese!—But I'll find her. It is you I want. (*Turns round and, not seeing Dorval, remains motionless.*) What! he treat me so! (*Calls.*) Dorval! my friend! Dorval—Dorval! my friend! Oh, shameful—ungrateful! Hallo! Is no one there? Piccardo! [*Enter Piccardo.*

Piccardo. Here, sir.

Ger. You rascal! Why don't you answer?

Pic. Pardon me, sir, here I am.

Ger. Shameful! I called you ten times.

Pic. I am sorry, but—

Ger. Ten times! It is scandalous.

Pic. (*aside and angry*). He is in a fury now.

Ger. Have you seen Dorval?

Pic. Yes, sir.

Ger. Where is he?

Pic. He is gone.

Ger. How is he gone?

Pic. (*roughly*). He is gone as other people go.

Ger. Ah, insolent! do you answer your master in this manner? (*Threatens him.*)

Pic. (*very angrily*). Give me my discharge, sir.

Ger. Your discharge—worthless fellow! (*Makes him retreat. Piccardo falls between the chair and the table. Geronte runs and helps him up.*)

Pic. Oh! (*He shows much pain.*)

Ger. Are you hurt? Are you hurt?

Pic. Very much hurt; you have crippled me.

Ger. Oh, I am sorry! Can you walk?

Pic. (*still angry*). I believe so, sir. (*He tries, and walks badly.*)

Ger. (*sharply*). Go on.

Pic. Do you drive me away, sir?

Ger. (*warmly*). No. Go to your wife's house, that you may be taken care of. (*Pulls out his purse and offers him money.*) Take this to get cured.

Pic. (*aside, with tenderness*). What a master!

Ger. Take it. (*Giving him money.*)

Pic. (*with modesty*). No, sir, I hope it will be nothing.

Ger. Take it, I tell you.

Pic. (*still refusing it*). Sir—

Ger. (*very warmly*). What! you refuse my money? Do you refuse it from pride, or spite, or hatred? Do you believe I did it on purpose? Take this money. Take it. Come, don't put me in a passion.

Pic. Do not get angry, sir. I thank you for all your kindness. (*Takes the money.*)

Ger. Go quickly.

Pic. Yes, sir. (*Walks badly.*)

Ger. Go slowly.
Pic. Yes, sir.
Ger. Wait, wait; take my cane.
Pic. Sir—
Ger. Take it, I tell you! I wish you to do it.
Pic. (*takes the cane*). What goodness! [*Exit.*
[*Enter Martuccia.*
Ger. It is the first time in my life that—Plague on my temper! (*Taking long strides.*) It is Dorval who put me in a passion.
Martuccia. Do you wish to dine, sir?
Ger. May the devil take you! (*Runs out and shuts himself in his room.*)
Mar. Well, well! He is in a rage: I can do nothing for Angelica to-day; Valerio can go away.

GIUSEPPE PARINI.

PARINI'S reputation depends upon a single work in blank verse, by which he recalled Italian poetry, long divided between affected grandeur and feeble sentimentality, to real life and playful irony. Born at Bosisio in 1729, he was educated at Milan and became a tutor in noble families. A volume of early poems procured for him enrolment among the Arcadians. But he turned from them when he began to use his intimate knowledge of aristocratic life in satire. "Il Mattino," The Morning, gives ironical advice to a young nobleman how to begin the day. The success of this venture led to its continuation in three parts—Noon, Evening and Night—thus completing the day—"Il Giorno." Meanwhile the cultivated author had become a professor of rhetoric and editor of an official gazette. When Napoleon entered Milan he was made for a brief period a magistrate. He died in 1799, after suffering from lameness, blindness and poverty.

A Noble Lord's Morning.

Already do the gentle valets hear
Thy tinkling summons, and with zealous speed
Haste to unclose the barriers that exclude
The garish day,—yet soft and warily,
Lest the rude sun perchance offend thy sight.

But now, behold, thy natty page appears,
Anxious to learn what beverage thou wouldst sip.
If that thy stomach need the sweet ferment,
Restorative of heat, and to the powers
Digestive so propitious,—choose, I pray,
The tawny chocolate, on thee bestowed
By the black Carib of the pluméd crown.
Or should the hypochondria vex my lord,
Or round his tapering limbs the encroaching flesh
Unwelcome gather, let his lip prefer
The roasted berry's juice, that Mocha sends,—
Mocha, that of a thousand ships is proud.
'Twas fate decreed that from the ancient world
Adventurers should sail, and o'er the main,
'Gainst storm and doubt, and famine and despair,
Should have achieved discovery and conquest;—
'Twas fate ordained that Cortes should despise
The blood of sable man, and through it wade,
O'erturning kingdoms and their generous kings,
That worlds, till then unknown, their fruits and flowers
Should cater to thy palate, gem of heroes!
But Heaven forfend, that, at this very hour
To coffee and to breakfast dedicate,
Some menial indiscreet should chance admit
The tailor,—who, alas! is not contented
To have with thee divided his rich stuffs,
And now with infinite politeness comes,
Handing his bill. Ahimè! unlucky!
The wholesome liquor turns to gall and spleen,
And doth at home, abroad, at play or park,
Disorganize thy bowels for the day.

But let no portal e'er be closed on him
Who sways thy toes, professor of the dance.

He at his entrance stands firm on the threshold:
Up mount his shoulders, and down sinks his neck,
Like a tortoise, while with graceful bow
His lip salutes his hat's extremity.
Nor less be thy divine access denied
To the sweet modulator of thy voice,
Or him for whom the harmonious string vibrates,
Waked into music by his skillful bow.
But, above all, let *him* not fail to join
The chosen synod of my lord's levee,
Professor of the idiom exquisite:
He, who from Seine, the mother of the Graces,
Comes generous, laden with celestial sounds,
To grace the lips of nauseous Italy.
Lo! at his bidding, our Italian words,
Dismembered, yield the place unto their foe;
And at his harmony ineffable,
Lo! in thy patriot bosom rises strong
Hate and disgust of that ignoble tongue,
Which in Valchiusa* to the echoes told
The lament and the praise of hopeless love.
Ah! wretched bard, who knew not yet to mix
The Gallic graces with thy rude discourse;
That so to delicate spirits thou mightst be
Not grating as thou art and barbarous!

Fast with this pleasant choir flits on the morn,
Unvexed by tedium or vacuity,
While 'twixt the light sips of the fragrant cup
Is pleasantly discussed,—What name shall bear,
Next season, the theatric palm away?
And is it true that Frine [Phryne] has returned,—
She that has sent a thousand dull *Milords,*
Naked and gulled, unto the banks of Thames?
Or comes the dancer, gay Narcissus, back
(Terror of gentle husbands), to bestow
Fresh trouble to their hearts, and honors to their heads?

*Vaucluse, celebrated by Petrarch.

VITTORIO ALFIERI.

ALFIERI, beyond dispute the greatest tragedian of the Italian drama, has been styled the Shakespeare of Italy. Without Shakespeare's abundant and rich ornamentation of verse, copiousness of by-play and extravagance of fancy, Alfieri possessed the supreme gift of tragic concentration. His style is severe and plain, he never indulges in a *coup de théâtre*, he confines his plot and cast to the direst exigencies of the theme; and yet he carries his tragedies through with such a passionate sweep of energy that Italian audiences sit spell-bound under their sway. His theme, too, is almost invariably that of heroic patriotism. When he began to write his tragedies he proclaimed himself in "Della tirannide" ("Of Tyranny") as an uncompromising advocate of liberty in politics, morals and literature. He thus became recognized by the Italian people as a patriot inspired by the dream of a united Italy. In choosing his plots he always had this heroic motive in view: "A liberty-breathing tragedy;" he described one of his works in a phrase which may be applied to practically all of them. Even his "Merope," a drama of maternal love, ends with the assassination of a usurping tyrant. Some of his tragedies have been styled "dialogues on liberty." As he banished the rabble of superfluous characters from the stage, so he was not particular concerning the actual characters chosen, so that there was a tyrant to slay and a patriot-hero to kill him.

And yet it is impossible not to detect a progressive development in his dramas toward that ideal of tragedy in his own mind. His tragedies are by no means uniform in merit, but

they reveal a steady growth in his expression of a definite tragic ideal. Nor did he hesitate to criticize some of his own tragedies in most candid fashion, thus forestalling the German critic, Schlegel, who savagely attacked the Alfierian theatre. The truth is that Alfieri became a tragedian partly by accident, that he had not been properly educated for the great rôle he was to play, and that when he started he was almost entirely ignorant of both the ancient Greek and the contemporary French stage.

Vittorio Alfieri (1749–1803) was the scion of a noble family, as Maffei had been, and had at first not deigned to stoop to literature. He spoke Lombard Italian, instead of the literary Tuscan, when he did not speak French. Inheriting a fine fortune he gave himself up for many years to the love of horses, travel and mistresses. This curious trio dominated his life to the end, and led to several scandals, a notorious duel, and a restless wandering life from Italy to Sweden. But by a fortunate chance Alfieri found the noblest inspiration of his life in a volume of Plutarch's "Lives." This worthy old biographer, whom Shakespeare found such a mine of treasure, seems also to have awakened Alfieri's true tragic spirit and ambition. And so, one day, while sitting by the bedside of a sick mistress, he whiled away the time by sketching the scene for a play in which Photinus, a woman ignorantly named by him Lachesis, and Cleopatra were the personages. A year later his first drama of "Cleopatra" was produced amid great applause at the Teatro Carignano, Turin. Alfieri awoke the next morning, like another Byron, to find himself famous. But with this somewhat unexpected fame came an embarrassing predicament: Alfieri suddenly realized with full force the scantiness of his equipment. With the characteristic energy of his impulsive nature he rushed forthwith to Florence to overcome his Lombardisms and Gallicisms at the well of Tuscan undefiled.

Alfieri studied carefully the previous dramas of Gravina (Metastasio's adoptive-father), Maffei, and Conti. Antonio Conti (1677–1749) had visited England and brought back to Italy an ardent admiration of Shakespeare. Conti had thus taken a step beyond Maffei. From Roman history Conti had

chosen the heroic themes of "Giunio Bruto" (Lucius Junius Brutus), "Marco Bruto," "Cesare," and "Druso." Alfieri strove to improve on Maffei's "Merope," that celebrated classic of the Italian stage of that day. Alfieri also profited by Conti's hint as to themes. By his more capable hand were reshaped the great tragedies of "The First Brutus," "The Second Brutus" (the tragedy of Julius Cæsar), "Antony and Cleopatra," "Virginia," "Octavia," and—as well—the Greek tragedies of "Agis," "Sophonisba," "Myrrha," "Philip," "Polynices," "Antigone," "Alcestis" (after Euripides), "Agamemnon," "Orestes," and "Timoleon." Other tragedies were, "Rosmunda," the plot of which was more than customarily of his own invention; "Abel," a curious biblical "musical tragedy;" "Saul," his masterpiece; "The Conspiracy of the Pazzi" and "Don Garcia," two Medicean episodes; and "Mary Stuart," in which he gives the Queen of Scots a suspicious, violent temper. All of these tragedies have been admirably translated by Edgar A. Bowring, with full historical introductions.

It will be seen that Alfieri entered upon the Shakespearean province in two of his Roman dramas. In Alfieri's "Cleopatra," Egypt's queen does not, however, die of the bite of a poisonous asp at the false report of Antony's death. Antony confronts her and curses her for her treachery. Octavius seizes her to drag at his chariot wheels in Rome, and she dies by that inevitable Italian dagger. In "The Second Brutus" Alfieri adopts the exploded scandal that Brutus was a son of Julius Cæsar.* In this drama Alfieri introduced the character of Cicero—very extraneously, as the dramatist himself afterward admitted.

In the tragedy of "The First Brutus" the overthrow of Tarquinius Superbus is related. Alfieri dedicated this drama to George Washington, "whose name alone," he explained, "can stand on the title page of a tragedy of the deliverer of Rome." In "Sophonisba" Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Carthage, was brought upon the stage; the scene being laid during the second Punic war. "Myrrha" is founded on

* This scandal arose from a misinterpretation of a passage in Suetonius.

Ovid's tale of the guilty love of a maid for her father. In "The Conspiracy of the Pazzi" Alfieri takes for his hero, Raymond Pazzi, who, with his father Guglielmo, heads the conspiracy against Lorenzo and Julian de' Medici. Raymond is shown as the husband of Bianca, a sister of the Florentine tyrants, who is called upon to divide her heart and fears between her husband and her brothers. Raymond kills Julian, but stabs himself on being seized in Bianca's presence by Lorenzo's guards. Salviati, Archbishop of Pisa, is represented as one of the conspirators in this "liberty-breathing tragedy." In "Don Garcia" the hero is a later de' Medici, who perishes with a brother as the victim of a third brother's intrigues. Murder, craft, deceit—all the Italian vices of the Medici figure in this gloomy tragedy of family villainy and fratricide.

"Saul" is, however, Alfieri's masterpiece. It is founded upon the Biblical history, and has for its dramatis personæ King Saul, with the curse of madness already upon him; Jonathan, David, and his wife Michal, the evil Abner and Ahimelech the priest. The tragedy opens with the appearance of David at Gilboa, a fugitive fleeing from the wrath of Saul. But Saul, and not David, is the central figure of the impressive work. David represents throughout simply the compassionate mercy of God. The divine judgment is embodied in the stern priest Ahimelech, who warns Saul of the woes to come. In the second and third acts the dramatist reveals the mentally sinking monarch of Israel attracted to a trust in David by the latter's sincerity and pity, and yet over-influenced, after all, by Abner's evil counsels. In the third act David plays upon his harp and sings a series of lyrics, varied to suit the different emotions appealed to. Saul is won over by the divine strains, when David unfortunately strikes up a warlike psalm, and Saul turns suddenly upon him to kill him. The half-crazed king now adopts Abner's policy of waiting battle, and is surprised by the Philistines. Saul will not flee. He will die facing them as a king. As the Philistines rush into his tent with blazing torches and upraised swords, Saul falls on his sword and expires. Even Schlegel has praised the Oriental splendor achieved by Alfieri in this

tragedy and "the lyrical sublimity in which the troubled mind of Saul gives utterance to itself." Saul perishes a victim to his own remorse and terror, haunted by the spectres of his guilty soul. Alfieri's severe style fitted perfectly this patriarchal theme. "Saul" has been declared not unworthy a place beside the "Prometheus" of Æschylus.

Alfieri cannot be dismissed, however, without special notice of his "Abel." In this tragedy of Cain's murder of his brother, the dramatist introduces not only Adam and Eve, and Cain and Abel, but also Lucifer, Bel, Mammon, Ashtaroth, Sin, Envy, Death, choruses of Angels and Demons, and even the Voice of God! The tragedy opens in hell! Alfieri had the choruses use recitatives, and he styled the work a melo-tragedy. He thought he had invented a new art-form between the tragedy and the opera.

Of Alfieri's other poetical works, it only needs to be added that he wrote six comedies (none remarkable), some robust sonnets, and a few odes hardly equal to their subjects, among which was that of "America Liberata."

David Soothes Saul's Madness.

(From the tragedy of "Saul," Act iii. scene 4.)

Jonathan. Ah come, beloved father; to thy thoughts
Allow a little respite: the pure air
Will bring thee some refreshment; come and sit
A little while among thy children now.
Saul. What are those words I hear?
Michal. Beloved father!
Saul. Who, who are ye? Who speaks of pure air here?
This? 'tis a thick impenetrable gloom;
A land of darkness and the shades of death—
O see! Come nearer me; dost thou observe it?
A fatal wreath of blood surrounds the sun.
Heardst thou the singing of ill-omen'd birds?
The vocal air resounds with loud laments
That smite my ears, compelling me to weep.—
But what? Ye, ye weep also.
Jon. Mighty God
Of Israel, dost Thou thus Thy face avert

From Saul the king? Is he, Thy servant once,
Abandoned to the adversary thus?
Michal. Father, thy much-loved daughter is beside thee:
If thou art cheerful, she is also cheerful;
She, if thou weepest, weeps. But, wherefore now
Should we shed tears? For joy hath reappeared.
Saul. David thou meanest. Ah! Why doth not David
Also embrace me with my other children?
David. O father! I have been restrained by fear
Of importuning thee. Ah! why canst thou
Not read my heart? I evermore am thine.
Saul. Thou lovest then—the house of Saul?
David. I love it?
O Heavens! Dear as the apple of mine eye
To me is Jonathan; I neither know
Nor heed a peril in the world for thee;
Let my wife, if she can, say with what love,
And how much love, I love her.
Saul. Yet thyself
Thou mightily dost prize.
David. I prize myself?
No despicable soldier in the camp,
In court thy son-in-law, I deem myself;
And nothing, nothing in the sight of God.
Saul. Incessantly to me of God thou speakest;
Yet thou well knowest that the crafty rage,
Cruel, tremendous, of perfidious priests,
Has for a long time severed me from God.
Dost thou thus name Him to insult me?
David. I
Name Him, to give Him glory. Why dost thou
Believe that He no longer is with thee?
He doth not dwell with him who loves Him not:
But doth He ever fail to succor him
Who doth invoke Him, and who hath reposed
In Him implicit trust? He to the throne
Appointed thee; and on that throne He keeps thee:
And if in Him, in Him exclusively
Thou dost confide, He's thine, and thou art His.
Saul. Who speaks of Heaven? Is he in snowy vest
Enrobed who thus his sacred lip unseals?
Let's see him—No: thou art a warrior: thou

Graspest the sword: approach; and let me see,
If David thus or Samuel doth accost me.—
What sword is this? 'Tis not the same, methinks,
Which I, with my own hands, on thee bestow'd.
David. This is the sword that my poor sling acquired.
The sword that over me in Elah hung
Threatening my life; in fierce Goliath's hands
I saw it flash a horrid glare of death
Before my eyes: he grasped it: but it bears
Not mine, but his coagulated blood.
Saul. Was not that sword, a consecrated thing,
In Nob, within the tabernacle hung?
Was it not wrapped within the mystic ephod,
And thus from all unhallowed eyes concealed?
Devoted to the Lord of hosts forever?
David. 'Tis true; but—
Saul. Whence didst thou obtain it then?
Who dared to give it? who?
David. I will explain.
Powerless and fugitive to Nob I came:
Wherefore I fled, thou knowest. Every path
Was crowded with unhappy wretches; I,
Defenceless, found myself at every step
Within the jaws of death. With humble brow
I kneel'd within the tabernacle, where
God's Spirit doth descend: and there, these arms
(Which if a living man might to his side
Refit them, David surely was that man)
Myself demanded of the priest.
Saul. And he?
David. Gave them to me.
Saul. He was?
David. Ahimelech.
Saul. Perfidious traitor! Vile!—Where is the altar?
O rage! Ah, all are miscreants! traitors all!
The foes of God; are ye his ministers?
Black souls in vestments white!—Where is the axe?
Where is the altar? let him be destroyed.
Where is the victim? I will slay him.
Michal. Father!
Jon. O Heav'ns! What mean these words? Where dost thou fly?

Be pacified, I pray thee: there are not
Or altars here, or victims: in the priests
Respect that God who hears thee evermore.
Saul. Who thus restrains me? Who resists me thus?
Who forces me to sit?
Jon. My father—
David. Thou,
Great God of Israel, do Thou succor him!
Thy servant kneels to Thee, and this implores.
Saul. I am bereft of peace; the sun, my kingdom,
My children, and my power of thought, all, all
Are taken with me! Ah, unhappy Saul!
Who doth console thee? who is now the guide,
The prop of thy bewildered feebleness?
Thy children are all mute, are harsh and cruel.
And of the doting and infirm old man
They only wish the death: and nought attracts
My children, but the fatal diadem,
Which now is twined around thy hoary head.
Wrest it at once: and at the same time sever
From this now tremulous decaying form
Your father's palsied head.—Ah, wretched state!
Better were death. I wish for death.
Michal. O father!
We all desire thy life: we each of us
Would die ourselves, to rescue thee from death.
Jon. Now, since in tears his fury is dissolved,
Brother, do thou, to recompose his soul,
Exert thy voice. So many times already
Hast thou enthralled him with celestial songs
To calm oblivion.
Michal. Yes, thou seest now,
The breathing in his panting breast subsides;
His looks, just now so savage, swim in tears:
Now is the time to lend him thy assistance.
David. May God in mercy speak to him through me.—

Omnipotent, eternal, infinite,
Thou, who dost govern each created thing;
Thou, who from nothing mad'st me by Thy might,
Blest with a soul that dares to Thee take wing;
Thou, who canst pierce the abyss of endless night,

And all its mysteries into daylight bring;
The universe doth tremble at Thy nod,
And sinners prostrate own the outstretched arm of God.

Oft on the gorgeous blazing wings ere now
Of thousand cherubim wert Thou revealed;
Oft did Thy pure divinity endow
Thy people's shepherd in the martial field:
To him a stream of eloquence wert Thou;
Thou wert his sword, his wisdom and his shield:
From Thy bright throne, O God, bestow one ray
To cleave the gathering clouds that intercept the day.

In tears of darkness we ——

Saul. Hear I the voice
Of David? From a mortal lethargy
It seems to wake me, and displays to me
The cheering radiance of my early years.

David. Who comes, who comes, unseen, yet heard?
A sable cloud of dust appeared,
Chased by the eastern blast.—
But it has burst; and from its womb
A thousand brandished swords illume
The track through which it passed.
Saul, as a tower, his forehead rears,
His head a flaming circlet wears.
The earth beneath his feet
Echoes with tramp of horse and men:
The sea, the sky, the hills, the plain,
The warlike sounds repeat.

In awful majesty doth Saul appear;
Horsemen and chariots from before him fly:
Chilled by his presence is each heart with fear;
And god-like terrors lighten in his eye.

Ye sons of Ammon, late so proud,
Where now the scorn, the insults loud,
Ye raised against our host?
Your corpses more than fill the plain;
The ample harvest of your slain
Invalidates your boast.

See what it is thus to depend
On gods unable to defend.—
But wherefore from afar
Hear I another trumpet sound?
'Tis Saul's:—he levels with the ground
All Edom's sons of war.

Thus Moab, Zobah, by his arms laid low,
With impious Amalek, united fall:
Saul, like a stream fed by dissolving snow,
Defeats, disperses, overwhelms them all.

Saul. This is the voice of my departed years,
That from the tomb to glory now recalls me.
I live again in my victorious youth,
When I hear this—What do I say? Alas!
Should cries of war be now addressed to me?
Oblivion, indolence, and peace, invite
The old man to themselves.
David. Let peace be sung.—

Weary and thirsty, see he lies
Beside his native stream;
God's champion, whose past victories
Wake many a glorious dream.

The sighed-for laurel's evergreen
Doth screen his head from heat;
His children, all around him seen,
His sighs and smiles repeat.

They weep and smile, then smile and weep,
With sympathy endued;
And still a strict accordance keep
To every varying mood.

One daughter's gentle hand unfits
His crested helm and sword;
His consort fond beside him sits,
Embracing her loved lord.

The other doth clear water bring
From the pure ambient flood,
To cleanse his stately brows, where cling
Commingled dust and blood.

A cloud of odorous flowers she spreads,
  Which breathe their perfumes near;
And on his honor'd hand she sheds
  The duteous filial tear.

But why sits one apart reclined,
  In pensive mood alone?
Alas, she mourns that others find
  A task, while she has none.

But diff'rent thoughts, with eager haste,
  Attract the band of boys;
Till his turn comes to be embraced,
  One son himself employs
To make the blood-encrusted blade
  From spot and blemish clear:
With envy fired, another said:
  "When shall I poise that spear?

"That pond'rous lance when shall I wield,
  That now defies my strength?"
Another grasps the blazoned shield,
  And stalks behind its length.

Then tears of sweet surprise,
From forth the swimming eyes
  Of Saul are seen to roll:
For of his blooming race,
So full of royal grace,
  He knows that he's the soul.

The pleasure how entire,
How happy is the sire,
Whose waking thoughts inspire
  Affections so sincere!
But now the day is o'er;
The zephyrs breathe no more;
And sleep's soft powers restore
  The monarch we revere.

Saul. Happy the father of a race like this!
O peace of mind, how precious are thy gifts!
Through all my veins balsamic sweetness flows.

THE DEATH OF SAUL.

Abner. O hapless king! Now whither dost thou fly?
This is a dreadful night.
Saul. But, why this battle?
Abner. The foe assailed us unawares: we are
Wholly discomfited.
Saul. Discomfited?
And liv'st thou, traitor!
Abner. I? I live to save thee.
Hither perchance Philistia's hordes are streaming:
We are compelled to shun the first attack:
Meanwhile the day will dawn. Thee will I lead,
With my few followers, to yonder slopes.
Saul. Shall I then live, while all my people fall?
Abner. Ah, come! Alas! the tumult grows: approaches.
Saul. My children—Jonathan—do they too fly?
Do they abandon me?
Abner. O Heavens! Thy children,—
No, no; they fled not—ill-starred progeny!
Saul. I understand thee: they are all destroyed.
Michal. Alas! My brothers!
Abner. Thou no more hast sons.
Saul. What now remains for me?—Thou, thou alone,
But not for me, remainest.—In my heart
Have I been long time finally resolved:
And now the hour is come. This, Abner, is
The last of my commands. My daughter now
Guide to some place of safety.
Michal. Father, no;
Around thee will I twine myself: the foe
Will never aim a sword against a woman.
Saul. O daughter! say no more: compel me not
To weep. A conquered king should never weep.
Save her, O Abner, go: but, if she fall
Within the foeman's hands, say not, O no,
That she's the child of Saul; but rather tell them
That she is David's wife; they will respect her.
Go; fly.
Abner. She shall, I swear to thee, be safe,
If I can aught avail; but thou meantime.

Michal. My father—ah!—I will not, will not leave thee.
Saul. I will it: and I yet am king. But see,
The armed bands approach. Fly, Abner, fly:
Drag her by force with thee, if it be needful.
Michal. O father!—and forever?
Saul (*alone*). O my children!
I was a father. See thyself alone,
O king; of thy so many friends and servants,
Not one remains. Inexorable God,
Is Thy retributory wrath appeased?—
But, thou remain'st to me, O sword: now come,
My faithful servant in extremity.—
Hark, hark! the howlings of the haughty victors:
The flashing of their burning torches glare
Before my eyes already, and I see
Their swords by thousands.—O thou vile Philistia,
Me thou shalt find, but like a king, here—dead!

As he falls transfixed on his own sword, the victorious Philistines come up with blazing torches and bloody swords, and rush with loud cries towards him.

BRUTUS AND CÆSAR.

(From the tragedy of "The Second Brutus," Act V., Scenes 1 and 2.)

Senators enter the Curia of Pompey and in succession take their places.

Cassius. It seems to me this meeting will be small;
Much smaller than the last.
Brutus. Provided that
The hearts of the remainder be but firm,
'Tis all we want.
Cas. Dost thou, O Brutus, hear
How the unquiet people, with their cries,
Already make the firmament resound?
Bru. Their cries they vary at each new event:
Leave them; e'en they perchance to-day may help us.
Cas. I never saw thee calm as thou art now,
And so secure.
Bru. The danger's near.
Cas. O Brutus!
Brutus, I yield to thee alone.
Bru. Great Pompey,

Who breathes in sculptured marble here, and seems
Now to preside o'er our few partisans.
Makes me secure as to the coming danger.
Cas. Behold, the tyrant's lictors now draw nigh.
Bru. Casca and Cimber, where?
Cas. They fiercely have
Forestalled by violence the post of danger:
They closely follow Cæsar.
Bru. Hast thou thought
Of hindering the impious Antony?
Cas. Yes; Fulvius and Macrinus will at length
Keep him engaged at distance from the senate;
If it be also needful to obstruct him,
This will they do by force.
Bru. Now all stands well.
Let each one take his place.—Farewell, O Cassius!
We from each other separate as slaves;
Soon, as free men, I hope, shall we embrace,
Or dying.—First shalt thou be witness here
To the last efforts of a son; and then
To the last efforts of a citizen.
Cas. O Brutus! on thy nod depends each weapon.

Enter Cæsar, preceded by the Lictors, who afterwards leave him; Casca, Cimber, and many others follow him. All rise at the entrance of Cæsar and continue standing till he has taken his seat.

Cæsar. What can this mean? Scarce half the senate here,
Though the appointed hour be past? But I
Beyond my duty have delayed my coming.—
Ye conscript fathers, I lament that thus
I have detained you. But yet, what can be
The cause that takes from me so many of you? [*All are silent.*
Bru. Does no one answer?—The demanded cause
Is known to all of us.—Is it not, Cæsar,
Fully divulged to thee by this our silence?—
But, wouldst thou hear it?—Those whom thou seest here,
Terror collected; those whom thou seest not,
Terror dispersed.
Cæs. I am not unaccustomed
To the intemperate harangues of Brutus;
As to the gen'rous clemency of Cæsar

Thou art not unaccustomed.—But in vain;
For here I came not to dispute.
Bru. Nor we
Thee idly to offend.—Those fathers surely
Were ill-advised who vanished from the senate
On such a joyful day: and ill act those,
Who in the senate now stand mute.—Myself,
Fully apprised of the high sentiments
Which Cæsar purposes to utter to us,
Can scarce restrain the impulses of joy;
And feel an eager wish to dissipate
The false alarm of others.—Ah! no, now
Cæsar doth not within his bosom cherish
Against his country any guilty purpose;
Ah, no! that gen'rous clemency of his,
With which to-day he has upbraided Brutus,
And which in future he should not exert
Tow'rds me, to trembling and afflicted Rome
He hath directed all of it already.
To-day, I swear to you, great Cæsar adds
A new one, and the most sublime of all,
To his so many triumphs; hence he here
Presents himself, the victor of himself,
And of the envy of his adversaries.
Yes, noble fathers, this I swear to you;
Cæsar to-day assembles you to this
His glorious triumph: he once more would be
The equal of his fellow citizens;
This will he be spontaneously: and hence,
'Mid all the men that have been in the world,
There never was, nor will be, Cæsar's equal.
Cæs. I might, O Brutus, interrupt thy speech.
Bru. Nor let it seem to you rash arrogance
That I, when scarce a prætor, thus should dare
Anticipate the words of the dictator.
For Brutus now and the illustrious Cæsar
Are but one person.—I behold your brows
Arched with amazement: to the senators
My language is obscure; but speedily,
With but one single word, the mystery
Will I explain.—I am the son of Cæsar.
[*A universal cry of astonishment.*

Bru. Yes; I am born from him; and in this fact
No little pride I feel; since this day Cæsar
Becomes, from a perpetual dictator,
Perpetual and first of citizens. [*A universal cry of joy.*
Cæs. Yes, Brutus is my son; I told myself
Erewhile to him this secret. Yes, the boldness,
The eloquence, impetuosity,
I know not what of superhuman force
That breathes in his discourse, made on my heart
A deep impression: ardent, and aspiring,
My genuine son, is Brutus. Hence, O Romans,
I choose him, far more worthy than myself,
To do for you that service after me,
Which now no longer lies within my power:
I have decided to transfer to him
My whole authority; in him have I
Establish'd it: in him will ye have Cæsar.
Bru. I stand secure: not Brutus' enemies,
The most embitter'd and implacable,
Much less his friends then, ever will believe him
Of this e'er capable; ah no!—To me,
Cæsar, O Romans, yields his pow'r: he would
Imply by this, that Cæsar abdicates,
At the entreaties of myself, his son,
His pow'r unjust, and now replaces Rome
In liberty forever. [*A universal cry of joy.*
Cæs. 'Tis enough.
Thou as my son, and younger than myself,
Shouldest keep silence in my presence.—Now,
Cæsar, O fathers, speaks.—I have resolved
Irrevocably in my secret thoughts
To go against the Parthians. And to-morrow
I march 'gainst Asia with my faithful legions:
There have I long been summon'd, and by force
Dragg'd onward, by the unavengèd shade
Of Crassus. Antony I leave to Rome;
In him let Rome behold a second Cæsar:
Let Cassius, Cimber, Casca, now return
To their allotted provinces: my side
Brutus shall never quit. When I have slain
The enemies of Rome, I will return
And to my enemies submit myself:

Then, at her will, whichever she likes best,
Rome shall possess me as her citizen,
As her dictator, or discard me quite. [*Universal silence.*
Bru. These words which we have heard, were certainly
Not accents of a Roman, of my father,
Or e'en of Cæsar; but the harsh commands
Of a despotic king.—Ah! father, yet
Hear me once more; behold my tears, and hear
The entreaties of a son and citizen.
Hear me; all Rome by my mouth speaks to thee.
Behold that Brutus, whom no man e'er saw
Hitherto weep or supplicate; behold him
Prostrate before thee. Wouldst thou be to Brutus,
And not to Rome, a father?
Cæs. I will not
Listen to prayers which are a public insult.
Rise, and be mute.—He dares to call me tyrant;
But I am not one: if I were, had I
Myself permitted him to offer me
Such gross indignities before all Rome?—
What the dictator in his mind hath fix'd,
Should all be executed. Thus command
The interests of Rome; and ev'ry man
Who doubts now, or refuses to obey me,
Is enemy of Rome; to her rebellious,
He is an impious traitor.
Bru. Then let all
Of us now, as true citizens should do,
Obey dictators thus! [*He branishes his dagger.*
Cimber. Die, tyrant, die.
[*All rush forward with daggers.*
Cas. And let me smite him also.
Cæs. Traitors.
Bru. Ah!
And must I be the only one to spare him?
Some Senators. Die, let the tyrant die.
Other Senators, flying. O day of horrors!
Cæs. Son,—and thou too?—I die. [*He falls.*
Bru. O Rome! O father!
Cim. But, at the cries of the pale fugitives,
The people flock already in a crowd.
Cas. Let them come in: the tyrant is no more.

UGO FOSCOLO.

THE Letters of Jacopo Ortis, which has been styled the Italian "Sorrows of Young Werther," was the first notable work of Ugo Foscolo (1777-1827). Jacopo was no mere sentimental swain, but a patriot with whose love-pangs was mingled grief for the misfortunes of his country. Foscolo, although a native of the isle of Zante, with Greek blood in his veins, and the pride of Greek ancestry, was also of Venetian descent, and in spirit an ardent Italian. Upon the fall of the oligarchic Republic of Venice, he addressed an ode to Bonaparte as the liberator. When that general, instead of making Venice a free republic, turned her over to Austria by the treaty of Campo Formo (October 17, 1797), Foscolo was painfully shocked. Nevertheless he did not entirely abandon hope of redress for his country from France. He became a volunteer in the French army, and was present at both the battle of Trebbia and the defence of Genoa under Masséna. While recovering from a wound, he put into shape his "Jacopo Ortis," the hero of which embodies the mental sufferings and suicide of an ardent Italian patriot. The character is said to have had an actual original in a young student at the University of Padua, while a true love disappointment of Foscolo's formed the basis of the love-tragedy in the romance.

In 1808 Foscolo was made Professor in the University of Pavia, but when he delivered an address to the students, bidding them seek in their studies an inspiration to patriotism,

his independence provoked Napoleon to abolish all the chairs of eloquence in the Italian Universities. His tragedy of Ajax increased the emperor's dislike, and forced him to remove from Milan to Florence. On the restoration of Austrian dominion Foscolo retired to Switzerland, and later to England, where for a time he enjoyed high social distinction, and promoted the study of Italian literature by lectures and reviews. Yet he was reduced to poverty, and even committed to prison. When released, he had lost his friends. He died near London, after eleven years' residence in England. In 1871 his remains were carried back in honor to Florence, and buried in the Church of San Croce, beside the monuments of Machiavelli Alfieri, Galileo, and other great Italians. Foscolo was worthy of this tribute as a classic author, an inspirer of a new movement in his country's literature, and a prophet of Italian unity.

The most famous of his poems is "I Sepolcri" (The Sepulchres), in which he rebuked the Milanese for allowing the remains of Guiseppe Parini, author of the mock-heroic poem, "The Day," to be interred in a common burial ground with robbers. The leading idea of the poem, however, was to seek refuge from a degenerate present in a glorious past. Foscolo translated into Italian Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" after he had, while serving with the French, traversed much of the ground gone over by Yorick.

Great Men's Monuments.

(From "The Sepulchres.")

The aspiring soul is fired to lofty deeds
By great men's monuments,—and they make fair
And holy to the pilgrim's eye the earth
That has received their trust. When I beheld
The spot where sleeps enshrined that noble genius,
Who, humbling the proud scepters of earth's kings,
Stripped thence the illusive wreaths, and showed the nations
What tears and blood defiled them,—when I saw
His mausoleum, who upreared in Rome
A new Olympus to the Deity,—
And his, who 'neath heaven's azure canopy
Saw worlds unnumbered roll, and suns unmoved

Irradiate countless systems,—treading first
For Albion's son, who soared on wings sublime,
The shining pathways of the firmament,—
"Oh, blest art thou, Etruria's Queen," I cried,
"For thy pure airs, so redolent of life,
And the fresh streams thy mountain summits pour
In homage at thy feet! In thy blue sky
The glad moon walks,—and robes with silver light
Thy vintage-smiling hills; and valleys fair,
Studded with domes and olive-groves, send up
To heaven the incense of a thousand flowers.
Thou, Florence, first didst hear the song divine
That cheered the Ghibelline's indignant flight.
And thou the kindred and sweet language gav'st
To him, the chosen of Calliope,
Who Love with purest veil adorning,—Love,
That went unrobed in elder Greece and Rome,—
Restored him to a heavenly Venus' lap.
Yet far more blest, that in thy fane repose
Italia's buried glories!—all perchance,
She e'er may boast! Since o'er the barrier frail
Of Alpine rocks the overwhelming tide of Fate
Hath swept in mighty wreck her arms, her wealth,
Altars and country,—and, save memory,—all!"
Where from past fame springs hope of future deeds
In daring minds, for Italy enslaved,
Draw we our auspices. Around these tombs,
In thought entranced, Alfieri wandered oft,—
Indignant at his country, hither strayed
O'er Arno's desert plain, and looked abroad
With silent longing on the field and sky:
And when no living aspect soothed his grief,
Turned to the voiceless dead; while on his brow
There sat the paleness, with the hope of death.
With them he dwells forever; here his bones
Murmur a patriot's love. Oh, truly speaks
A god from his abode of pious rest!
The same which fired of old, in Grecian bosoms,
Hatred of Persian foes at Marathon,
Where Athens consecrates her heroes gone.

SILVIO PELLICO.

MANY famous men have suffered imprisonment, but rarely has their confinement been a direct cause of their fame. Silvio Pellico ranks high among the few who owe celebrity to their prisons. Born of wealthy parents at Suluzzo in Piedmont in 1789, he was well educated, and early devoted himself to literature. As a young man he enjoyed the friendship of Monti and Foscolo, and delighted all Italy with his tragedy of "Francesca da Rimini." But in his desire for the freedom of his country, he joined the Carbonari, and thereby became a victim of Austrian despotism. Arrested in October, 1820, he was put in prison at Milan, but was soon removed to the state prison at Venice. His trial in February, 1822, resulted in a sentence to death, but this was commuted to incarceration for fifteen years in the dungeons of Spielberg. In 1830, when the prisoner was almost reduced to death, he was discharged by the emperor's command. Pellico withdrew to Turin and resumed his literary pursuits. Among his tragedies is one on Sir Thomas More. But his unique work is "My Prisons," which has charmed every reader by its unaffected style, its tender pathos, and its Christian charity. He died in 1854 at the villa of Marchesa Barolo, to whom he had been librarian.

THE JAILER'S DAUGHTER.

(From "My Prisons.")

As it was not always so easy an affair to get a reinforcement of paper, I was in the habit of committing my rough draughts to my table, or the wrapping-paper in which I received fruit and other articles. At times I would give away my dinner to the under-jailer, telling him that I had no appetite, and then requesting from him the favor of a sheet of paper. This was, however, only in certain exigencies, when my little table was full of writing, and I had not yet determined on clearing it away. I was often very hungry, and though the jailer had money of mine in his possession, I did not ask him to bring me anything to eat, partly lest he should suspect I had given away my dinner, and partly that the under-jailer might not find out that I had said what was

not true when I assured him of my loss of appetite. In the evening I regaled myself with some strong coffee, and I entreated that it might be made by the little *Sioa* Zanze [affectionate abbreviation of Signora Angiola]. This was the jailer's daughter, who, if she could escape the lynx-eye of her sour mamma, was good enough to make it exceedingly good; so good, indeed, that, what with the emptiness of my stomach, it produced a kind of convulsion, which kept me awake the whole of the night.

In this state of gentle inebriation, I felt my intellectual faculties strangely invigorated; wrote poetry, philosophized, and prayed till morning with feelings of real pleasure. I then became completely exhausted, threw myself upon my bed, and, spite of the gnats that were continually sucking my blood, I slept an hour or two in profound rest.

I can hardly describe the peculiar and pleasing exaltation of mind which continued for nights together, and I left no means untried to secure the same means of continuing it. With this view I still refused to touch a mouthful of dinner, even when I was in no want of paper, merely in order to obtain my magic beverage for the evening.

How fortunate I thought myself when I succeeded; not unfrequently the coffee was not made by the gentle Angiola; and it was always vile stuff from her mother's hands. In this last case, I was sadly put out of humor, for instead of the electrical effect on my nerves, it made me wretched, weak, and hungry; I threw myself down to sleep, but was unable to close an eye. Upon these occasions I complained bitterly to Angiola, the jailer's daughter, and one day, as if she had been in fault, I scolded her so sharply that the poor girl began to weep, sobbing out, "Indeed, sir, I never deceived anybody, and yet everybody calls me a deceitful little minx."

"Everybody! Oh then, I see I am not the only one driven to distraction by your vile slops."

"I do not mean to say that, sir. Ah, if you only knew; if I dared to tell you all that my poor, wretched heart——"

"Well, don't cry so! What is all this ado? I beg your pardon, you see, if I scolded you. Indeed, I believe you would not, you could not, make me such vile stuff as this."

"Dear me! I am not crying about that, sir."

"You are not!" and I felt my self-love not a little mortified, though I forced a smile. "Are you crying, then, because I scolded you, and yet not about the coffee?"

"Yes, indeed, sir!"

"Ah! then, who called you a little deceitful one before?"

"*He* did, sir."

"*He* did; and who is *he?*"

"My lover, sir;" and she hid her face in her little hands. Afterwards she ingenuously intrusted to my keeping, and I could not well betray her, a little serio-comic sort of pastoral romance, which really interested me.

From that day forth, I know not why, I became the adviser and confidant of this young girl, who returned and conversed with me for hours. She at first said, "You are so good, sir, that I feel just the same when I am here as if I were your own daughter."

"That is a very poor compliment," replied I, dropping her hand; "I am hardly yet thirty-two, and you look upon me as if I were an old father."

"No, no, not so; I mean as a brother, to be sure;" and she insisted upon taking hold of my hand with an air of the most innocent confidence and affection.

I am glad, thought I to myself, that you are no beauty; else, alas, this innocent sort of fooling might chance to disconcert me; at other times I thought it is lucky, too, she is so young, there could never be any danger of becoming attached to girls of her years. At other times, however, I felt a little uneasy, thinking I was mistaken in having pronounced her rather plain, whereas her whole shape and features were by no means wanting in proportion or expression. If she were not quite so pale, I said, and her face free from those marks, she might really pass for a beauty. It is impossible, in fact, not to find some charm in the presence and in the looks and voice of a young girl full of vivacity and affection. I had taken not the least pains to acquire her good-will; yet was I as dear to her as either a father or a brother, whichever title I preferred. And why? Only because she had read "Francesca da Rimini" and "Eufemio," and my poems, she said, had made her weep so often; then, besides, I was a solitary prisoner, without having, as she observed, either robbed or murdered anybody.

In short, when I had become attached to poor Maddalene, without once seeing her, how was it likely that I could remain indifferent to the sisterly assiduity and attentions, to the thousand pleasing little compliments, and to the most delicious cups of coffee of this young Venetian girl, my gentle little jailer? I should be trying to impose on myself, were I to attribute to my own prudence the fact of my not having fallen in love with Angiola. I did not do so, simply from the circumstance of her having already a lover of her own choosing, to whom she was desperately, unalterably attached. Heaven help me! if it had not been thus I should have found myself in a very *critical* position, indeed, for an author, with so little to keep alive his attention. The sentiment I felt for her was not, then, what is called love. I wished to see her happy, and that she might be united to the lover of her choice; I was not jealous, nor had I the remotest idea she could ever select me as the object of her regard. Still, when I heard my prison-door open, my heart began to beat in the hope it was my Angiola; and if she appeared not, I experienced a peculiar kind of vexation; when she really came my heart throbbed yet more violently, from a feeling of pure joy. Her parents, who had begun to entertain a good opinion of me, and were aware of her passionate regard for another, offered no opposition to the visits she thus made me, permitting her almost invariably to bring me my coffee in the morning, and not unfrequently in the evening.

There was altogether a simplicity and an affectionateness in her every word, look, and gesture, which were really captivating. She would say, "I am excessively attached to another, and yet I take such delight in being near you! When I am not in *his* company, I like being nowhere so well as here." (Here was another compliment.)

"And don't you know why?" inquired I.

"I do not."

"I will tell you, then. It is because I permit you to talk about your lover."

"That is a good guess; yet still I think it is a good deal because I esteem you so very much!"

Poor girl! along with this pretty frankness she had that blessed sin of taking me always by the hand, and pressing it

with all her heart, not perceiving that she at once pleased and disconcerted me by her affectionate manner. Thanks be to Heaven, that I can always recall this excellent little girl to mind without the least tinge of remorse.

ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

THE Romantic School in Italian literature was founded by Alessandro Manzoni (1785-1873). His great masterpiece, "I Promessi Sposi" (The Betrothed Lovers), was inspired by the romances of Sir Walter Scott, but the magnanimous Scott placed it before even his own novels and styled it an ideal romance. Manzoni was descended from the fierce feudal lords of Valsassina, and was thus an appropriate comrade with the mighty magician of "Waverly." But his mother belonged to the Beccaria family, which has some note in literature. "I Promessi Sposi" is not merely an historical novel or picture of the past. The author explores the innermost recesses of the human heart, and draws thence the most subtle motives for the movements of his characters. The ecclesiastical bias, due to his early training by the Barnabites, and the French coloring, due to his frequenting of Madame Condorcet's salon, are also visible in the atmosphere of Manzoni's love-story. The scene is laid in Milan and the neighborhood of Como and the Italian lakes early in the seventeenth century. Renzo and his affianced Lucia are two simple, noble-spirited peasants, but around them Manzoni has woven a plot which involves the vices and virtues, customs and manners of that age. Renzo is cruelly victimized by Don Rodrigo, whom he eventually forgives. Lucia is assaulted by the stony-hearted Innominato in his castle. There is a friar, Fra Cristoforo, who has devoted himself to a life of holiness in penitence for one impulsive crime of his youth, and who does

his utmost to rescue the sweet lovers from the devil's snares around them. Federigo Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, is also a character of saintly beauty. A weak priest is introduced in Abbondio. Don Rodrigo falls a victim to the plague which ravages Milan and its vicinity in 1630. Manzoni gives a powerful description of this plague, which emulates the work of the great historian Thucydides, the poet Lucretius, and the novelists Boccaccio and Defoe. From use of the original memoirs, he was enabled to paint the terrible picture in the most vivid, breathing colors. Later on he wrote as a sequel to his romance the story of the "Colonna Infame" (The Column of Infamy), a monument erected on the site of the dwelling of a Milanese suspected of having spread this plague by means of poison. The people of Milan had been unable to comprehend the true significance of the plague, and a rumor was circulated by certain miscreants to the effect that it was due to secret poison rubbed on the walls of the houses. The angry mob pulled down the house of the unfortunate man accused of being the arch-conspirator in the crime. Manzoni proved, in his historical study, how utterly idle the scandal was, and traced its origin and development. Critics have complained somewhat of the excessive ideality of Manzoni's romance, but in such of its characters as Agnese he has displayed a pleasant and humorous realism. His great work he revised most laboriously in accordance with the Tuscan idiom.

Manzoni also enriched Italian literature, if not the Italian stage, with two tragedies—"Il Conte di Carmagnole" and "Adelchi." The latter treats of the expedition of Charlemagne against the last of the Longobardian chiefs (772-774). Under the veil of the Lombard domination in Italy Manzoni gave his view of the existing Austrian domination. He also warned Italy to hope for no foreign rescuer. In "The Count of Carmagnola" he depicted a picturesque Venetian Condottiero of the fourteenth century. Manzoni's literary motto was "True history, true morals." In these he believed lies the widest and the eternal source of the beautiful. His realism was of this type, idealized by noble sentiment.

Manzoni in early life had been a follower of Voltaire, but was brought back to Catholicism by his wife, the beautiful

daughter of a Genevese banker. This new religious experience enriched Catholic poetry, for Manzoni was inspired to compose a series of "Inni" (Hymns) for the various Christian festivals. He thus celebrated "The Resurrection," "The Name of Mary," "The Nativity," "The Passion," and "Pentecost." But even in these sacred poems, the poet did not fail to manifest his aspirations for social progress. For instance, in "The Nativity" he sings a sublime vision of a Christian democracy, and in "The Resurrection" he chants the triumph of innocence over oppression. He thus became, in his lyrics, a champion of the purest and most sublime morality. His most famous ode is that called "Cinque Maggio" (The Fifth of May) on the death of Napoleon.

Manzoni stands in marked contrast with his great contemporary, the pessimist Leopardi. Manzoni was always serene and had faith in the divine government of the world. After the publication of his great novel, in 1822, and its sequel, he wrote but little. His wife died in 1833, and though he married again, he outlived his second wife and most of his children, dying at Milan at the age of eighty-eight. His funeral was attended with all the manifestations of natural grief, and Verdi wrote a noble *Requiem* in his honor. Manzoni's private character was in perfect accord with the best utterances of his genius. Though his poetry is celebrated for its lofty fervor, it is as a prose-writer, and especially as the author of "I Promessi Sposi," that he has attained his unique place in the literature of Italy and the world.

THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

(From "The Fifth of May." Napoleon died May 5, 1821.)

HE was.—As motionless, as lay,
First mingled with the dead,
The relics of the senseless clay,
Whence such a soul had fled,—
The Earth astounded holds her breath,
Struck with the tidings of his death:
  She pauses the last hour to see
Of the dread Man of Destiny;

Nor knows she when another tread,
Like that of the once mighty dead,
Shall such a foot-print leave impressed
As his, in blood, upon her breast.

I saw him blazing on his throne,
Yet hailed him not: by restless fate
Hurled from the giddy summit down,
Resume again his lofty state:
Saw him at last forever fall,
Still mute amid the shouts of all:
  Free from base flattery, when he rose;
From baser outrage, when he fell:
Now his career has reached its close;
My voice is raised the truth to tell,
And o'er its exiled urn will try
To pour a strain that shall not die.

From Alps to Pyramids were thrown
His bolts, from Scylla to the Don,
From Manzanares to the Rhine,
From sea to sea, unerring hurled;
And ere the flash had ceased to shine,
Burst on their aim,—and shook the world.
  Was this true glory? The high doom
Must be pronounced by times to come:
For us we bow before His throne,
Who willed, in gifting mortal clay
With such a spirit, to display
A grander impress of his own.

His was the stormy, fierce delight
To dare adventure's boldest scheme;
The soul of fire that burned for might,
And could of naught but empire dream;
And his the indomitable will
That dream of empire to fulfill,
  And to a greatness to attain
'Twere madness to have hoped to gain:

All these were his; nor these alone;
Flight, victory, exile, and the throne;
Twice in the dust by thousands trod,
Twice on the altar as a god.

Two ages stood in arms arrayed,
Contending which should victor be:
He spake: his mandate they obeyed,
And bowed to hear their destiny.
He stepped between them, to assume
The mastery and pronounce their doom;
  Then vanished, and inactive wore
Life's remnant out on that lone shore.
What envy did his palmy state,
What pity his reverses move,
Object of unrelenting hate,
And unextinguishable love!

THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

(From "The Betrothed.")

DON ABBONDIO [the priest] was sitting in an old arm-chair, wrapped in a dilapidated dressing-gown, with an ancient cap on his head, which made a frame all round his face. By the faint light of a small lamp the two thick white tufts of hair which projected from under the cap, his bushy white eyebrows, moustache, and pointed beard all seemed, on his brown and wrinkled face, like bushes covered with snow on a rocky hillside seen by moonlight.

"Ah! ah!" was his salutation, as he took off his spectacles and put them into the book he was reading.

"Your Reverence will say we are late in coming," said Tonio, bowing, as did Gervaso, but more awkwardly.

"Certainly it is late—late in every way. Do you know that I am ill?"

"Oh! I am very sorry, sir!"

"You surely must have heard that I am ill, and don't know when I can see any one. . . But why have you brought that—that fellow with you?"

"Oh! just for company, like, sir!"

"Very good—now let us see."

"There are twenty-five new *berlinghe,* sir—those with Saint Ambrose on horseback on them," said Tonio, drawing a folded paper from his pocket.

"Let us see," returned Abbondio, and taking the paper, he put on his spectacles, unfolded it, took out the silver pieces, turned them over and over, counted them and found them correct.

"Now, your Reverence, will you kindly give me my Teckla's necklace?"

"Quite right," replied Don Abbondio; and going to a cupboard, he unlocked it, and having first looked round, as if to keep away any spectators, opened one side, stood in front of the open door, so that no one could see in, put in his head to look for the pledge, and his arm to take it out, and, having extracted it, locked the cupboard, unwrapped the paper, said interrogatively, "All right?" wrapped it up again and handed it over to Tonio.

"Now," said the latter, "would you please let me have a little black and white, sir?"

"This, too!" exclaimed Don Abbondio; "they are up to every trick! Eh! how suspicious the world has grown! Can't you trust me?"

"How, your Reverence, not trust you? You do me wrong! But as my name is down on your book, on the debtor side, . . . and you have already had the trouble of writing it once, so . . . in case anything were to happen, you know . . ."

"All right, all right," interrupted Don Abbondio, and, grumbling to himself, he opened the table drawer, took out pen, paper and inkstand, and began to write, repeating the words loud as he set them down. Meanwhile, Tonio, and, at a sign from him, Gervaso, placed themselves in front of the table, so as to prevent the writer from seeing the door, and, as if in mere idleness, began to move their feet about noisily on the floor, in order to serve as a signal to those outside, and, at the same time, to deaden the sound of their footsteps. Don Abbondio, intent on his work, noticed nothing. Renzo and Lucia, hearing the signal, entered on tiptoe, holding their breath, and stood close behind the two brothers. Meanwhile,

Don Abbondio, who had finished writing, read over the document attentively, without raising his eyes from the paper, folded it and saying, "Will you be satisfied now?" took off his spectacles with one hand, and held out the sheet to Tonio with the other. Tonio, while stretching out his hand to take it, stepped back on one side, and Gervaso, at a sign from him, on the other, and between the two appeared Renzo and Lucia. Don Abbondio saw them, started, was dumfoundered, became furious, thought it over, and came to a resolution, all in the time that Renzo took in uttering these words: "Your Reverence, in the presence of these witnesses, this is my wife!" His lips had not yet ceased moving when Don Abbondio let fall the receipt, which he was holding in his left hand, raised the lamp and seizing the table-cloth with his right hand, dragged it violently towards him, throwing book, papers and inkstand to the ground, and, springing between the chair and table, approached Lucia. The poor girl, with her sweet voice all trembling, had only just been able to say "That is . . ." when Don Abbondio rudely flung the table-cloth over her head, and immediately dropping the lamp which he held in his other hand, used the latter to wrap it tightly round her face, nearly suffocating her, while he roared at the top of his voice, like a wounded bull, "Perpetua! Perpetua! treason! help!" When the light was out the priest let go his hold of the girl, went groping about for the door leading into an inner room, and, having found it, entered and locked himself in, still shouting, "Perpetua! treason! help! get out of this house! get out of this house!" In the other room all was confusion; Renzo, trying to catch the priest, and waving his hands about as though he had been playing at blindman's buff, had reached the door and kept knocking, crying out, "Open! open! don't make a noise!" Lucia called Renzo in a feeble voice, and said supplicatingly, "Let us go! do let us go!" Tonio was down on his hands and knees, feeling about the floor to find his receipt, while Gervaso jumped about and yelled like one possessed, trying to get out by the door leading to the stairs.

In the midst of this confusion we cannot refrain from a momentary reflection. Renzo, raising a noise by night in another man's house, which he had surreptitiously entered, and

keeping its owner besieged in an inner room, has every appearance of being an oppressor,—yet, after all, when you come to look at it, he was the oppressed. Don Abbondio, surprised, put to flight, frightened out of his wits while quietly attending to his own business, would seem to be the victim; and yet in reality, it was he who did the wrong. So goes the world, as it often happens: at least, so it used to go in the seventeenth century.

RÉSUMÉ OF GERMAN HISTORY

CHAPTER I.

Germany, like Italy, was long little more than a geographical expression. It possessed no unity, no nationality, no consolidated strength. For the general reader its history during the Middle Ages and early modern times is most bewildering. Perhaps no other European state offers such baffling conditions to the one who attempts to summarize the main trend of political development.

Unfortunately for the cause of German unity, he who received the crown of Austria as a rule became Emperor. The empire of Charlemagne and Otto the Great included Italy as well as Germany. There were, to be sure, other possessions originally, but these were gradually lost. In their efforts to hold Italy the Emperors neglected their native land. Armies were wasted, resources squandered, in vain attempts to coerce the Italian states to a submission which they tried to repudiate. Always restive under foreign control, largely hostile to imperial authority, for centuries the struggle was continued. In France and England, kings finally won back, by means fair or foul, the share of sovereignty exercised in early times by feudal lords. In Germany prolonged absences of the king gave dukes and princes opportunity to increase their territories and to usurp new powers.

In 1138 the Saxon line of kings and emperors, which had ruled since 919, was succeeded by the House of Hohenstaufen. It will be remembered that under this dynasty the struggle between Emperor and Pope for supremacy reached its height. Frederick I, or Frederick Barbarossa, as he is often called, was

strongest of his line, but owing to the systematic policy of the Papacy to ruin the house which had so strenuously labored to curtail Papal power, by his death the strength of the Hohenstaufens was spent.

The end of the Hohenstaufen rule found Germany composed of three hundred states, practically independent. Only nominally was there either kingdom or empire. The kingship was elective instead of hereditary. In early times it had been the custom for the most powerful princes to elect the king when there was no direct heir. In time they fell into the way of electing him in all cases, the number of electors being seven: the king of Bohemia, Duke of Saxony, Margrave of Brandenburg and the Count Palatine, with three ecclesiastical electors: the archbishops of Mainz, Cologne and Treves. How completely they were governed by their personal interests may be realized by the fact that upon the fall of the Hohenstaufens they offered the crown for sale. The highest bidders were Richard of Cornwall and Alfonso of Castile. Both were declared elected, one elector voting for each. For a generation there was no king in Germany, as a matter of fact. The title was claimed by two men, one of whom never entered the country at all, the other making only occasional visits. Everywhere the people grew accustomed to seeing all the prerogatives of a king exercised by dukes and princes. Anarchy and confusion prevailed; robbers prospered. There was neither security of life or property.

For some time a considerable trade had been growing up around the North Sea and the Baltic; towns had sprung up throughout the land, a network of rivers giving opportunity for easy communication. There was a direct line of trade from Venice, through mountain passes, up the Rhine to the North Sea. From Genoa another trade route followed the Rhone. Merchants could not send goods abroad over land and sea routes infested with robbers and pirates. Since there was no centralized government to protect them, nor efficient state government, it was necessary that cities themselves take measures to prevent the ruin of their commerce. And this was done. At first Lübeck and Hamburg made an alliance for common safety and this led to the formation of the Hanseatic League. The word *hansa* signifies *union,* and the towns

belonging to this confederacy became known as the hansa towns. Lübeck, Hamburg, Bremen, Cologne, Frankfort, Hanover and Stettin were prominent among them, but some eighty were finally included in the league. They organized armies and navies, maintained stations as far away as London and Novgorod, and exercised all the functions of a king. Accumulating wealth, many of them were able to buy freedom from feudal rulers and to become "free imperial cities." Just as in Italy the hope of the country rested with the flourishing cities of the north, so now in disorganized Germany, progress was confined to the manufacturing towns of the Hanseatic League. In course of time new discoveries led trade into other channels and religious wars destroyed commerce utterly. For these reasons the Hanseatic League finally declined and disappeared.

The policy followed by Rudolph I. of Hapsburg, elected upon the death of Richard of Cornwall, was that of abandoning Italy and building up the possessions of his house. He gained Austria, which henceforth belonged to the Hapsburgs, in whose family the crown presently became hereditary. This same policy pursued by later princes led to the aggrandizement of families. Prussia became powerful in this way.

The Renaissance spread into Germany, as it spread throughout Europe. It was according to the temperament of the people that here the interest should center around the search for truth—particularly *religious* truth. The Church, it will be remembered, had sunk to a low state. Corruption and immorality had done their utmost to bring the ecclesiastical hierarchy into disrepute. The Humanists were fearless in their attacks upon the decay that was undermining the whole structure. Erasmus wrote his *Praise of Folly,* one of the numerous satires upon the existing conditions. It so happened that at this time Leo X. wished to increase the Church revenues in order to carry out some plans for costly building that he had already launched in Rome. He also wanted to help his nephew in a war he had undertaken. He accordingly offered to grant indulgences to those who contributed to the building of St. Peter's. The masses were still densely ignorant and believed that the Pope had power to forgive sin, hence they were ready to contribute and receive the indulgences. That the plan had been carefully worked out is evident from

the fact that Henry VIII. complained at so much money leaving his kingdom, whereupon the Pope offered him one-fourth of all amounts raised in England, but the king was not satisfied until he had been granted one-third.

In Germany the distribution of indulgences was relegated to the Archbishop of Mainz, who in turn employed a Dominican friar by the name of Tetzel. Tetzel undoubtedly overreached all instruction given him in his desire to make plenty of sales. The more enlightened among the people were shocked, and their dismay and indignation found expression in many localities. The hold of the Church upon the people was not what it once had been; the long absence of the Popes from Rome and the Great Schism had lessened the blind faith formerly held in the institution. The excesses into which Popes of recent years had fallen were not understood by the more moral Teutonic peoples, and the Germans had viewed in abhorrence the corruption of the upper clergy and the monasteries.

Social conditions explain somewhat the willingness with which the common people joined with the dissatisfied element. For generations the lot of the burghers and artisans had been improving—only the peasants remained in the same oppressed state as before. Indeed feudal exactions had been made heavier instead of lighter. Germany was nearing a social revolt.

Tetzel at length reached Wittenberg, the home of Luther, whose fervent preaching had already stirred the hearts of his people. He was indignant at the imposition which was being inflicted upon the ignorant. He knew that they failed wholly to understand the indulgences, which were printed in Latin. The plea made to them to pay for the souls of their friends in purgatory he believed to be a mere deception. Following the fashion of the age, he posted ninety-five theses expressing his reasons for disbelief in indulgences. This was a challenge to any who would support the sale of pardons for sin and was an indication of Luther's willingness to defend his position. Among scholars in the Middle Ages such challenges to debate were common. To Luther's surprise he found that the report of these ninety-five theses spread all over Germany in a remarkably short time. Encouraged in his stand, he went

further and said that some of the doctrines for which Huss and his followers had been persecuted were true, and that men might approach God in prayer without the medium of a priest. Leo X. threatened excommunication, but Luther burned the Bull which threatened it.

Charles V. had recently been elected Emperor—the title lived on when the empire had almost ceased to be. He summoned his first Diet to meet at Worms. Various matters were brought before the Diet and at length the Pope asked the Emperor to defend the faith, attacked by the priest Luther. There were those among the convened princes who sympathized with much that Luther had said, and they asked that he be called before them to state his own position. The Emperor promised safe conduct and Luther was sent for from Wittenberg. Few of his friends expected that his life would be spared. Brought before the Diet, an officer of the meeting pointed to a pile of books and asked Luther whether or not he was their author. Examining them, he replied that he was. Thereupon he was asked if he would recant what he had therein said. The priest asked for a day in which to prepare his reply. Great was the suspense in the city of Worms, wherein the Diet was convened. Many thought that Luther would not dare to assert his opinions before the princes of the land. However, the following day he was again summoned before the meeting. He made a somewhat lengthy address, explaining that his books treated of different matters. Some contained truths undisputed by all, some contained criticisms directed against evils everywhere acknowledged, and some set forth convictions based upon a personal interpretation of the Bible. None of these did he recant. When asked to make a direct statement, Luther replied something like this:

"Well, then, if your Imperial Majesty require a plain answer, I will give one without horns or teeth! It is this; that I must be convinced either by the testimony of the Scriptures or clear arguments. For I believe things contrary to the Pope and Councils, because it is as clear as day that they have often erred and said things inconsistent with themselves. I am bound by the Scriptures which I have quoted; my conscience is submissive to the word of God. Therefore I may

not and will not recant, because to act against conscience is unholy and unsafe. So help me God! Amen."

It is this bold stand taken against the actions of the Pope, against the practices of his day, that made Luther a hero in the minds of the Germans. Probably there is no other name so loved by Germans today as that of this man, who braved the power of the Emperor and the assembled princes to state the opinions which he had firmly reached and which were to materially change the course of history. It must ever be kept in mind that plenty of other men were reaching similar conclusions and that the age was ripe for the break that was soon made.

Hostility on the part of many was so pronounced that the friendly Elector of Saxony had Luther seized upon his homeward journey and confined in the castle of Wartburg for about a year. Here he occupied himself in making a translation of the New Testament into German. The Emperor Charles was so occupied with the movements of Francis I. in Italy that he had to leave the adjustment of religious questions for a more opportune time.

In 1524 the peasants revolted. As is usually the case when the people have long been held in bondage and seek to break loose, they perpetrated terrible outrages upon the nobles who had oppressed them. Luther, fearing that the religious reform would suffer from association with social movements, took the side of the nobles. The revolt was put down with dreadful slaughter, 11,000 peasants being murdered by those who would maintain their feudal rights.

At length, free from immediate dangers, Charles V. notified the Diet, meeting this time at Augsburg, that religious toleration would no longer be permitted. However, the new faith had meanwhile been making rapid headway and the princes who had espoused it at once announced that it would not be possible for them to take steps against it. Thereupon the Emperor asked for a statement of points upon which they differed with the Catholic faith, and the result was the "Confession of Augsburg," drawn up and presented to the Diet. Those who thus "protested" against the old orthodox faith were given until spring to submit, but spring found the Emperor absorbed in affairs too urgent to permit him to take

notice of religious differences. To be ready for any action, the princes formed the Schmalkalden League. For some years the religious Peace of Augsburg, made in 1555, obtained. Princes were to choose between the Catholic faith and the Augsburg Confession, and their people were to espouse the faith of their princes. A moment's thought will show the weakness of the settlement. Followers of Calvin were increasing; no provision was made for them. Moreover, in certain states, frequent deaths of reigning princes caused whole sections to change their religion twice in a single year, perhaps. There was one instance where a community was compelled to change twice in three months.

Aroused finally to the seriousness of the situation, the Catholic Church instituted reforms within itself which, if they had been made earlier, might have averted the Reformation. It is not at all probable that nations would have continued indefinitely under the sway of the Roman Church, but for generations the rupture might have been postponed, and then might have taken a different course. Yet it is useless to speculate upon what might have happened had conditions been other than they were. Among the mighty efforts to repair the loss to the Church, brought about by the iniquity of its own hierarchy, the foundation and wide-reaching labor of the Society of Jesuits should be noted.

For half a century matters remained as they had been, so far as any outward appearance was concerned. The new faith continued to gain adherents and Calvinism grew stronger. It was unfortunate that among the Protestants there came almost immediate dissension. The inevitable religious struggle was opened in Bohemia in 1618 and lasted until 1648; it is known as the Thirty Years War. In Bohemia the old Hussite faction, which was still perpetuated, manifested itself. The first part of the war is often known as the Bohemian period; the fighting was done here, and as a result the new faith was almost crushed out. Then Christian IV. of Denmark came to the aid of the Protestants. A Catholic Emperor with the powerful general, Wallenstein, made it difficult indeed for the Protestants to make much progress. England and the Dutch Netherlands gave some support, yet again the Catholics were victorious and Christian of Denmark was obliged to make

the Peace of Lübeck and withdraw. This occurred in 1629. Now the Emperor restored to the Catholics lands that had come into the possession of Protestant princes. This was known as the Act of Restitution. He committed the folly of dismissing his able general, Wallenstein, shortly before the Swedish king, Gustavus Adolphus, invaded Germany in behalf of the vanquished Protestants. At first foolish jealousies prevented the Protestant princes from joining with him. After the fearful destruction of Magdeburg, which city had resisted the Restitution Act, all joined together and Gustavus pressed into the heart of Germany. The Catholic general, Tilly, was killed and the Emperor was compelled to recall Wallenstein. Adventurers flocked to him, attracted by the charm of his name. In the Battle of Lützer the Swedes were victorious, but they lost their able king. Soon afterward Ferdinand became suspicious of the good faith of Wallenstein and had him assassinated.

The war now might have been brought to a close but for the fact that France sought the humiliation of the Hapsburgs, and from this time forward the religious aspect of the struggle disappeared and the jealousies of Hapsburg and Bourbon supplied the motives for further fighting. This was a most inglorious conclusion of a war undertaken in the defense of religious convictions. Thirteen years it dragged along until everyone concerned even in the remotest way became desperately tired of it. At length, by the Peace of Westphalia, the weary war was ended. France and Sweden gained territorially. So far as religious questions were concerned, Calvinism, Lutheranism and Catholicism were placed upon the same footing. Princes were to choose among them, while their subjects were to follow them in the matter of faith. However, five years were granted to any who found themselves unable to yield, in which they might emigrate.

So far as the effects of this cruel war upon Germany, they can be estimated from the mere fact that at the outbreak the population of the country had been 30,000,000; at its close, it was only 12,000,000. Whole regions had become waste land. Education and learning, commerce and the fine arts were almost forgotten. For generations the country lay prostrate, unable to shake off the deadening effects of the prolonged conflict and start anew.

CHAPTER II.

GERMAN UNITY.

The story of German unity, accomplished in the last half century, involves the story of the rise and progress of Prussia.

The word *Prussia* has been derived from *Borussi,* the name of a Lithuanian tribe that once inhabited a region along the Baltic, east of the Vistula, in the kingdom of Poland. In the thirteenth century Teutonic Knights conquered these uncivilized people, and in time the district became largely German. In 1611 Prussia, as it was now called, was united with Brandenburg. This union paved the way for future increase of territory, but the state was not yet important. Frederick William came to the direction of affairs in 1640 and gave particular attention to the establishment of an army. Later his son, Frederick III, wished to assume the title of King of Prussia. In order to gain the permission of the Emperor to this end he promised to aid the imperial cause in the war of Spanish Succession. By this agreement he remained Elector of Brandenburg and became King of Prussia.

Frederick William I, son of Prussia's first king, is remembered as a man of eccentric habits, possessed of a violent temper and a mania for tall soldiers. His country failing to supply a sufficient number of giants, he sent far and wide for them. Accumulating them at great pains and cost, he took care that they should not be exposed to danger. Judging from the writings of his daughter, one is led to believe that Frederick William I. was not always rational, and was at best brutal and erratic. Nevertheless he contributed a share in the upbuilding of a future power. A full treasury and a well disciplined army were left to his son, Frederick II, often called Frederick the Great.

Frederick the Great acted with a high hand in foreign affairs. His first affront was to plan with Russia for the dismemberment of Poland. When Charles VI. died, having

exacted solemn promises from the powers to respect the rights of his daughter, Maria Theresa, Frederick was the first to march an army into Silesia, regardless of his father's pledge. This was simple robbery, yet by the treaty that settled the war of Austrian Succession he was left in possession of this slice of Austrian land. By a second partition of Poland, Prussia gained control of the Vistula trade. By levying heavy toll upon it, a considerable revenue was raised.

Utterly unscrupulous in foreign relations, at home Frederick ruled according to another moral code. By a series of internal improvements he facilitated commerce and easy communication. Posing in the light of a poet, he gathered around his court men of gift and merit. Voltaire was long his ideal in the realm of literature, and he persuaded him to come to the Prussian court. However, as might have been expected, the friendship between the two was not lasting. Systematic plans, passed on from father to son, resulted in the rapid growth of the new kingdom, and when Frederick the Great died in 1786 Prussia had become the equal of Austria.

For generations there had been efforts made to make Austria the nucleus around which German unity might be built up. These efforts had uniformly failed. Now it was slowly becoming apparent that Prussia might also serve as a center around which the various states could bind themselves together. Austria was firmly Catholic; Prussia was Protestant. That fact alone was to prove significant in the unification of Germany.

Napoleon's victories during the period of foreign wars for personal aggrandizement brought deep humiliation to the German states. Austrian troops melted away before him. Twice the way opened for his soldiers to march to Vienna, and once troops were dispatched straight through the Emperor's city. The German armies were made up of conscript peasants officered by nobles who treated them with severity and scorn. Repeatedly the results experienced on battle fields demonstrated that armies of this sort were not effectual. A racial resentment was aroused when Teutons were found wanting in battles waged by a people largely Latin. A latent feeling of nationality asserted itself and found expression in sentiments of patriotism. In Prussia particularly was this true. Clear-sighted men saw that the

whole social body must be reconstructed if Germans were to prove their real worth. Among all classes this new realization was felt and measures were immediately undertaken toward its accomplishment. In 1807 Stein was appointed chief minister of home and foreign affairs. Knowing well that a strong nation cannot be molded out of serfs, he asked at once for their liberation. It is difficult today to understand how so recently two-thirds of Prussia's population could have been held in serfdom. While not mere slaves and chattels, they were not free men. Bound to the soil, they were not at liberty to direct the course of their lives, but were largely at the will of feudal masters. The Edict of Emancipation changed this at a stroke, and grateful men throughout the land were transformed from malcontents to loyal subjects. Class distinctions had been very binding. Nobles could not engage in trade or occupation without compromising their positions. Men could not pass from one social class to another. Stein caused all social privileges and distinctions to be swept away, to the permanent benefit of his country. Towns were allowed a part in local government, and above all, the army was reorganized throughout. Efficiency became the criterion for advancement. The lot of the common soldier was dignified and made responsible and creditable.

Responding with wonderful alacrity to social reform, Prussia became a new country. In the final resistance made by the concerted European powers against the great Napoleon, no country put forth braver efforts. It will be remembered that Prussia bore her share in the last battles and that her timely reinforcements won the day at Waterloo.

In the settlement made by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, when princes and kings apportioned lands and fixed boundaries according to their pleasure, Prussia was given territory that made her still more important. Furthermore, all the states of Germany were organized as a Confederation, the Austrian Emperor being made president of the league. The Confederation consisted of four kingdoms—Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony and Würtemberg—of several principalities, free cities, etc., to the number of thirty-nine states. Delegates from all thirty-nine were to form a Diet which should meet from time

to time at Frankfort-on-the-Main, for the consideration of matters of mutual interest. Local concerns were to be managed entirely by each state. Each state was still wholly independent and could carry on foreign wars, but could do nothing that might work the injury of the Confederacy or any state belonging to it.

A few years made plain the weaknesses of this league. It possessed all the faults of the government of the United States under the Articles of Confederation, and others peculiar to itself. For example, a unanimous vote was required to carry any measure of weight. The requirement alone settled that no such measure should ever be passed. The Diet could recommend but could not enforce its decrees. States gave heed to its decisions only when they fitted in with their original plans. Worst of all, there were two rival states—Prussia and Austria—each jealous of the other, each so fearful that the other might get the lead that the common good was lost sight of. Prussia had one signal advantage: her population was for the most part German. Austria's population was then, as now, heterogeneous in the extreme—Slavs, Magyars, and a motley array of petty peoples who had been gradually brought under her sway. Speaking different languages, possessing different inherent tendencies and traditions, it was impossible to inspire them with a common spirit of nationality. Even today subjects of Austria in one district cannot converse with those of another. The Emperor himself is called by a variety of titles by his various subjects.

For a half-century matters went on in this way. Rivalry between Austria and Prussia was constant. Austria's great statesman, Metternich, did his utmost to maintain the despotic rule of kings. Some princes in the west had yielded to popular demand and granted constitutions to their people. By persistent arguments Metternich persuaded them to revoke these constitutions and rule as before. Responsive to the electric current of freedom and liberty, each revolution begun in France spread through these alert and eager states. In 1830 a few constitutions were granted by lesser states. In 1836 Prussia prevailed upon the Confederation to adopt internal free trade. This removal of trade restrictions between the German states did much to facilitate economic

progress. In 1850 Frederick William IV. yielded to the excitement and popular demands and gave Prussia a constitution.

The death of the king, in 1861, brought William I. to the Prussian throne. He called Otto von Bismarck to his side as first minister. Bismarck was a man of commanding personality and tremendous power. He believed it to be the mission of Prussia to accomplish German unity, and for this object he worked incessantly. So far as the strife between Austria and Prussia was concerned, he saw that Austria was not German and that before unity could be realized she must be thrust out of the Fatherland. Again, Bismarck did not believe that popular sovereignty could ever bring about the unification of various German states. Hence he believed firmly in the royal power of Prussia, and through the early years of his service he was fervently hated by the liberal faction.

Quarrels were not long to seek. Schleswig and Holstein were claimed by both Denmark and Germany. Austria and Prussia acted together in gaining these territories from Denmark, but quarreled over the possession of them when the Danish king resigned his claim. Now occurred the Austro-Prussian war—called sometimes the Seven Weeks War—in 1866. The majority of German states sided with Austria, and it looked at first as though Prussia was rushing on to ruin. But all the fruits of reforms were now to be realized. Fortunate in having a fine army and a capable general—von Moltke—Prussia soon forced her rival to sue for peace. By the Treaty of Prague, Austria withdrew from the Confederacy, consented to its dissolution and conceded Prussia's right to reorganize the German states as she would. Thus was one of Bismarck's cherished hopes accomplished.

The following year the North German Confederacy was formed, including all states north of the Main. A Diet of two houses was provided, delegates to the lower being elected directly by the people. France urged the states south of the Main to form a South German Union, which should look to her for assistance in withstanding the aggressions of the Northern Confederacy. There was considerable feeling of resentment that France should thus try to interfere in German

affairs. The defeats of the Napoleonic wars still rankled in the hearts of the Germans. France, too, remembered her glorious victories and was inclined to be a little overbearing.

In 1869, the throne of Spain being vacant, the Spanish crown was offered to a relative of the Prussian king, a member of the Hohenzollern family. France was pleased to see in this a plan for the ultimate union of Prussia and Spain and made much of it. Leopold, the candidate in question, finally withdrew his name, whereupon France asked King William of Prussia to give his assurance that he would never consent to a future consideration of the Hohenzollern dynasty in Spain. This he refused to give.

Bismarck and other German statesmen believed that German unity would never be complete until France and "Das Vaterland" had settled their scores on a battlefield. Prussia was well equipped for war and there was a strong sentiment of resentment against France. However, the king was of a conciliatory nature and wished above all to avoid war. King William was at this time spending a brief while at one of the German watering places. The French ambassador sought him out and the king conferred with him while the candidacy of Leopold was being entertained. When it was plain that he had withdrawn, King William declared the matter settled and courteously dismissed it, whereupon the French diplomatist urged the new stand his country had taken: that the Prussian king bind himself for the future. This King William refused politely and dismissed the minister. Annoyed greatly that France should pursue him thus, the king ordered the affair to be telegraphed to Bismarck—which was done to the length of several hundred words. Furthermore, the king suggested that he might publish such portions of it as he chose. This was sufficient for the Iron Chancellor. Without changing the facts he published the following, which threw a rather different light upon it, making it appear that King William had been insulted and had curtly dismissed the Frenchman.

"After the news of the renunciation of the hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern had been officially announced by the royal Spanish to the imperial French government, the French ambassador made the further demand upon his Majesty, the king, in Ems, that he should authorize him to telegraph to

Paris that his Majesty, the king, would bind himself for all future time never again to give his consent should the Hohenzollerns revert to their candidature. His Majesty, the king, thereupon refused to receive the French ambassador again, and caused his aide-de-camp to say that his Majesty had nothing further to impart to the ambassador."

In both countries this message published had the effect Bismarck expected. The Germans were indignant that the Prussian king had been disturbed during a short respite from state affairs by the overweening demands of a nation hardly longer friendly. The French, who resented the idea of a compact German nation so near them, and who wished to form a South German state as a buffer state between them and Prussia, took deep offense that their minister had been dismissed abruptly by the Prussian king. Immediately it was made known that courtesy had characterized all interviews, but neither side was inclined to be reasonable. France began to mobilize troops. Reluctantly King William gave consent to the same being done in Prussia. Even the states south of the Main flew to arms in defense of the Fatherland. "The Rhine Frontier!" was the cry of the Germans, and the rousing appeal in a moment created German unity.

Never did a nation plunge into conflict more blindly than the French in the Franco-Prussian war. In the same degree that Prussia and the North German states were prepared and in readiness, France was unprepared and distraught. Confusion characterized the days of preparation. Soldiers were sent forward without weapons; commanders could not locate their troops. With no efficient commander-in-chief, resistance to the hordes that poured over the borders was impossible. Soon Paris was under siege and the French Emperor a prisoner. Never did a nation exact such heavy terms as Germany, now victorious at the French capital. Alsace-Lorraine, $1,000,000,000 indemnity, and the occupation of certain French territory until the war fine was paid! Bismarck has often been blamed for exacting so great a price for peace. His standpoint was that without a firm stand being taken the peace would not be lasting. Unfortunately the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine were largely French in sympathy and preference. French they still remain, and it is one of the

unsettled problems of history whether or not they may not be won back at some future time.

The Southern German states announced their desire to join with the North, and in 1871, in France, King William was acclaimed *German Emperor.*

Measures for further consolidation of the empire were at once undertaken and the fine educational system of Prussia made obligatory throughout the country. The splendid king and emperor died in 1888, having lived to see one of the strongest nations of Europe built up, largely through the influence and policy of his distinguished Chancellor Bismarck. Kaiser Frederick succeeded, but lived only three months, whereupon in the same year the present Kaiser William II. was crowned. His curt dismissal of Bismarck, who had stood at the helm for so many years, did not tend to win him popularity, and there are few more touching scenes in history than that of the aged Chancellor going alone to leave a single rose upon the tomb of William I. before going into the retirement of private life. Above any slight which a young and self-sufficient ruler could offer, the unity of Germany remains the great monument to Otto von Bismarck, and his name is dear to the hearts of his countrymen.

Germany today presents the spectacle—unusual in our time—of an autocratic ruler in a land where socialism is rapidly growing. A very large vote is controlled by the socialists, and it is plain that despotic government would meet with failure were it again attempted.

CHAPTER III.

PAINTING IN GERMANY.

There is no indication that art was attempted in Germany before the introduction of Christianity. Then it followed the style established by the Byzantine School. It will be remembered that the first Christian paintings—exemplified today in the Catacombs—were made by Roman artists who had become Christians, to be sure, but who were first of all Romans. They had inherited their conceptions of art from decadent Greece and had learned to give them certain Roman forms of expression. Christianity was entirely new, and in the first few centuries there were no Christian types. Christ was sometimes represented as Orpheus; Orpheus had drawn men unto him by his music of surpassing sweetness; Christ drew men unto him by the sweetness of his life and character. Madonnas were pictured in the form of Roman mothers. It was often necessary to indicate whom a picture represented. At least to the follower of the old religion the picture seemed not at all strange, new or unusual. With a growing feeling that all old Greek and Roman forms must be abandoned and that the new faith must find its own peculiar mode of expression, symbols were brought into use. The universe was frequently symbolized by a deep blue globe; Paradise, by a mountain; hope, by an anchor; purity, by a lily; the Old and New Testament, by a wheel within a wheel; eternity, by a circle; watchfulness, by a cock. The paintings made after this fashion, to the uninitiated, would amount to little less than puzzles, but to the devout worshipper they signified all that he wished. Gradually there grew up the Byzantine School, which repudiated all the ideals of the Greeks. Physical beauty had characterized the sculpture of the Greeks—it was one of their ideals. The Byzantine School held that the body had no importance; spiritual qualities alone were significant. Christ was represented by them as possessing no beauty of person whatever. Under the brushes of these artists the human body became thin and long—emaciated in the person of saints; the nimbus encircled the head of divine personages,

indicating divinity, and the crown of light which would glorify the ransomed. Robes were long, rigid and utterly devoid of grace. The influence of this school, emphasized and enforced as its ideals were by the Church Fathers, was to deaden and bind down the artist's genius. Artists, indeed, no longer flourished. Painters there were who merely repeated and imitated pictures already made. Painting became the hand-maiden of the Church, and the Church prescribed its themes and manner of their treatment. Only by the Renaissance was art freed from these stupefying conditions.

It is known that Charlemagne ordered the Cathedral of Aachen—Aix la Chapelle—to be decorated with paintings in mosaic, while the walls of his own palace were made attractive by frescoes. During the centuries immediately following, the subjects which painters selected broadened out to include heroes and brave deeds. Particularly as the nobility became better informed did a demand arise for books other than religious treatises. Stories of love and adventure became popular, and the illuminations which made these attractive followed the spirit of the text. From such illustrations can we today learn something of mediæval costume, armor and weapons.

The first important center of art in Germany was Cologne, conveniently situated to receive impressions from east and west and from the south. It was on the direct route between the north and the south, and as a trading center drew thither men of all degrees. The founder of the Cologne School is believed to have been Meister Wilhelm. He is known to have lived about 1380, and it was recorded of him that "he could paint a man as though he were alive." A Madonna painted by him remains and gives indication of considerable ability and skill.

Disciples of Meister Wilhelm took deviating paths: one led to the establishment of the Flemish School, and one to the development of German art of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. During the whole period creditable work was done in illumination and miniature painting by artists who are now, for the most part, forgotten.

Greatest of all German artists was Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528). He was born in the city of Nuremberg, whither his

father had come, a goldsmith from Hungary. Nuremberg is today a quaint old town, closely associated with the name of the master painter. In the sixteenth century it was an important commercial city. About fifty years before the birth of Dürer, its citizens had paid approximately $1,000,000 that it might become a "free, imperial city." Right glad were these worthy people to buy their independence and freedom, even at so great a cost. Potter's clay was the principal commodity which brought them wealth. Watches were first manufactured in Nuremberg. The city was favored by the Emperor, and here each year the imperial jewels were exhibited, attracting visitors to this city of three hundred and sixty-five towers. Dürer's father came thither as a young man to seek his fortune, for he had reason to believe that skill such as his might here find employment.

Albrecht is supposed to have been his father's favorite child. He was one of many—some say eighteen—children, but he early showed an aptitude for study which won his father's attention and approval. The Germans have ever been a people who wished to learn, who have probably found more satisfaction in the pursuit of an object than in the enjoyment of it when attained. Their greatest painter was no exception to this rule. He worked diligently and by the age of thirteen had become quite skillful in the goldsmith's art, but he soon discovered that painting attracted him far more than his father's trade. It was with difficulty that he communicated this fact to his parents. However, with the only regret that some time had already been wasted, he was apprenticed to a painter of some merit—one Wolgemut. Upon the conclusion of his training in Wolgemut's workshop and studio, Dürer followed the usual course of a young German tradesman: he became a "journey-man" and went from place to place, working here and there, picking up whatever useful information, whatever new methods were in vogue in other places. Nothing is known of the four years passed in this way, but it is surmised that he visited Venice before his return.

At length his father recalled his son to marry a young woman whom he had chosen for him. Biographers have frequently repeated a report that Dürer was unhappy in his domestic life. The only foundation for the story seems to

have been a letter written by the painter's intimate friend, who did not like Dürer's wife, particularly, it would seem, because after her husband's demise she sold a pair of antlers which he himself wanted. Dürer saw life too deeply perhaps to find enjoyment in simple living. His was a grave and serious nature. It is evident that there was nothing romantic in his marriage, but it was based, like many a German union, upon prudence and good sense.

Dürer was favored by the Emperor Maximilian, whose portrait he painted and who occasionally visited him at his studio. In addition to his paintings, which were many in number, he became the founder of modern illustration. A press was set up in his own house for the printing of books, while woodcuts used to illustrate them were designed—often made—by the artist.

When thirty-four, Dürer once more visited Venice. Titian was then painting his splendid portraits, and during the German painter's sojourn painted a picture to show that he, too, could paint hair as skillfully as Dürer. Many honors were extended to the stranger artist, who himself painted a picture to show he could use color successfully and was not, as some had supposed, merely an engraver.

Upon the death of Maximilian it became doubtful whether or not Dürer would longer retain the slight compensation for much of his work—exemption from certain taxes and a small pension. Accordingly, the painter and his wife set out for the Netherlands to seek an interview with Charles V. The Emperor conceded all that his predecessor had granted, and in addition made him court-painter.

In 1526 Dürer sent two panels of the four great apostles to the Council Hall of his native city. He had spent much care upon the work and it was his wish that they might remain as a monument to him. It seems curious that the ungrateful city, some years later, had copies made of the panels and sold the originals to Bavaria.

Among the artist's great works, the drawings, *The Knight, Death and the Devil, Melancholy, Head of an Old Man* and *St. George and the Dragon* should be mentioned, while his portraits of Maximilian and of himself, his painting of *Charlemagne,* and the *Adoration of the Trinity* are probably best known.

HOLBEIN.

As a German artist, Hans Holbein is second only to Dürer. Born in Augsburg in 1497, his life was not destined to be so intimately associated with that prosperous city as Dürer's had been with Nuremberg. When still a boy he removed to Basle, where his early work was done. His later life was spent in England.

Hans Holbein was the son of a painter of some repute. Indeed, had not his son so far eclipsed him, it is probable that the elder Holbein would have received more notice from the pens of critics. Although in limited circumstances, his connection with the Guild of Painters allowed him to give Hans whatever advantages the times afforded. Augsburg was a city of importance, favored by the Emperor and not behind in giving encouragement to scholars and men of genius, particularly in the field of art.

We know little of the boy's early life. He studied with his father and other members of the family who followed the same calling. Basle was a city of learning, and it was the boast of its citizens that one could not find a home that did not shelter at least one scholar. Hither Hans came with his brother and here he did his first work. Basle was also a gathering point for the Humanists, and Holbein appears to have shortly associated with Frobenius, a printer of their publications. Books bearing his designs still remain.

In Holbein's early paintings his individual characteristics were apparent—he painted what he saw. Dürer was in certain ways a dreamer, a man whose fancy and imagination laid strong hold upon him. Holbein appears to have been gifted with slight imaginary powers. The human face attracted him and he studied it until he could reproduce it accurately upon his canvas. One of the faces looks out to us from Holbein's portrait of Erasmus, whose acquaintance he made during these years.

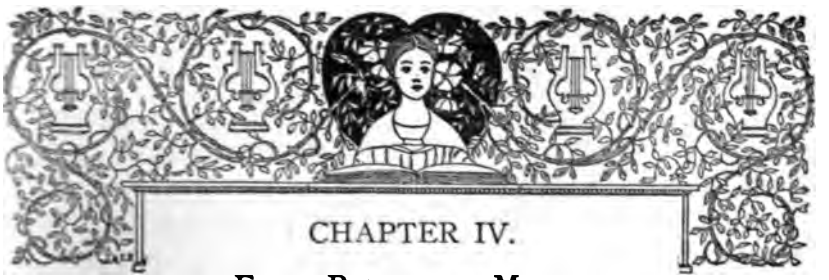
In 1526 the vigor of the Reformation movement, in one of its more exacting phases, led to the condemnation of art in many of its forms. Perhaps to seek a more remunerative field, at least to find one less hostile to his profession, Holbein went to England. He was already known to More from

illustrations he had made for an edition of *Utopia*. Moreover, on the continent his skill was already acknowledged. Although at this time he made but a short visit, he preserved for us the many features of several then prominent men, whom otherwise we should know only by name and deed—More and his household, Fisher, Warham and certain others who later suffered in the fall of More. After a short sojourn again on the continent, he returned to England, where he died of the plague at the age of forty-six.

Holbein's greatest paintings belong to this last period. He was made court-painter by Henry VIII, whose face he has made familiar to us. Several of the king's wives were immortalized by his brush. One of his best-known portraits is that of George Gisze, one of the great Steelyard merchants. The Steelyard was a powerful German trading company that had quarters in what is now a part of London. Here merchants and traders centered, and it has been surmised that in painting this portrait Holbein thought to establish himself in the estimation of the corporation. Certainly the accessories are multifarious—something unusual in Holbein's pictures. The care with which each tiny object is delineated astonishes the beholder. It is to the artist's credit that he pictured the commercial life that was fast becoming foremost, even though for years it was considered beneath the dignity of a gentleman to engage in its pursuits. In this case, it would seem that the artist felt that he was dealing with a class that would be attracted by bewildering detail, which he always avoided when following his natural impulse and taste. The face is Holbein's—recognizable by even the casual observer who dwells at all upon individualities of painters as exemplified by their work.

Holbein has suffered from the fact that many of his works have been destroyed. Much of his painting for the Steelyard was done in the Guild Hall, which fell into neglect when industrial interests underwent a change; even the chamber in Whitehall Palace, decorated for the king, was wiped out by fire.

Neither Dürer nor Holbein founded a school of art, and after their time painting rapidly declined. Only in the past century has Germany again contributed to the world's notable productions.



CHAPTER IV.

Early Protestant Music.

In order to comprehend how the spirit of the early Protestant church is reflected in its music, there must be a clear understanding of its fundamental religious principles. Protestantism originated under the leadership of Martin Luther (1483-1546) in central Germany. Until he was thirty years of age, Luther was a monk of high standing in the Catholic church. He was an unusually careful student of the Scriptures, and gradually acquired a broader view of religion than was taught him by his superiors. His first protest was against the sale of Indulgences, which practice had been shamefully abused. Three years later, in 1520, he was excommunicated by the order of Pope Leo X, and the following year he made his final declaration against many of the Catholic practices.

Then followed the establishment of the Protestant church. The original idea of Martin Luther was not that of a complete break with the old faith, but rather its reformation. Catholicism demands a subordination of reason to its dogmas, but the belief that every individual possesses moral and political rights was dawning in the minds of men. This conception did not originate with the Lutherans; it had long been in the hearts of the German people, but the time was not ready for its spoken assertion until the sixteenth century. All it then needed was a leader who had the ability to rally his forces, and such a man Luther proved to be.

He maintained that popes and churches have no authority to act as mediators between man and his God; and that conscience is a higher power than ecclesiastical councils. Many having similar convictions gathered round him, and, between the new faith and the old, Christianity was rent asunder.

The original changes in the service of the newly-founded

Beethoven in His Study.

forth their doctrines and beliefs and had a triumphal ring which savors strongly of the battlefield of religion. Yet they are less antagonistic and dogmatic than might be expected, considering the intolerance of these religious enthusiasts.

"We read marvelous stories of the effect of these hymns; of Lutheran missionaries entering Catholic churches during service and drawing away the whole congregation by their singing; of wandering evangelists standing at street corners and in the market places, singing to excited crowds, then distributing the hymns upon leaflets so that the populace might join in the pæan, and so winning entire cities to the new faith almost in a day. This is easily to be believed when we consider that the progress of events and drift of ideas for a century or more had been preparing the German mind for Luther's message; that as a people the Germans are extremely susceptible to the enthusiasms that utter themselves in song; and that these hynms carried the truths for which their souls had been thirsting, in language of extraordinary force, clothed in melodies which they had long known and loved."[1]

The finest of the chorales is "Ein 'feste Burg," which bears the date of 1527. Carlyle has made it known to the English-speaking world in the following translation:

"A safe stronghold our God is still,
  A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
  That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of Craft and Power
He weaveth in this hour,
On Earth is not his fellow.

"With force of arms we nothing can,
  Full soon were we down ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
  Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,

[1] Dickinson: "Music in the Western Church," 255.

The Lord Zebaoth's Son;
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

"And were this world all Devils o'er
  And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
  Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? his doom is writ,
A word shall quickly slay him.

"God's Word, for all their craft and force,
  One moment will not linger,
But spite of Hell shall have its course,
  'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The City of God remaineth."

That there was no bitter hostility between the Catholic and Protestant churches at this period is shown in the fact that not only did the Lutherans appropriate many of the Liturgic tunes, but Catholic hymn books were published in which some of the German chorales were adopted. This period of friendliness lasted until the beginning of the Thirty Years' War.

The Reformation took a vastly different course in England than on the Continent. In Germany and France the revolt against the Papal authority had its beginnings in the ranks of the people and but slowly gained the recognition of the nobility. Quite contrary to this movement, in England the withdrawal from Rome and establishment of a national church was due partly to the personal grievance of the king against Pope Clement VII, and partly to a growing feeling of nationality which resented foreign interference of any kind.

The marriage between Henry VIII. and Catherine of Aragon had been purely a political alliance, and in time the indifference on the part of the king toward his queen turned to intense dislike. When the king, desiring an heir, wished to install his favorite, Anne Boleyn, as queen, he sought the Pope's consent to the repudiation of Catherine; but the Pope was quite at the mercy of Emperor Charles V, who was determined that his aunt, Catherine, should not be thus peremptorily dismissed. Impatient at the delays which followed, and mistaking them for refusal, Henry VIII. took the matter in his own hands. Before an ecclesiastical court of his own summoning, and before which Catherine refused to appear, the question of the king's divorce was tried. Of course the decision was in his favor and he was declared legally free to present Anne Boleyn as Queen of England, having secretly married her before the decree was granted. The Pope at once denounced the new alliance, and in three months the king was excommunicated.

In 1534, Henry, independent of the authority of the pope, declared himself the head of the national church. Parliament ratified his decree, giving him entire control over it, even to the extent of determining its beliefs. The influence of Martin Luther had spread across the channel, and now that a break had been made, there was soon a growing demand for reformed doctrines and ceremonies.

As in Germany, the first important change was the substitution of the national tongue for Latin. The Reformation period in England extended from 1534 to about 1603. A few of the doctrines of the Catholic church were abandoned, others modified, until at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the service of the Established Church was virtually what it is today.

The liturgy of the English Episcopal Church is found in the Prayer Book. Like the Catholic ritual, it is musical in its conception and treatment. Only a part of the English Book of Common Prayer is original; a large portion is derived from the Catholic office books, and in many instances whole prayers have been copied. The Prayer Book as it exists today was published in 1552 and its use made compulsory in all churches. A comparison of the following out-

line of the English, or Anglican, service with that of the Catholic liturgy given in a previous chapter will show their great similarity in form and composition.

Anglican Service.

Te Deum	Sanctus
Benedictus (from Book of Luke)	Gloria in excelsis
Jubilate (Psalm 100)	Magnificat
Kyrie eleison	Cantate Dommino (Psalm 18)
Nicene Creed	Nuna dimitto

Deus Miserator (Psalm 67)

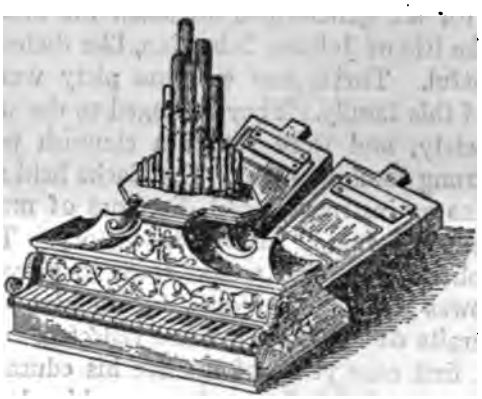
The Litany, directly translated from the Latin, is the oldest portion of the Prayer Book and was given its musical setting in 1550, by John Murbeck. The chant was retained, although the Gregorian form was greatly modified. There never have been fixed rules regarding the arrangement of notes to the words in the Protestant chant.

There are three different ways of performing service in the Episcopal church: (1) the cathedral mode, (2) the parochial mode and (3) mixed mode. The choral or cathedral mode is used in large cathedrals and royal chapels, where it is possible to have an endowed choir. In this service everything is sung except the Scripture lesson. Since services are held several times each week day, as well as on Sunday, in English cathedrals, it involves the great expense of maintaining a choir whose entire time shall be devoted to this church singing. The parochial mode is used in smaller churches, where part of the service is recited in speaking tones instead of being sung. The mode in common use in the Episcopal churches of America is a mixture of these two; in it the prayers, creed, and litany are recited by the congregation and minister, while other parts are sung or chanted.

The anthem is not a part of the litany, but it is understood that its text shall be taken from the Bible or Prayer Book. Although it has been adopted by all Protestants, the anthem belongs distinctly to the Episcopal church. At first it was written for chorus alone, but gradually solo passages were inserted.

There had been many composers before the Reformation who held equal rank with those on the Continent. Many of

them were given salaried positions, which were more or less permanent, notwithstanding the frequent changes in the established religion. Generally speaking, these church composers were as ready to write for one church as another. The only names of the writers of music in this period that are remembered today are those of Thomas Tallas, Richard Byrde, Orlando Gibbons and Henry Purcell.



EARLY FORM OF THE ORGAN.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY GERMAN COMPOSERS.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH (1685-1750).

Bach was born at Eisenach, Germany, on the twenty-first day of March, 1685. This period, after the tumult and upheaval caused by the Thirty Years' War, was undoubtedly favorable for his work. For, despite the fact that so much had been done to destroy German faith in human institutions, there remained, even more firmly rooted, a clinging faith in God and the national church.

Although the greatest genius of a family whose musical talent had for six generations attracted the attention of all Germany, the life of Johann Sebastian, like theirs, was simple and uneventful. Thrift and extreme piety were the characteristics of this family. They belonged to the sturdy middle class of society, and were rather a clannish people, music being the strong common bond. The Bachs held many important positions as instructors and directors of music, and are the most musical family known to history. The life and work of Johann Sebastian would seem to prove the theory that man owes much to heredity, for in him all the most admirable traits of his ancestors are reflected.

For the first nine years of his life his education was entirely directed by his father, who gave him lessons on the violin and taught him something of musical theory. At the age of ten, both parents being dead, the boy was left to the care of an older brother, then an organist in the town of Ohrdurf. This brother taught Sabastian clavichord-playing, but he evidently was not wholly in sympathy with the young lad's ambitions.

The story is told that Sebastian wished to secure some music to play, beyond what was given to him for lessons. He was greatly attracted by a volume of the masters of the day in his brother's library, but was forbidden its use. Determined, however, to know this music, Sebastian crept down-

stairs every night, stole the coveted book from its shelf and, by the dim light of a candle, patiently copied every note. This difficult task was six months in the process, and then, alas! when it was finished, the brother happened upon the copy and took it from him.

At the age of thirteen he went to Lüneberg, where his beautiful soprano voice gained him admittance to the chapel choir of St. Michael and also to the choir training school. It was the aim of Bach's life to become a master of the organ, and in this school he came under the notice of an able organist, who instructed and greatly encouraged him.

In five years his changing voice left him no longer desired as a singer, so he went to Weimar and later to Arnstadt, where he began his wonderful career as organist and composer. For the next fifteen years he held positions as choir director and organist, his duties requiring a vast amount of vocal and instrumental composition. During this time he wrote many of his most famous fugues, passions, cantatas and his Mass in B Minor.

Bach's life contained little of romantic interest. We know that he married twice and that several of his children won fame in the musical world. The third son, Carl Philip Emanuel, inherited his father's lofty ideals and much of his talent.

In 1723 he was called to Leipsic as cantor of the Thomas school and director of music at the Thomas church. Here he remained, playing and composing, till his death, in 1750. His sight had been failing for some time and he, like Handel, spent the last few years of his life in blindness.

Bach was distinctly national in all his traits, and his work can only be understood with German national and religious history as a background. He never once travelled outside his own country, but his compositions do not reflect narrowness of thought or design. It might be said of him that he, like Dante, "was not world-wide, but was world-deep." His life was systematically simple, and he was not subject to the discouragements that have beset many composers, yet a marvellous range of feeling and pathos pervades his work.

He left the field of opera untouched, his labors being first and foremost for the church. His one desire was to reform and develop its music, and to this end his life-long

labors were directed. He seems to have been inspired by much the same zeal as that which made possible the gigantic work of Martin Luther, of whom in many respects he reminds us. The history of the German Protestant church is closely allied with that of its music and the study of the development of the so-called "church forms" offers an insight into the character and genius of this devout composer not afforded by his secular writings.

It is as an organist and writer for the organ that Bach is best known to the world. He was so unquestionably the greatest organ composer that ever lived that no one thinks of classing any other with him. He was also, in respect to his skill as improvisor, the ablest organist the world has produced. The forms in which he wrote,—prelude, fugue, sonata, passion, cantata, mass, etc.—had already reached great completeness in style and form. It remained for Johann Sebastian Bach to broaden, systematize and refine them, and develop them to such perfection that they have made no further progress since his day.

"Bach was no isolated phenomenon of his time. He created no new styles; he gave art no new direction. He was one out of many poorly paid and overworked church musicians, performing the duties that were traditionally attached to his office, improvising fugues and preludes, and accompanying choir and congregation at certain moments in the service, composing motets, cantatas, and occasionally a larger work for the regular order of the day, providing special music for a church festival, a public funeral, the inauguration of a town council, or the installation of a pastor. What distinguished Bach was simply the superiority of his work on these time-honored lines, the amazing variety of sentiment which he extracted from these conventional forms, the scientific learning which puts him among the greatest technicians in the whole range of art, the prodigality of ideas, depth of feeling, and a sort of introspective mystical quality which he was able to impart to the involved and severe diction of his age."[1]

His style is based on the German "chorale" or hymn-tune. It was the custom for the church organist to play a

[1] Dickinson's "History of Music in the Western Church."

short prelude before the service began, which was based on the themes of the first hymn tune to be sung. The German organist of that time never played other compositions than his own any more than the minister preached another's sermon; nor did he play from printed copies, but relied entirely upon his ability to extemporize upon any theme which might be given him. It was quite natural that the organist should turn to the melodies of the hymn tunes, for they offered an abundant field for the selection of themes which were churchly in style and admitted of varied treatment.

Of the multitude of chorale preludes which Bach extemporized every Sunday, only about one hundred and fifty have come down to us. Of these some are only as long as the hymn itself, others several pages long. With him the hymn melody was given out line by line, usually by one voice at a time, and separated by ornamental passages. This gave rise to the form of chorale-prelude, whose influence in church music is felt today. Because the prelude themes were those of the hymn, there was a closer connection between the organ voluntaries and the rest of the worship than exists in our service. This same form is apparent in many of Bach's vocal writings,—in his church cantatas and motets. In these the voice-weaving was often so intricate as to be the despair of vocalists, the contrapuntal development frequently leading a part quite out of voice range.

Probably no other group of his compositions affords such a variety of treatment and expression as do his organ works. The one who believes the writings of Bach to be a marvellous revelation of musical science but incapable of expressing deep emotions, has only to examine his organ preludes and fugues to find every shade of human feeling, in spite of the rather rigid forms in which they are clothed. The fugue, which was an outgrowth of the Italian "canzona," reached its highest development under him; Bach alone succeeded in combining truly musical ideas with this conventional structure. He apparently thought in terms of the organ, and his imagination worked as freely in the fugue as that of modern composers in other forms. Of the vast number of his organ works, many present themselves to the student as being superb examples of his perfect workmanship. The F major toccata, the

G major fantasie and the prelude and fugue in G may be selected as apt illustrations.

A very important group of Bach's instrumental works is the collection of preludes and fugues written for the clavichord, known as the "Well-Tempered Clavichord." This takes its name from the new method of tuning, the possibility and practicability of which was unquestionably demonstrated by this work. By the old method, not all of the keys could be used. The basis of tuning is the octave, which includes twelve half-steps. If they are all perfectly in tune, the octave will be a little sharp; in order to avoid this, the difference must be distributed evenly among the intervals. Many conservative composers opposed this new method of modifying or "tempering" the intervals, but Bach wrote this work to prove that it could be most advantageously used. These forty-eight preludes and fugues (one prelude and one fugue in every major and minor key) are more compact in style than his organ compositions; but for all that, they are none the less expressive and alive. There is something singularly virile, strong and sincere about this collection. It has stood the test of time and is studied with diligence by pianists of every rank.

Music of the piano class had, up to Bach's time, been of a light and superficial vein. He was probably the first to use depth of feeling in piano music. Although the instrument for which he wrote was entirely inadequate for his needs, he seems to have anticipated the possibilites of modern instruments, and many of his figures require the largest grand piano of today. His other instrumental works include the Chromatic Fantasie, the Italian Concerto, and a large group of suites.

Some critics have attempted to compare Bach's "St. Matthew" with the "Messiah," but they are utterly unlike in spirit and treatment. The "St. Matthew" was written for the church, while Handel's "Messiah" is purely concert music. The first performance of this great Passion was given in April, 1729. Later it was rewritten, but with one exception was not heard again until 1829, when it was given under the direction of Mendelssohn.

"An atmosphere of profoundest gloom pervades the work from beginning to end, growing darker as the scenes of the terrible drama advance and culminate, yet here and there relieved by gleams of divine tenderness and human pity. That Bach was able to carry a single mood, and that a depressing one, through a composition of three hours' length without falling into monotony at any point is one of the miracles of musical creation."[2]

In respect to musical science, Bach's greatest production is his Mass in B minor. Some have deemed it strange that such a devout Lutheran should have written a mass for the Catholic church, but it will be remembered that Luther himself retained many elements of the Catholic service; and the mass has always been a favorite form with composers, whatever their religious belief. The New Bach Society, with headquarters at Leipsic, was established in 1900, for the purpose of making his choral works better known and restoring them to their old place in the service of Evangelical churches.

Some of his most beautiful writing is contained in his works for strings. The "Chaconne" is perhaps the greatest single piece for violin solo, and is always a favorite concert number.

The list of his vocal works is longest and, in the consideration of the composer, includes his best efforts. They are not so well known as are his compositions for the organ, because their great technical difficulties are so appalling. This group includes cantatas, motets and passions.

A cantata might be called a long and elaborate anthem, and consists of solos and choruses with accompaniment. The words of a cantata refer to some devotional theme and the form is strictly related to the church service. Bach's cantatas show his great breadth and depth of conception. They usually end with a chorale as it stands in the German hymn book.

The passion dates from the Middle Ages and grew out of the practice in the Catholic church of holding special exercises in commemoration of Christ's last days. One priest would take the part of Christ, others would impersonate Peter, Pilate, etc., while a group of priests chanted the parts of the

[2]Dickinson's "History of Music in the Western Church." 310.

mob. It grew and developed into a form known as "Passion Music," its subject being the trials and death of Christ. At first the words were taken directly from the Bible; later on, other words appropriate to the subject were brought into use. These added texts were frequently put in the mouths of imaginary spectators, who represented the opinion of the Church Universal. It was for some time a part of the regular Catholic service, being given four times during Holy Week.

Of Bach's five Passions the most perfect is his "Passion according to St. Matthew." This is not so contrapuntal in style as some of his works; its greatness lies in its pathos and occasional dramatic passages. Three hours are required for its performance, and it is rarely heard in its entirety.

Bach is proclaimed by all to be the greatest church composer who ever lived, and there are many critics who do not hesitate to call him the greatest—religious or secular—of all times.

In all Bach's compositions we find the same mastery of treatment and perfection of finish. Other composers have failed in some of their productions—Beethoven failed in writing oratorios and Schubert in opera—but Bach was always at his best.

Classified List of His Works.

Instrumental: Organ works (including fugues, preludes, fantasies, toccatas, choral preludes, and sonatas). Piano works (preludes, fugues, dances, suites, inventions and variations); a few works for piano with other instruments, solos for violin, concertos and suites for orchestra.

Vocal works: Cantatas, masses and other works in Latin text, motets, passions, and a large amount of miscellaneous music.

George Frederic Handel (1685-1750).

The history of music in the eighteenth century contains two names of great renown. Bach and Handel were born in the same year and in towns not far distant. Both were men of unusual strength of character, composers of the greatest ability, able organists, players of the violin and clavichord; and each died totally blind. But, strangely enough,

the two never met and their lives present an absolute contrast to one another.

Bach never went outside his own country, was not widely known, nor in favor with the nobility; his compositions brought him but small remuneration and he probably never heard them well performed. Handel, on the other hand, traveled considerably and became well known throughout Europe. His friends included many of influence in royal circles, and he was, generally speaking, well paid for his writing. "It is impossible to compare these men. Each was strong in his individual way; each composed works which will always be regarded as masterpieces; but these masterpieces are so unlike, it is so impossible to set them side by side for comparison, that we are forced—and happily—not to compare them, but to accept them as individual expressions of two unlike minds."

George Frederic Handel was born at Halle, in February of 1685. His father, a barber-surgeon, wished his son to become a lawyer and was not at all in sympathy with the lad's musical ambitions, but in spite of all obstacles he learned something of clavichord playing.

When George was seven years old his father went on a journey to visit a relative who was in the service of the Duke of Saxe Weissenfels. The boy begged to be taken, but was refused. When the coach started he ran behind and no words could turn him from his purpose. By and by his father, seeing he could not be driven back, allowed him to ride in the coach to the palace. There he made friends with some of the musicians in the Duke's chapel and one day was allowed to play the organ. So wonderful was his skill that the Duke, overhearing the playing, sent for the boy's father and urged upon him the necessity of encouraging such genius. The reluctant surgeon finally yielded and, on their return, young Handel became a pupil of Zachau, a famous organist of Halle, under whom he studied composition, organ, harpsichord, violin and hautbois (oboe).

At the end of three years, Zachau declared that the boy knew more than he himself did, and sent him to Berlin. There his ability as organist brought him to the notice of the

Elector, who offered him a position at his court, but to this Handel's father objected. The boy returned home and once more took up his work with Zachau.

The next year—1697—his father died and it became necessary for Handel to accept what employment offered in order to earn a livelihood. As organist in one of the Halle churches he received only a small salary, but gained a large experience in conducting musical services. He left in six years for Hamburg, where he was given a place in a theatre orchestra as violinist. At that time Hamburg was a famous center of music and there Handel was able to become acquainted with great compositions and to mingle with the best writers of the day. He himself produced two operas—"Almira" and "Nero"—before he was twenty. Neither were of lasting worth, but they brought the young composer favorably before the public.

His reputation as an opera writer being established, he went to Italy, where he gave serious attention to his composing and produced several operas and much sacred music. The Italians have always led the world in the exquisite beauty of their melody, but at that time their opera was little more than a concert where singers might show their marvelous vocal feats. The dramatic element was sacrificed to that of brilliant singing and, in consequence, the opera became an empty form, in favor chiefly with the nobility, who desired first of all to be entertained.

There is no trace of reform in Handel's operas. He, too, catered to the public taste and we note the effects of the strong Italian influence in his writing. Undoubtedly his were much more perfect in their artistic finish and subject matter than were the operas of his contemporaries; but he belongs to the eighteenth-century Italian school and, although some of his arias are still heard upon the concert stage, his operas have vanished forever.

In 1710 he returned to Germany and was again offered the position of capell-meister (chapel master) to the Elector of Hanover. He accepted on condition that he should first be allowed to visit England; and to this the Elector agreed. Italian opera was very popular in London at this time, and Handel was there recognized as a master. His opera,

"Rinaldo," was written in fourteen days to meet the demand, and, though of short life, was received with great applause.

In six months he was obliged to return to his work in Hanover, but his London success had spoiled him for his duties in the Elector's court. In 1712 he again went to England, this time to stay. When Queen Anne died, in 1714, the Elector was called to reign in England as King George the First. Very naturally he looked with disfavor upon his truant director of music, but, through the intervention of a mutual friend, Handel regained his favor. His wonderful energy and genius, aided by the king's support, insured his success. Later he became chapel master to the Duke of Chandos, one of the wealthiest of England's noblemen, and with him Handel was given wonderful opportunities to develop his ideas. At this time he composed some of his best works, among them his first English oratorio, "Esther," and "Acis and Galatea."

He had no desire to break away from the opera, and in 1720 became director of Italian opera for the Royal Academy of Music. Previous to Handel's arrival in England there had been an effort to create an English school of opera, the foundations of which were the "masque," a dramatic entertainment consisting of dialogues, dances, songs and choruses. Henry Percival had given the new movement his able support, but after his death Italian opera gained the ascendency.

Although Handel at first had great success as Director of the Opera, he soon made many enemies. He was very positive, haughty and lordly in manner and entered into many a quarrel with his singers and actors. Grove tells of his ill-temper when acting as director before a royal audience: "Even when he was conducting concerts for the Prince of Wales, if the ladies of the court talked instead of listening, his rage was uncontrollable, and sometimes carried him to the length of swearing and calling names . . . whereupon the gentle Princess would say to the offenders, 'Hush, hush! Handel is angry.' It is to the credit of the prince and princess that they respected the real worth of the master too much to be seriously offended by his manners."

Factions soon sprang up, a rival company was established and Handel was forced into bankruptcy. It was not this

alone that turned his attention toward the oratorio; his work in this field began years before he left the opera. The church authorities would not permit operas to be performed during Lent, and unless something was given in their place, great financial loss would result. To meet this demand he produced oratorios, and they were cordially received by all classes. So we see that it was through practical motives that the great Handel took up the writing of religious forms.

The oratorio is not church music. For its origin we must turn to Italy, where the form was created. Dramatic music is divided into two branches, one being the opera and the other the oratorio. There are religious operas and dramatic oratorios. In the opera the atmosphere and significance of the drama is made manifest by means of costumes, scenery and action; in the oratorio this is, in a way, supplied by means of the chorus, which sets forth the general mood and moral purpose of the text. In its earliest period the oratorio was staged as an opera, but in time it was not deemed appropriate to present religious subjects in this way. The Old Testament has furnished subjects for many oratorios; its characters and stories are so familiar and simple, that its narratives are well adapted for musical settings.

By "church music" is meant only that music which has been written for or has grown up in the church; and, although parts of an oratorio may be fitted into a religious service, it could not be given there as an entirety.

We have seen that it was not for religious reasons that Handel turned his attention toward the writing of oratorios, but, nevertheless, into them he poured all his fervid spirit for the moral uplifting of mankind. Although he derived his idea from the Italian form, he was never hampered by its limitations, nor did he confuse the opera style with that of the oratorio. He brought the form to a height which has never been surpassed, and may be said to have accomplished for the oratorio what Bach did for the passion.

It is in his choruses that Handel excels. By means of the simplest devices he produces truly magnificent and thrilling effects. It is to the chorus that the grandeur of an oratorio is due; no other achievement in musical art can produce such an overwhelming effect. Noise should not be confused with

grandeur: some of Handel's most inspiring passages are the simplest—as in the Halleluiah chorus. He is at his best in his choral works; perhaps most perfectly showing his powers as a chorus writer in his "Israel in Egypt."

Probably the most beloved of all oratorios is his "Messiah." In the transition period when his operatic career proved a failure, and before he had established the oratorio, Handel was called to Dublin to bring out some of his compositions for the relief of suffering Irish prisoners, especially those imprisoned for debt. This appealed to him greatly, and at once he set about to write a new oratorio, the "Messiah." In twenty-four days it was completed and ready for performance! It is most marvelous to consider the genius of a man who could produce such a work of art in so short a space of time. True, it bears certain defects as a result of this headlong haste, but it is wonderfully composed and has stood the test of time.

Its Dublin performance, in 1742, brought the desired financial results, and the following year it was given in London. This was a notable occasion: the king was present and was so overwhelmed with the majesty of the Halleluiah chorus that he rose, and of course the whole audience followed his example; thus originated the custom that is perpetuated today.

Handel's greatest works were produced after he was fifty. The "Messiah," written in 1741, was followed by other oratorios in rapid succession. "Samson" was produced in 1742, "Judus Macabeus" in 1746, "Joshua" in 1747, "Solomon" in 1748 and "Jephtha" three years later. These were successful in every sense and were given under the composer's direction, even after his blindness came upon him. He died suddenly, in 1759, and, being a naturalized English citizen, was given a place of honor in Westminster Abbey.

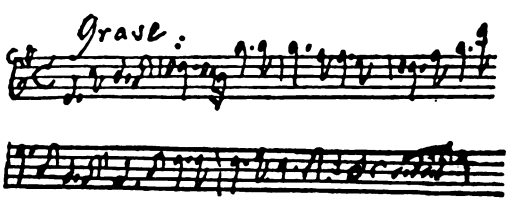
When we listen to an oratorio by Handel, we do not hear the orchestration of the composer himself. In his times, the composer merely indicated a figured bass, from which the orchestra provided its own harmonies. Today the instruments are so varied, many of the early eighteenth century having been discarded and others reinforced, that it is necessary to have a complete rescoring of these old works.

Handel created no new "school" of music and has not influenced modern writers as Bach has done. Many of his instrumental compositions are studied today, but they do not reflect his best work. He has been accused of plagiarizing, but in his times the appropriating of others' themes was not considered musical theft. Between contemporary composers there is often a decided similarity of thought, and it is difficult to say just where coincidence of ideas leaves off and musical plagiarism begins. Undoubtedly Handel used the material of others freely, but it is due to the fact that the period in which he wrote did not lay stress on the necessity of originality of musical ideas, rather than any lack of creative ability on the part of the composer.

Handel was a man greatly to be admired: he was of irreproachable moral character, independent in spirit, true to the best in a noble nature, and a master of his art.

Classified List of His Works.

Vocal works: Forty-seven operas, twenty-two oratorios, six miscellaneous pieces, seven odes, serenatas, anthems, hymns and other religious works, duets and songs. Instrumental: Preludes, fugues, dances, suites and concertos.



George Frideric Handel

CHAPTER VI.

LATER CLASSICAL COMPOSERS.

JOSEPH HAYDN (1732-1809).

The Golden age of German instrumental music begins with Joseph Haydn. Born in Hungary, near the border of Austria, he inherited the characteristics of both countries. His parents were poor peasants and unable to give the boy musical advantages, although the love of song was always fostered in the humble home.

Fortunately, Joseph possessed a beautiful voice and, coming under the notice of a musician in Vienna, was admitted to the St. Stephen choir school; there he remained eight years, studying and singing. When he was sixteen his voice changed and he was no longer desired as a choir-boy; he was consequently turned adrift in the streets of Vienna, penniless, and with no friend to whom he might turn. After wandering all one November night, he chanced upon a former school friend, a tenor by the name of Spangler. He was older than Haydn and, out of compassion for the friendless lad, invited him to share his garret, which offer Haydn gratefully accepted.

He at once set about to earn a living, and because of his talents and genial manner soon procured a few pupils. In a few years he was able to rent his own humble lodgings, where he luckily fell under the kindly protection of Metastasio, writer of opera texts, who aided him in many ways.

When Haydn was still struggling amid great adversity, he happened to make the acquaintance of a wig-maker by the name of Keller. He was a frequent visitor at the Keller home and fell desperately in love with the younger daughter. A little later she entered a convent, and the father urged him to marry the other daughter, who was three years older than Haydn and most unattractive. Perhaps the young man felt indebted for the kindness that had been shown him by the family; at any rate, in a strange and sudden impulse, he consented to marry the girl. It was not long before they both discovered the unhappy mistake.

"The partner he had taken for life was a vixen, foul-mouthed, quarrelsome, a bigot in religion, reckless in extravagance, utterly unappreciative of her husband's genius and, as he complained, 'did not care whether he was an artist or a cobbler.' . . . Naturally genial and affectionate and peculiarly fitted for a happy domestic life by his peaceful and amiable temperament, it is not surprising that he soon wearied of the woman who made existence a torture to him. . . . They lived apart during the greater portion of their married life, but were not formally separated until thirty-five years later."[1]

In 1759 Haydn was given the position of musical director to a Bohemian nobleman. It was the custom for nobles of means to maintain private orchestras and choruses under the leadership of some talented musician. These private directors were obliged to write a vast amount of music for different occasions, and, although it afforded excellent practice for a young composer, much of it was necessarily routine work. The musicians were compelled to follow the taste of their masters, who looked upon them as upper servants.

In this capacity Haydn two years later entered the princely house of Esterhazy, where he remained for thirty years. It gives us an insight into the social condition of musicians of that day to know of his bargain with the Esterhazys. It was stipulated that Haydn should be temperate, and abstain from vulgarity in eating, drinking and conversation; that he must take care of all the music and instruments and be held responsible for any neglect of the same; and when summoned to play in company he and the members of his orchestra should appear in "white stockings, white linen, powder, and either with a pig-tail or tie-wig." For this he was to receive a salary of 400 florins, which is about $180 in our money. Nothing offensive was intended by these absurd regulations, and they were not so considered by the musicians themselves. It was thought that the musician was brought into being to make life more attractive for those in quest of entertainment, and the poor artist was unable to change existing conditions. Not until the concert system was established was the musician independent of the aristocracy, and judged according to his true merits.

[1] "Famous Composers and Their Works."

Haydn always expressed the greatest admiration for Count Esterhazy, and he, on his side, was not blind to the talents of his music-master, bestowing a pension upon him after he left his service. His experience with this noble family may be said to be preparatory, his best work being done after he was fifty.

By 1791 he was well known all over Europe and was called to London to direct some of his own works. England has always welcomed foreign composers, and this is partly the cause of her having no distinctly national school of music. Haydn's success in London was great; he was granted the degree of Doctor of Music from Oxford University, and the Queen offered him apartments in the palace if he would remain, but at the end of a year and a half he returned to the Esterhazys. His last years were spent in Vienna, where many of his greatest compositions were written. He died on May 31, 1809.

Haydn's work cannot be justly estimated unless we understand the forms in which he wrote. He has been called the "Father of the sonata, symphony and quartet," but this is an exaggerated statement; many contemporary composers were working along the same lines. He saw the possibilities of the sonata form and developed it to a state of artistic completeness.

By musical "form" is meant the unity of conception in a composition and the relation of its parts to each other and to the whole. In the seventeenth century the word *sonata* did not refer to any certain form, but simply meant a piece for several instruments. The sonata form as used by Haydn consisted of four movements or sections—the first movement containing the principal and secondary themes; the second, usually in slow time, might be called the working-out section, and the third consisted of a minuet (the fashionable dance of the time) or set of variations, while the fourth movement was more brilliant than the others and contained the coda or closing section.

This form has been modified in modern times, but it still retains much of its early character. When it is applied to composition for single instrument, or for piano and other instrument, it is called *sonata;* when arranged for piano and orchestra it is called *concerto; trio* when written for three

instruments, *quartet* for four, *quintet* for five, etc. The word *symphony* literally means "sounding together," and was originally given to a variety of pieces. Later it came to mean the overture to Italian operas; then composers began to write in this form apart from operas. The symphony is an enlargement of the sonata form written for orchestra. Haydn began writing symphonies at the age of twenty-seven and produced in all one hundred and twenty-five.

Next in importance to his symphonies come his quartets. In them is shown his great ability as a part writer. The stringed quartet, while not admitting of the varied treatment of a symphony, is perhaps the most refined form of music. It is harder to write a great quartet than a great symphony, for no one instrument must be allowed to stand out above the other three; there must be a perfect balance of the parts, which is far more difficult to maintain than might be imagined. The quartet is played by a first and second violin, viola and cello.

The influence of the common people from which he sprang is noticeable in the sprightly dance-themes in much of Haydn's music. None of the pathos and struggle of his life is reflected in his writing, which may be described as cheerful and full of hope.

Haydn's oratorios compose an important class of his compositions. The greatest is his "Creation," the text being taken indirectly from Milton's "Paradise Lost." In this the composer is at his best. As Handel excelled in the chorus, so Haydn surpasses in his arias. The chorus, "The Heavens are telling the glory of God," however, is as well known as any of Handel's. Haydn's last public appearance was at a performance of the "Creation." As he entered the hall there was great applause and a burst of trumpets. He was seated by the side of Princess Esterhazy. It is said that at the chorus, "And there was light," the applause was terrific and so affected the aged man that he had to be carried from the hall. The "Seasons," telling of pastoral life in different seasons of the year, has much charm, but is not so masterly a work as the "Creation."

His masses are full of beauty and are frequently used in the Catholic church. The charm of Haydn's compositions does not lie in rich harmonies, but rather in pure melody and

bright, optimistic tone. There is a sunny naturalness in his writing that sets him apart from all other composers of his own or later times.

Classified List of His Works.

Vocal works: Four oratorios, twenty operas, many arias, songs and masses. Instrumental works: Fifty-three piano sonatas, seventy-seven string quartets, 125 symphonies, thirty string trios, thirty-eight piano trios, and concertos.

Wolfgang Amade Mozart (1756-1791).

Mozart came into the world at a time and in a place most unfavorable for his work. Poverty and hardship were his lot through life, but his writing bears no trace of the struggle. His compositions are the most perfect models of pure classic form, combining the elements of exquisite melody, simplicity of expression and faultless grace of design. When we consider that his life was forty-two years shorter than that of Haydn, who was twenty-four when Mozart was born and lived eighteen years after his death, and that during his brief working period he produced over three hundred compositions, we gain some idea of his musical precocity.

He was born at Salzburg, January 27, 1756. His father, a composer and violinist of good ability, was quick to perceive the early signs of genius in the boy, and immediately set about to direct his training. Of the other six children, only one survived—Maria Anne, usually called Nannerl, who also had great musical talent, though not in such a marked degree as Wolfgang.

Nannerl was nearly five years older than her brother, and it is said that when her father was giving her lessons on the harpsichord, Wolfgang—then only three—used to watch her attentively, and would afterward amuse himself by attempting to play what he could remember of her lesson. When he was four his father began to instruct him, and the child's progress was most astonishing. In this age, when the term "prodigy" usually implies pale and sickly youth of unusual ability, forced by hot-house methods to unnatural attainments, blossoming full blast into the world to live but a day and then sink into oblivion, it is difficult to understand the full

force of the word when applied to the child Mozart. There was nothing unnatural or forced in his training, which was most zealously superintended by his father, the only teacher he ever had. Wolfgang was in truth born with the knowledge it has taken most composers years to attain.

At the age of seven he had composed several minuets that were clearly conceived in form and not lacking in melody; at twelve he had written an opera and was one of the most brilliant harpsichord players in all Europe. It was when he was six years old that his father took the two children to Munich on their first concert tour; there they played before the Elector, who marveled at their skill. In the fall of that same year the family journeyed to Vienna, Wolfgang and Nannerl giving successful concerts all along the way. So famous had these infant prodigies become that people crowded to hear them play, and in Vienna they were received by the Empress Maria Theresa. It is said that Wolfgang, never embarrassed in the company of the great, jumped into the empress' lap and, much to the amusement of all present, threw his arms about her neck and kissed her.

Many tours followed in rapid succession. They journeyed to Paris, where they played before the king and queen; and from there to London, where they were also received at court. Proud as he was of his children's talent, Leopold Mozart fully realized the importance of their receiving a most rigid training and never once failed in his duty toward them. How deeply he felt this responsibility is expressed in one of his letters: "It is important that there should be a home-life for me specially devoted to my children. God has given them such talent as, setting aside my obligations as a father, would incite me to sacrifice everything to their good education. Every moment that I lose is lost forever; and if I ever knew how valuable time is in youth I know it now. You know that my children are used to work. If they were to get into idle habits on the pretext that one thing or another hindered them, my whole structure would fall to the ground. Habit is an iron path, and you know yourself how much my Wolfgang has still to learn." The tours were taken with the idea of the artistic benefit they would bring, rather than that of exhibiting the wonderful ability of the young virtuosos.

In 1769 the father and Wolfgang set out for Italy, where the boy—then thirteen years of age—was greeted by learned musicians as an accomplished master of their art. There he became acquainted with the Italian style which so strongly characterizes his compositions. The following is one of many incidents which show the boy's skill. "They arrived in Rome in Passion Week and went at once to the Sistine Chapel to hear the music. Here they heard sung a Miserere by Gregorio Allegri, a composition so highly regarded by the church that, on pain of excommunication, no one was to take a copy from the choir, or to make a copy of it. Wolfgang heard it once, and wrote it out from memory; a day or two later, on Good Friday, he heard it again and corrected an error or two. He thus had a copy acquired in a manner so astonishing to every one, that instead of being held to have done wrong, he was greatly honored for the skill he displayed."[1]

They returned home after an absence of fifteen months. After such success as he had met in Italy, life in Salzburg seemed almost intolerable to the boy. Salzburg was the seat of the archbishop's court and it was here that Mozart was retained as concert-meister. The archbishop seems not to have been cognizant of Mozart's genius; he treated him most abominably, and for his services gave him about five dollars a year! With him Mozart remained until he was twenty-one, although the time was frequently interrupted with travel. This period of his life was marked chiefly by the production of many church works and a few sonatas. His strained relations with the archbishop finally becoming intolerable, he decided to leave Salzburg in search of more remunerative employment. His object in so doing was to obtain a salaried position in some musical center where he might have an opportunity to give his attention to composition; but lucrative commissions were exceedingly rare in the musical profession at that time and Mozart never realized his desire.

From that time on his life was a constant struggle for a livelihood, and the story of his efforts is one of great pathos. After many vicissitudes and suffering keenly the death of his mother, who died while staying with him in Paris, he located

[1] Tapper's "First Studies in Music Biography," page 139.

in Vienna. In Paris he had heard Gluck's operas performed and many by Italian composers, learning much from them in the way of orchestration. The reforms of Gluck had not yet taken a strong hold upon the minds of composers, and Italian opera was virtually what it had been in the early part of the century.*

Soon after his arrival in Vienna, Mozart married Constance Weber, with whose family he had become acquainted while on a previous tour. His father strongly objected to the attachment, and for many years would hold no communication with either Wolfgang or his wife. The story of their married life shows them to have been congenial companions, but obliged to practice the strictest economy and not infrequently to have suffered actual want.

In July of the year 1782, Mozart's opera, "The Abduction," was performed and its merits were warmly praised by Gluck. The emperor's criticism was, however: "A great deal too many notes"; to which the genius replied: "Exactly as many notes as are necessary, your majesty!" Just after his thirtieth birthday his father relented in his hostile attitude and paid him a visit. He came at a time when great honor was being shown the composer, and on one occasion Haydn told Leopold Mozart that he regarded his son to be the greatest composer who had ever lived.

In spite of the fact that his fame was constantly increasing, Mozart's financial condition never improved. "His genius was actually too great for the public to appreciate, and, while lesser men grew rich by printing trivial compositions, Mozart's publishers declined many of his best works as too learned. His constant craving for liveliness, combined with his uncertain income, made him always ready to enjoy the passing moment, and his companions, chosen for their gaiety, were not always of the best. He was the most tender-hearted and affectionate of men, and in return for his natural kindliness the world treated him with contempt and slander during his life, and gave him a pauper's grave in death. The contrast seems only heightened by the fact that just at the last, when his prospects appeared to brighten, he was no longer able to

* See chap. on "The Early Opera."

take advantage of the favorable offers that came to him from Holland."[2]

Poverty and disappointment finally wore out his strength and he died on December 5, 1791, at the age of thirty-five. The body was taken to a pauper's grave on a day so stormy that the followers turned back, and only the attendants were present at the burial. Today there remains no trace of the spot where this genius was laid.

Mozart's instrumental compositions may be said to have been preparatory for his greater work in the opera field. Of the forty-one symphonies which he wrote, only three are played at the present time. These three last symphonies were written in the most distressed period of his life, when he was in great physical and financial trouble, but they bear no signs of his misfortunes. Tschaikowsky says that every artist must lead a double existence—that is, real life need not affect his work. This was the case with Mozart. The last, often called the "Jubilant Symphony," is more bold and powerful than the others; it is fugal in treatment of its themes, but not in form. All three show a richer orchestration than any of Haydn's symphonies; Mozart was a master of the orchestra and possessed a fine sense for tone quality. His piano sonatas were written for his own or his pupils' use and he himself attached little importance to them.

The place that Mozart holds today is due to three operas written in his latter life: "The Marriage of Figaro," "Don Giovanni" and "The Magic Flute." He is the only composer who actually succeeded in depicting human character by means of his music. To him alone was given that vital power of *characterization* exhibited with such consummate skill in his later operas. "It is no exaggeration to say that Mozart's music reveals the inmost soul of the characters of his opera as plainly as if they were discussed upon a printed page." The text of "The Marriage of Figaro" is of a somewhat frivolous nature, throwing light on the existing social conditions of that time; but there is a great complexity of plot that affords variety of musical treatment.

Figaro, the valet of Count Almariva, is engaged to Suzanna, maid to the Countess, notwithstanding the fact that the

[2] Elson's "A Critical History of Opera," page 105.

old duenna, Marcellina, pretends to have claims upon him. Although the Count has carried on a flirtation with the charming Suzanna, he is madly jealous of his wife, whom he suspects of being fond of her beautiful page, Cherubino. In the second act the Countess, aided by Suzanna and Figaro, plan a scheme by which they may have a jest at the expense of the Count, who has written a note to Suzanna asking for a secret meeting in the garden. They dress Cherubino in the maid's costume, but the Count appears too soon and the scheme is given up. While Figaro is explaining away the confusion and suspicious actions of the others, Marcellina enters and presents Figaro's written engagement with her. This secretly delights the Count, who has never wished to see Suzanna married, and he promises Marcellina that she shall have justice. The next act, however, proves Figaro to be the long-lost son of Marcellina, and Figaro is again jubilant. The trick planned in the first act is carried through; by an exchange of costume, the Countess is made love to by her own husband, who in the darkness supposes her to be Suzanna, and soon after thinks he sees first Cherubino and then Figaro flirting desperately with his wife, though it is in reality her maid. Finally the Countess makes her identity known and the Count, thoroughly ashamed of himself, vows her eternal allegiance and restores Suzanna to Figaro.

Mozart's next opera, "Don Giovanni," also in Italian text, furnishes a supernatural libretto which admits of a wide scope of imagination in its musical setting. His marvelous power of differentiating his characters' natures is nowhere more strikingly shown. This opera met with great success and is a general favorite in our own time. Streatfeild made the criticism: "If there be such a thing as immortality for any work of art, it must surely be conceded to "Don Giovanni."

"The Magic Flute" is the most important in that it suggests the establishment of a distinctly German school of opera. Before this work appeared all countries had adopted not only Italian melody and form in their operas, but the Italian language as well. Although "The Magic Flute" is not so great a work as either of the other two operas, it possesses unquestionable merit. Written in German text, it contains many songs in imitation of the native folk song and readily found a warm welcome in all German hearts.

Its libretto is partly allegorical and partly fictitious. As the curtain rises Prince Tamino is seen rushing in, pursued by a horrible serpent, and falls exhausted at the foot of the temple of the Queen of Night. He is spied by three ladies-in-waiting, who rush out and kill the snake with their silver spears. They then show Tamino a portrait of Pamina, the daughter of their mistress, and he is filled with a great longing to see the maiden. Pamina, he is informed, has been stolen by Sarastro, the old high-priest of Isis, and is being held a prisoner in his palace. Tamino resolves to rescue the maiden, and the ladies present him with a magic flute, which will act as a charm and ward off all danger. Pagageno, a gay fellow, is armed with magic bells and assigned to him as a companion, and together they set out. Three genii are sent with them to point out the way.

Arrived at the palace, Tamino is refused admittance, but Pagageno contrives by some means to get in, and persuades Pamina to flee with them. She agrees, but as they start they are intercepted by a Moor, whom Sarastro has set as a guard over his prisoner. Finally the high-priest himself appears and says that Tamino and Pamino shall not be united until they have undergone trials to test their love. To this the lovers agree, go through the period of probation successfully and are happily married. The Queen of Night and her kingdom are then vanquished and a reign of wisdom and light is established.

The hand of death was already upon Mozart when he finished this opera, but he had begun a still greater work. His Requiem Mass is one of the most beautiful compositions the Catholic church possesses. When analyzing this mass we must remember that it was written by a dying man, and allow for certain defects. It is a most worthy farewell to the world and a fitting testimony to the greatness of the soul of its creator. He left it unfinished, but a pupil who worked with him has given it an admirable completion.

Mozart was in no respect a reformer. He was content to take forms as he found them and with consummate skill make them perfect models of their kind. His influence over modern composers cannot be exaggerated; without him the work of Weber and Wagner would have been impossible. To

modern ears, accustomed to rich and highly-colored harmonies, Mozart's orchestration sounds thin and often monotonous, and he never allowed expression to interfere with the conventional form in which he clothed his beautiful melody. But he stands as the highest type of the purely classical composer; in his style we see a blending of German depth, Italian beauty and French truth to facts.

Classified List of His Works.

Instrumental: Forty-one symphonies, twenty-eight serenades for orchestra, thirty-one string quartets, twenty-eight concertos, forty-six sonatas for piano and violin, twenty-one piano sonatas and fantasias, marches. quintets, sets of variations and a vast number of minor pieces. Vocal: Twenty-one operas, sixteen masses, arias, trios, quartets and songs.

Ludwig Van Beethoven (1770-1837).

In the year 1770, about the sixteenth of December, Ludwig van Beethoven was born in Bonn, a little town in northern Germany. Of humble birth and family at times cruelly poverty-stricken, Beethoven received but a very meagre school training. This was a sore grievance to him all his life, and even as a child was a great disappointment; but his father, a dissipated and somewhat worthless man, was determined that his son's time should be spent in developing his already marked genius. For the boy gave promising signs of becoming a prodigy, and in this possibility was seen a source of livelihood for the family.

Ludwig was at first instructed on the piano-forte and violin by his father, who was himself a tenor singer of good ability, and many tales are told of the severity imposed upon the lad in regard to his practice; among them is the story that when Ludwig was but four years of age his father would keep him at the keyboard for hours at a time. If this be true, it is marvelous that the child did not learn to despise music before his genius had a chance to assert itself. Later he was put under the supervision of Pfeiffer, a good musician but a man of irregular habits, and Neefe, who gave him his first instruction in composition. His first three sonatas, which

were dedicated to the Elector, appeared before he was thirteen.

With the possible exception of a trip to Holland, Beethoven did not leave home until 1787, when he went to Vienna. During his visit in that city he played before Mozart, who exclaimed: "Pay heed to this youth; he will make a noise in the world." His stay was cut short by the news that his mother was dying. He returned home at once and arrived while she was yet living, though the end came shortly after. She had been the one cheerful and helpful influence in the home, and drearier than ever seemed life to the motherless boy. His desolate grief was expressed in a few lines written to the friend who had aided him in his return journey from Vienna: "Who was happier than I when I could still pronounce the sweet word 'mother' and have it heard? To whom can I speak it now?"

He spent the next few years in Bonn, busy with writing and teaching, and caring for his younger brothers. The death of his father in 1792 left Ludwig in charge of the other children, and the responsibility of directing their education fell upon him alone. During his four years' stay in Bonn he won warm friends in the family of Madame von Breuning and Count Waldstein (to whom was afterward dedicated the famous "Waldstein" sonata—Opus 53).

When he was twenty-two years of age, Beethoven was again able to go to Vienna, this time as a student or at least a systematic worker. He went with the intention of studying composition with Haydn, but this plan did not prove successful. Haydn, over sixty and extremely conservative, found the passionate and radical boy a great perplexity. Beethoven did not think he was receiving proper attention and went to other teachers. He is reported as having said: "It is true Haydn gave me lessons, but he taught me nothing." Probably no one could have helped him greatly, for his genius seems not to have needed outside guidance and he never received suggestions kindly.

Up to this time his compositions were few and not especially important; they showed a clear mind and no little talent, but none of them are played today. It was as a pianist that Beethoven was first known to the world. He won a widespread fame, not alone for his technical ability but by his

marvelous skill in improvising; in this he excelled all others. We are told that he played with so much feeling that his hearers would be moved to tears by the pathos, or held spellbound by the brilliancy of his interpretation. His supply of themes was seemingly inexhaustive; others rivaled him in mechanical skill, but none could approach him in unfailing richness of thought and intense individuality. Beethoven was the first musician of rank to profit by the establishment of the concert system, by which the composer was made independent of the patronage of the aristocracy, and was for the first time able to make his works directly known to the world by playing them before public audiences.

Aided by letters of introduction from the von Breunings and Count Waldstein, he won influential friends in Vienna. Chief among them were Prince Lichnowsky and his wife, who welcomed him at all times to their home; they were willing to overlook his external roughness of manner, for beneath it all they discerned the true character of the young genius. Money was of no moment to Beethoven and he looked with open contempt upon those high in social rank, on one occasion remarking: "*My* nobility is here, and here" (pointing to his heart and head). But, notwithstanding this superior scorn of worldly wealth and position, we note that he dedicated a vast number of his compositions to titled nobility. Beethoven's was a social nature and he loved the gaiety and splendor of the princely houses, in spite of the fact that he seemed to live in a world of his own. The fact that he was welcomed in the highest society, despite his unquestionable personal drawbacks, shows what respect his genius commanded.

He was of small stature, dark, ungraceful and almost ugly in appearance, but with a wonderful head and features that betrayed his intense passion and powers of emotion. He was frequently in love, passionately so, but seldom bestowed his affections for any length of time. His idiosyncrasies have been dwelt upon to great excess by some biographers, but deserve only passing attention.

There is no satisfactory biography of Beethoven written in English, and the best clue to his real views and personality may be found in his private letters and in his will. They show him to be well aware of his personal faults and draw-

backs, but he pleads his physical afflictions and necessarily solitary life as the cause. In them, too, is expressed his undying belief in a Divine Providence, although formalities of religion were to him but empty forms.

His illness of 1797 resulted in partial deafness, which rapidly grew worse, and within a year the hearing of one ear was totally destroyed. It is impossible to estimate the effect of this distressing malady upon his compositions. The direct result was to cause the sensitive man to retreat more and more from the outer world into one of his own creation, and this may, or may not, have altered the character of his work. In addition to bringing silence to this master of tones, it caused acute suffering, for noises roared and buzzed constantly in his aching head. This deafness, which was but one phase of his general ill-health, drove him to such anguish of mind that he once contemplated taking his own life. As he himself explained: "It was impossible for me to say to others: speak louder; shout! for I am deaf. Ah! was it possible for me to proclaim a deficiency in that one sense which in my case ought to have been more perfect than in all others, which I had once possessed in greatest perfection, to a degree of perfection, indeed, which few of my profession have ever enjoyed? How great was the humiliation when one who stood beside me heard the distant sound of a shepherd's pipe, and I heard nothing; or heard the shepherd singing, and I heard nothing. Such experiences brought me to the verge of despair—but little more and I should have put an end to my life. Art, art alone, deterred me." Surely a more tragic fate could not have befallen this rare genius.

As a boy Beethoven made a constant practice of carrying a note book with him upon his rambles in the beautiful country about Bonn, jotting down ideas and musical themes as impressions came to him. Composing was not spontaneous with him as with some composers—he always admitted it to be somewhat of an effort; but he did it with all possible care and never had to retrace his steps. In a talk with Louis Schlösser, a young musician, Beethoven said:

"I carry my thoughts about me for a long time, often a very long time, before I write them down; meanwhile my memory is so faithful that I am sure never to forget, not

even in years, a theme that has once occurred to me. I change many things, discard, and try again until I am satisfied. Then, however, there begins in my head the development in every direction, and, inasmuch as I know exactly what I want, the fundamental idea never deserts me—it arises before me, grows —I see and hear the picture in all its extent and dimensions stand before my mind like a cast, and there remains nothing for me but the labor of writing it down, which is quickly accomplished when I have the time, for I sometimes take up other work, but never to the confusion of one with the other. You will ask me where I get my ideas. That I cannot tell you with certainty; they come unsummoned, directly, indirectly—I could seize them with my hands—out in the open air; in the woods; while walking; in the silence of the nights; early in the morning; incited by moods which are translated by the poet into words, by me into tones that sound and roar and storm about me until I have set them down in notes."

Beethoven was the first to express all forms of passion in his music. We see the sublime, heroic, thoughtful, and occasionally the humorous (as illustrated in the Scherzo of Opus 31, No. 3) worked out with equal skill. Form and expression cannot be separated in any art. Beethoven's external form was not original with him; it had been used by Mozart and Haydn, but neither of them ever sacrificed perfection of form and pleasing melody to the expression of human emotions. Beethoven was a master of form, but he never allowed it to hamper his flow of thought in the least degree. He performed a great and lasting service to musical form, expanding, enriching the details and adding new intensity of expression. His later works show an ever-increasing tendency to break away from the conventional sonata structure, as if his genius could be bound by no rigid lines.

Although Beethoven was not such a master of counterpoint and fugue as Bach, in the perfection of theme development he far surpassed the earlier composer. The fugue seemed too confined and rigid a form for him to use with ease, and he attempted it but little. He did not depart altogether from the rules and ideas of the older composers, but he brought new principles into use and made radical changes in harmonies and rhythm. One important form that he greatly

developed, both in his sonatas and symphonies, was the Variation. In his later works his variations depart more and more from the theme and show a vivid imagination.

It is difficult to draw a fixed line dividing any life into periods, but generally speaking, there may be said to be three epochs in Beethoven's work, which, though overlapping one another, nevertheless mark distinct stages in his musical development. The first includes his first twenty works. In these may be noticed the steadily growing independence with which he expresses his thoughts. It is interesting to note that the three sonatas of his Opus Two are dedicated to Joseph Haydn. In the second period he wrote the works best known to musical students and the concert-world. They include the so-called "Moonlight"[1] and "Appassionata" sonatas —perhaps all up to Opus 100—his greatest quartets and all but the last of his symphonies. The works of his later years are appalling in their difficulties and are seldom heard; they show the amazing development of a wonderful soul and seem the inspiration of another world.

It is unquestionably easier to trace Beethoven's artistic evolution in the sonata forms; they are less complex and afford a better opportunity for understanding his personality. But it is in his quartets and symphonies that he is at his greatest. It has been said that in the sonatas he refers to his innermost self, but in the symphonies the sentiment is more general in character and truly grander. In all he makes use of startling modulations, wonderfully rich harmonies and rushing arpeggio and scale passages. He was most at ease in writing for the orchestra, and his songs are not in popular use largely because of the fact that he frequently carries the parts quite out of voice range. He acknowledged that the symphony was his real element when he said: "When sounds ring in me I always hear the full orchestra; I can ask anything of instrumentalists, but when writing for the voice I must continually ask myself: 'Can that be sung?' "

[1] This title is wholly without warrant. "Its origin is due to Rellstab, who, in describing the first movement, drew a picture of a small boat in the moonlight on Lake Lucerne. In Vienna a tradition that Beethoven had composed it in an arbor gave rise to the title 'Arbor sonata.' Titles of this character work much mischief in the amateur mind by giving rise to fantastic conceptions of the contents of the music."—H. E. Krehbiel.

Although Beethoven was the last of the so-called classical composers (the others being Bach, Handel,[2] Haydn and Mozart), there is in his compositions a tendency toward definite expression, especially in his sonatas and symphonies with titles, that anticipates the Romantic School.

All his symphonies, with the exception of his last—the Ninth—are heard frequently and are known to every attendant of symphony concerts. Possibly the Fifth, in C minor, is the most popular, and is the work that has made him so widely known to the general public. The Third symphony, written in 1803, was dedicated to Napoleon, then the hero of the hour, whom Beethoven greatly admired. But when the news came that he had proclaimed himself Emperor and assumed the royal purple, Beethoven's rage knew no bounds. He seized the dedication page and tore it to shreds, while the manuscript of the "Heroic" symphony fell to the floor, where it lay untouched for days. This ardent lover of republicanism did not easily recover from the disappointment of seeing his idol fall shattered to the ground. It is said that he exclaimed with great feeling: "Pity I do not understand the art of war as I do the art of music; I should yet conquer Napoleon." This work was written in his later style and is in advance of his former compositions. The famous "Funeral March" forms the second movement, followed by a Scherzo in marked contrast to the sombre gloom of the death march.

The Ninth symphony is seldom performed in this country, as it involves choral work of intense difficulty. Wagner gave it as his opinion that Beethoven realized he had developed instrumental music to its limit, and felt that any further progress in musical expression lay in the combination of voices and instruments. His Mass in D is a colossal work written for the Catholic church, but its difficulty prevents its frequent use.

All the works of Beethoven's later life show a marked tendency to break away from the conventional forms. No better example of this is given than in the Sonata Opus 106, written in 1818; its first movement is constructed on two themes in violent contrast to each other, and the whole is built on a gigantic scale. These later works possess such magnitude

[2] Bach and Handel properly belong to a contrapuntal school.

and complexity of thought that they required a wideness of scope not possible in the conventional forms.

Beethoven's one opera, "Fidelio," was a great success and is often heard today. The plot is not worthy of such masterly treatment but gives ample field for his marvelous betrayal of passion. The music has been criticised as following the text rather too closely, but the composer sought by this means to supplement the action by expressing definite thoughts instead of vague emotions.

The story of the opera is briefly this: Florestan, a Spanish nobleman, incurring the wrath of Don Pizarro, Governor of the state prison, is seized secretly and cast into a vile dungeon. Then Pizarro causes the report to be circulated that Florestan is dead; but his wife will not believe the evil report and determines to find out whether her husband has been imprisoned. Disguised in male attire, under the name of Fidelio she secures a position as assistant to Rocco, the jailer. She makes warm friends at the prison, among them Rocco himself and his daughter Marcelline, who falls violently in love with the supposed youth and forsakes her faithful lover, Jacquino. But try as she may, Fidelio cannot find her husband among the prisoners who daily file in and out the gate.

Finally Don Pizarro receives a letter announcing the approaching visit of the Minister to the prison. Now, Pizarro fears to have him find his friend Florestan cruelly treated, so resolves to kill his prisoner. He summons Rocco to dig a grave in the dungeon, that all traces of the crime may be hidden. The jailer confides the secret to Fidelio, who begs to help him in the work. Together they go and find Florestan chained to a stone and wasted to a skeleton for lack of food. He is so exhausted that he is gradually losing his reason and calls incessantly for his wife. When she sees his awful state she almost faints, but by a mighty effort goes on with her work. When the dire task is accomplished Rocco leaves, but Fidelio hides behind a pillar, resolved to save her husband or die with him.

Pizarro then enters and, lifting high his dagger, rushes at Florestan, but Fidelio throws herself between him and his victim. Pizarro is so surprised that he loses his presence of mind, and she points her pistol at his head. At this moment

trumpets sound announcing the Minister, and Pizarro is compelled to retreat. The Minister is much grieved to find Florestan in such a state and, learning the cause, has Pizarro led away in chains. The devoted husband and wife are thus united, and Marcelline, much embarrassed at her mistake, returns to her faithful Jacquino.

In 1815 Beethoven's brother Carl died, leaving him in care of a worthless nephew, to whom the composer was passionately devoted, but who gave him much worry and probably hastened his breakdown. His now total deafness made public performance and orchestral conducting impossible. The following story is told of one of his last appearances as conductor: "At the first performance of the Ninth Symphony the concert was arranged for amid great difficulties; the house was crowded by an immense audience. The people were eager not only to hear the work but to see the great composer. He, a dweller in silence, not only did not hear the thunderous applause that greeted him, but stood with his back to the audience still moving his baton. A singer touched him and drew his attention to the applauding people. 'When the deaf musician bent his head in acknowledgment, many an eye among the faces he so calmly confronted was dim with tears.' "[3]

In the winter of 1826 he was taken seriously ill and died within a few months, after intense suffering. The thousands that gathered at his funeral bore testimony to the place he held in the hearts of the people.

One of the incidental results of Beethoven's work was the improvement in the technical skill of pianists. In playing Mozart's piano compositions great skill is not required, but Beethoven exacted marvelous technique, great strength of arm, wrist and fingers. His compositions abound in difficulty of execution, but merely as a means of expression rather than an end in itself.

He wrote in a style far in advance of his time and, because misunderstood by his critics, was often misjudged. His was a peculiar, almost dual, nature. Compelled by fate to become a philosopher at the age of twenty-eight and endure life rather

[3] Tapper's "First Studies in Music Biography," page 184.

than enjoy it, he sought solace in music, which was to him the highest means of expression.

"Beethoven's relation to art might almost be described as personal. Art was his goddess to whom he made petition, to whom he rendered thanks, whom he defended. He praised her as his savior in times of despair; by his own confession it was only the prospect of her comforts that prevented him from laying violent hands on himself. Read his words and you shall find that it was his art that was his companion in his wanderings through field and forest, the sharer of the solitude to which his deafness condemned him. The concepts of Nature and Art were intimately bound up in his mind. His lofty and idealistic conception of art led him to proclaim the purity of his goddess with the hot zeal of a priestly fanatic. Every form of pseudo or bastard art stirred him with hatred to the bottom of his soul; hence his furious onslaughts on mere virtuosity and all efforts from influential sources to utilize art for other than purely artistic purposes. And his art rewarded his devotion richly; she made his sorrowful life worth living with gifts of purest joy."[4]

Too great emphasis cannot be laid upon Beethoven's influence in nearly every form of music. He brought the sonata and symphony to a height hitherto undreamed of and never again equalled. He indirectly raised the standard of piano playing, set orchestration on a new and firmer basis and left a wealth of musical productions that will always be standards of form and make the world better because of their purity and unsurpassed beauty.

Classified List of His Works.

Instrumental: Nine symphonies, nine overtures, one violin concerto, five piano concertos, string quartets, trios for piano and strings, ten sonatas for violin, five sonatas for cello, thirty-two sonatas for piano alone, sets of variations for piano. Vocal: Two masses, one oratorio, one opera and many songs.

[4] H. E. Krehbiel.

THE ROMANTIC COMPOSERS.

Early in the nineteenth century two movements made their appearance in German music (1) Romantic opera and (2) the German art song. With the former we connect the name of Weber and with the latter that of Schubert; these two composers began their work when Beethoven was at his height.

The opera and song are connected with the Romantic movement then prevalent in German art and literature. The first step in this direction was made about the year 1800 by a group of one hundred or more men who banded together to create a new department in literature. This group of poets came to be known as the "Romantic School" and later on the name was applied to a school of artists, and, last of all, to musicians. Romanticists in poetry and painting have been almost entirely superseded by Realists, but the Romantic school of music still exists.

It is difficult to define the Romantic movement because it embraced so many different things. It was the result of an attempt on the part of German writers and critics to break away from the classic style and create one that should be distinctly national. Their subjects were drawn from the beliefs and stories of the middle ages and, because these early Romanticists were poets rather than historians, they portrayed mediæval life not as it really was, but as they fancied it to have been. These stories were not without historical basis, but they were idealized and altered to such an extent that they lost their original character and became beautiful myths and fairy tales.

Pater gives as his definition of romanticism: "It is the addition of strangeness to beauty that constitutes the romantic character in art; and the desire of beauty being a fixed element in every artistic organization, it is the addition of curiosity to the desire of beauty that constitutes the romantic temper." The spirit of romanticism supplanted that of the more conservative classicism, and has existed in some degree in every art in every age.

Although Beethoven belonged to the classic school, he opened the door that gave romantic music its liberty when he forced the detached and impersonal language of the early classic composers to give place to one expressive of individual passion and personal feeling. The Romanticists did not confine their subjects to German lore; their love of the bizarre and highly colored led them to Spain and the Orient. In the new style of opera the *comic* element was sometimes woven into the plot, but never the *burlesque*. The strength of this movement lay in the fact that it developed patriotism and the imagination; its weakness, as we shall see, was due to the sentimentality to which it tended. Schubert possessed qualities of both the romantic and the classic school, but Weber was an out-and-out Romanticist. Down to the beginning of the nineteenth century opera had been Italian in its melody, text and treatment; it remained for Weber to establish a form of musical drama which should be distinctly German in all its traits.

WEBER (1786-1826).

Carl Maria von Weber was born in Prussia in the year 1786. His father was a wandering theatre director and the boy's early life was spent amid strange and often degrading scenes. His education was of necessity irregular, but Weber had strong literary tastes and soon made himself master of his circumstances. Although he was gay and reckless as a young man, his early surroundings do not seem to have made a lasting impression upon his character. In his later life his resolute determination and simplicity of habits were very apparent.

He possessed in a strong degree the dramatic sense, which he early turned to account. Romanticism appealed to him strongly and the varied circumstances of his life confirmed this tendency. "His brightness, his peculiarities, his lively melodies and artistic wanderings were in full accord with the romantic spirit of German national life, and made him seem more like a troubadour of old than a man of the practical nineteenth century." [1]

[1] Elson—"A Critical Hist. of the Opera," p. 134.

His first opera of importance was "Silvanna," written in 1810, and the following year his comic opera "Abu Hassan" made its appearance. The years from 1813 to 1817 he spent as opera director, critic and composer; at this time the patriotic zeal of his countrymen was turned against Napoleon, and Weber wrote many songs, expressing the feeling of Prussia, which added greatly to his popularity. In 1817 he was called to Dresden to direct the opera, and this afforded him excellent opportunity to help German opera gain a firm foothold. The next nine years were spent in composing and directing, and during this time his three greatest operas were produced: "Der Freischütz," "Oberon" and "Euryanthe." His later life was spent in ill-health away from all his friends, but his compositions show nothing of his sorrow. He died suddenly in London on June 4, 1826. A few years later his body was removed to Dresden, where a funeral oration was delivered by Richard Wagner.

Weber did not create German romantic opera, which had already been foreshadowed by Mozart, but he gave it the distinctive character which it has retained. The real antecedent of his work may be found in the German "Songspiel" of the eighteenth century. This was an entertainment in which dialogue was interspersed with songs, some of them based on fairy tales and allegories. Out of this song-play grew the romantic opera of Weber and later composers.

The plot of "Der Freischütz," which means "one who shoots with magic bullets," is taken from an old tradition of a forest demon who is able to furnish magic at the price of the purchaser's soul. Max, in love with Agatha, must win her by proving himself the best marksman in the forest. In a preliminary trial he is defeated and, urged by Kaspar, enters into an agreement with the demon, Zaniel, for use of his magic bullets. Kaspar himself is in the power of the evil spirit, and unless he can furnish another victim as substitute will have to forfeit his soul; for this reason he has persuaded Max to enter into a similar compact.

Meanwhile Agatha is filled with forebodings of evil and tells her fears to a pious hermit, who gives her a magic wreath of roses which will ward off all harm. The day of the contest arrives and Max easily defeats his competitors with the first

six bullets; the demon then forces him to direct the seventh at Agatha, but she is saved by the magic wreath and the bullet instead kills Kaspar. Thus Zaniel is given his original victim and Max is free to claim his bride.

"The music to this national legend, combining as it did all of Weber's brilliancy with the beautiful simplicity of the German *Volkslied,* won a success that was not only tremendous at the start, but as lasting as any in the realm of opera. The German nation went wild with delight over their new drama. Weber himself, after conducting a performance of it in Vienna, wrote in his diary: 'Greater enthusiasm there cannot be, and I tremble to think of the future, for it is scarcely possible to rise higher than this. To God alone the praise!' The noble horn quartette of the overture, the tender prayer of Agatha, the brisk hunting choruses, the sombre grandeur of the incantations, the homely comfortings of Anne and the bridesmaids, and the sensational climax, must have dealt an overwhelming blow to the conventionalities that still remained in the old-style operas."[1]

"Euryanthe" has to do with the military romance so popular with writers of opera texts. That it was not wholly successful is due to the triviality of its plot, for musically it is one of the finest works ever produced by German genius. In "Euryanthe" Weber attempted to merge the aria with the declamatory style of recitative, thus creating a continuous music which formed a perfect union of poetry. If we wish to compare Weber with Wagner, we should compare "Euryanthe" and "Lohengrin," for although the latter is stronger in every way, their musical style is much the same.

In "Oberon" are shown three different phases of romanticism,—fairy, military and court life, which are represented by melodies of ravishing beauty. In his overtures Weber carred out the principles established by Gluck and showed great originality in the use of the orchestra for dramatic purposes. He produced novel effects and opened a new field in orchestral possibilities. He made much use of "local color," which term when applied to music means bringing to the hearer's mind the association connected with certain scenes and epochs, by means of musical themes. For example, if Oriental scenes

[1] Ibid., p. 138.

are to be presented, the modern composer uses characteristic Oriental music to accompany them. Thus local color becomes a means of artistic expression; this inclination to call up scenes by means of musical sounds connected with them is a thoroughly romantic trait.

The Romantic School of Opera reached its culmination under Richard Wagner, but his work would have been impossible had it not been for the foundation laid by Weber.

SCHUBERT (1797-1828).

Franz Schubert was the virtual founder of the German Lied and was the first to make song the medium for every shade of personal feeling. The story of his life contains little of interest; he lived unknown to the world and was unappreciated all his life. The form known as "song" may be defined as one in which a single thought or sentiment is expressed. It is not narrative, but an expression of a single mood, and is characterized by simplicity of thought and feeling.

"The Lied is distinguished from the earlier forms of solo song (aria, ode) in this respect, that no longer the music but the *word-text* appears as the chief element. About the middle of the eighteenth century Lied texts were composed to already existing melodies; the modern Lied composer, however, sets music to a poem; he seeks by his art to enhance the effect of the poet's words."[1]

Schubert was born in a little village near Vienna, January 31, 1797. When but a child he began the study of music under the direction of his father, who was a school-master with some knowledge of violin-playing. Franz possessed a fine soprano voice and thus gained admittance to the St. Stephen's choir school in Vienna, where he was given instruction in singing and learned something of composition. At the age of sixteen his voice changed and he returned home to begin his work as assistant in his father's school.

He was to a great extent a self-educated musician, for, although his rare gifts attracted his teachers' attention, he was a constant puzzle to them, and he never found any one

[1] Dickinson—"Hist. of Music," p. 199.

who could give him the rigid training he needed. He seemed to learn by intuition, as one of his instructors explained: "Whenever I wanted to teach him anything new, I found that he had already mastered it." During the years in which he taught with his father he found time to write a vast amount of music, among which were some of his finest songs—"The Erl-King" and "The Wanderer."

The value of his songs was first discovered by Vogl, a famous tenor singer in Vienna. It was he who persuaded him to leave the school drudgery and devote himself entirely to music. So upon his advice Schubert went to Vienna and joined a little group of talented young men of literary and musical tastes, and soon became the leader of the circle. From this time on his career was one of unbroken activity in composition.

Schubert could not gain the recognition of publishers and none of his works were printed until four years before his death. His life seems melancholy and even distressing in its lack of all that he, as a true genius, might have commanded, but it was not so to him. If he was a poor man he at least had a poor man's tastes, and thus knew nothing of the bitterness that has filled so many composers' lives. He is described as "a short, stout man, with round shoulders, thick, blunt fingers, low forehead, projecting lips, stumpy nose, and short curly hair." Unattractive physically and fond of gay Bohemian life, he was always ill at ease in the best society.

"To drink his mug of beer and eat his sausage, to flirt with pretty servant-maids and peasant girls, to discourse youthful philosophy and play practical jokes with convivial poets, painters and students, above all to fill realms of paper with the melodies that were always flooding his brain—this was his conception of sufficing happiness."

His compositions are marked by a tinge of melancholy, but this was due to his natural temperament rather than his unfortunate circumstances. Although he was not a dissipated man, his irregular habits necessarily undermined his vitality, and he was unable to recover from a fever to which he fell victim. He died at the age of thirty-one, just as he was entering the prime of life.

The German art song exists in three different forms: (1)

Stanza form, in which the same music is given to all stanzas; (2) Modified stanza form, in which the music of the last stanza differs from that of the others, and (3) The Through-Composed (durchcomponirt) form, in which there is no division of music into stanzas, the melody being continuous. This is, of course, the highest form of song and the one most often employed by Schubert.

His songs were vastly different from the operatic style and required a different kind of singing. This partially explains why they were so little known to his contemporaries; it took time to develop the lyric quality in the art of singing. Schubert appeared at a time when a new school of German poetry was being produced, the style of which was in perfect sympathy with his. He possessed in an intense degree poetic imagination and his melodies are wedded to the poems he used. His greatest genius was in the emphasis he laid upon the accompaniments of his songs; he was the first to reveal the possibilities of the piano accompaniment.

Although Schubert is best known as the creator of the German Lied, he has written many instrumental works, some of them of great value. He was just beginning to show his real ability in this field when an untimely death put an end to his career. It is probable that, had he lived to an old age, Schubert could not have surpassed his best songs, but his instrumental compositions would certainly have shown a steadily-developing genius. His unfinished symphony in B minor, the one in C, and his string quartets portray a marked originality and are unsurpassed in musical beauty.

Schubert's piano works are known today by all piano students, but many of the shorter compositions show an unevenness of treatment, a confusion and even laxness of style that is probably due to his lack of early training. Interspersed throughout the loveliest melodies—which, by the way, are often better suited to songs than instrumental pieces—are passages of trifling themes that cover pages with their monotonous repetitions, and seem carelessly thrown in as mere "padding" rather than a part of a carefully conceived form. The best of this group are the fantasie in C, waltzes and impromptus.

Notwithstanding the fact that it was his chief aim to

write a good opera, in this field he invariably failed, for he did not possess the dramatic gift; his style was purely lyric. The romantic traits are not as pronounced in Schubert's compositions as in those of Weber; he is the link that joins the Classic and the Romantic schools, and displays many of the characteristics of both.

"The Serenade," "Am Meer," which suggests the majesty of the sea, "Hark! Hark! the Lark," one of the loveliest songs in existence, "The Wanderer," "The Erl-King," and "Sylvia" are a few of the songs by which he is most widely known. But there are others which better reveal the real depth and grandeur of his style: "Du bist die Ruh," "Der Tod und das Mädchen," and the song cycles "Die schöne Müllerin" and "Die Winterreise." Schubert wrote in all over 450 songs, dramatic pieces, chamber music (trios, quartets, etc.), nine symphonies, twenty-four sonatas for piano, and a large number of miscellaneous pieces.

Never did death come to a composer more inopportunely. It is impossible to tell to what heights this genius might have risen, had he been allowed to continue the work so nobly begun.

Development of the Piano.

Before taking up the group of Romantic piano composers we may well consider briefly the kind of instrument for which they wrote.

The piano is of Italian origin, the invention of Christofori, and dates back to about the year 1710. It was the gradual outgrowth of the dulcimer and not of the clavichord or harpsichord, as is sometimes supposed. About the only new feature that the inventor claimed for this instrument was its ability to play both soft and loud, and from this characteristic it takes its name—*piano-forte*. It did not, however, gain popular favor at once and was lost sight of for a time. When next it was heard of, about seven years later, it was as the invention of Silberman of Germany.

The principal mechanism of the early instruments was practically the same as in those in use today, but very many improvements have been added, until now the only apparent

deficiency is its inability to increase the tone when once a key has been struck. The essential difference between the piano and the instruments just preceding it is that in the latter the keys were plucked instead of being struck by a hammer. In the earliest pianos these hammers were covered with leather, producing a tone that was harsh and more metallic than in those of modern make. The *escapement,* that causes the hammer to spring back, leaving the strings free to vibrate, is most important and did much to advance the general use of the instrument. The introduction of the pedal in 1775 marks an important stage in the history of piano-playing and greatly aided in establishing the piano in popular favor. The damper pedal, sometimes erroneously called "loud" pedal, by sustaining the note makes the overtones audible, thus producing a far richer and deeper effect than could be obtained by means of the harpsichord.

The change from the old to the new instruments was by no means sudden and unchecked. Bach thought the piano too hard to execute and its tone thin, though his judgment was passed on an instrument that we should consider far from perfect. Haydn wrote almost entirely for the clavier and he offered nothing new in the way of originality of execution. With Beethoven began a new epoch in the history of piano playing and piano music; his compositions necessitated an entirely new technique. Partly to meet the new demand, there arose new "schools" of pianists,—virtuosos who, neglecting the study of the masters, undertook to procure for themselves marvellous technical ability, but who possessed little or no artistic merit. Greater strength of arm and wrist was required and more freedom in single finger technique. As a class they advanced piano playing very little, if at all, for they played their own works exclusively. Out of this class and above those of mediocre worth there arose a group who stand in the foremost ranks of technical players and composers. They understood the possibilities of the piano and sought a means to effect their expression. It was necessary for piano music to pass through this stage that the instrument itself could reach its best.

Schumann entered the field when piano music was growing monotonous in its lack of variety, and introduced the poetic

element that was greatly needed. He was not exclusively a Romanticist, but his influence had a decided bearing on that school.

SCHUMANN (1810-1856).

Robert Schumann was born in Zwickau, Saxony, not far from Leipzig, in 1810. His parents desired him to become a lawyer and were so strongly opposed to his adopting music as a profession that he reluctantly abandoned the idea. At the age of eighteen he entered the University at Leipzig and became a student of law; there he tried to interest himself in study but his heart was not in his work. His passion for music was irrepressible and he soon found himself the center of a circle of friends whose interest lay in music, rather than the legal profession. Certainly there could have been little in the law to attract this imaginative and romantic youth.

In 1830 Schumann became convinced that he was wasting his time in pursuing a study so foreign to his taste, and finally persuaded his mother to allow him six months in which to try his skill with the piano, under the guidance of Friedrich Wieck. "My whole life," he wrote in a letter to his mother, "has been a twenty years' struggle between poetry and prose, or, if you like to call it so, Music and Law." Gaining her consent, he began his study with Wieck, at the same time continuing his work at the University.

Schumann possessed a strong love for literature and became passionately fond of the productions of Jean Paul Richter, whose emotional and highly-wrought ideas gained a powerful influence upon the young composer. The effect of the power which the writings of this idol of his youth exerted upon Schumann's work was apparent throughout his life.

He spent one year in the old university town of Heidelberg, his object being primarily that of attending law lectures; but his study received only a small part of his attention, for he gave himself almost unreservedly to music. Having finally decided to abandon the law for all time and follow his own inclination, Schumann set about with such haste to make up for the many years in which he had been deprived of musical training that he did himself permanent injury. He recklessly attempted to stretch the ligaments of his hands and

thus find a short road to the acquirement of a good technique. The result was that he lamed his right hand so seriously that he never again was able to use it for piano playing. The indirect consequence of this injury was most beneficial for the world of music, for he was obliged to turn his genius in the channels of composition, to which he had given little attention prior to this time.

The influence of Clara Wieck, whom he afterward married, upon Schumann's work accounts for much in the steady advancement of his genius. She was the greatest woman pianist in Europe at that time, and her artistic co-operation was a powerful inspiration to him all his life. He was of a very reserved temperament and not even his friends could be said to really know him.

The whole character of his music is robust and wholesome; his style is more original than that of any other composer, for although he sometimes resembles Beethoven, it may be truthfully said that Schumann created his own models. He tried to bring music into a closer relationship with literature, and his earlier compositions may be described as "word-pictures."

It was as a piano composer that he first came to the notice of the musical world. His piano pieces are very condensed, intricate in style and difficult of execution because his harmony is so rich and complex. He employed broken chords and wide skips, often spreading a chord over the interval of a tenth or even a fourteenth, and his compositions require great strength of arm and wrist. He relied upon harmonic effects rather than melody, and in the variety of his rhythms showed great originality.

"The inexhaustible tunefulness of the early Schumann is little short of marvellous. Few composers have been so prodigal of lovely melodies. They are like the king's daughters in the fairy tales, each more beautiful than the last; and though there is doubtless a family resemblance, each had a distinct physiognomy, a pronounced individuality. They are, for the most part, indeed, brief, striking motives rather than deliberately composed tunes, perfect but minute crystals of most various shapes, forming spontaneously in the highly saturated solution of the musical thought. No effort is made

to purify, separate, or collect them; what their composer seems chiefly to value is their profusion and luxuriance. To state the same thing in more technical terms, there is next to no thematic development; there is simply the presentation of one charming phrase after another. The result is of course a certain fragmentariness and whimsicality, the music impresses us not by its cumulative power, its orderly advance, but by the sheer charm of its primitive elements."[1]

Schumann's piano pieces with titles were a result of an effort to make music more expressive of *definite* moods, although it was his custom to give a piece its title after it was written. His genius was slow in developing and he did not attempt the larger forms until later. Of these early sets of pieces are the "Scenes from Childhood," the "Night Pieces," and, most famous of all, the "Carnival Scenes." The latter is a series of short characteristic pieces of unsurpassed beauty and originality. Among his larger works for piano are the sonata in F sharp minor, the fantasie in C, and the concerto in A minor.

Schumann's rarest qualities are to be found in his songs. He is one of the great song-writers,—probably ranking next to Schubert, although some critics place him first. His songs are not so spontaneous nor varied in range, nor did he equal Schubert as a melodist, but in richness of harmony and wealth of piano accompaniments he surpassed him. His rare literary taste is exhibited in his selection of poems. A large proportion of his songs deal with love, and he most beautifully pictured the "soul-life" of woman, as, for example, in the "Frauen-Liebe und Leben" (A Woman's Life and Love). His finest lyrics are contained in the "Liederkreis," "Mrythen" (Opus 25), and "Dichterliebe" (Opus 48). In 1840, the year in which he was married, he composed one hundred and thirty-eight songs.

Schumann wrote five symphonies; the *Spring* (B flat) and *Cologne* (E flat) symphonies show great freshness and breadth in their treatment. Many critics consider his chamber works the most perfect of his compositions. Of these the string quartets and the piano quintet in E flat are best known. The most popular of his works for solo, chorus and

[1] Mason—"The Romantic Composers," p. 118.

orchestra is "Paradise and the Peri," the subject which was taken from Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh." Schumann wrote one opera, but this was a failure, for he, like Schubert, did not possess the dramatic instinct.

Schumann's importance lay not alone in his ability as composer, for he was an important critic as well. In 1834 he and a few friends established a journal at Leipzig which was known as *Die neue Zeitschrift für Musik.* They stated that their object was "to honor the old, to welcome the new with a warm heart, to denounce whatever was untrue in art, to proclaim anything that was worthy no matter from what source it came, to elevate national taste by national art." Gradually the others withdrew and Schumann became sole editor of the journal. He had all the qualifications of an able critic: high ideals, liberal views, great readiness of expression and a thorough technical knowledge of the subject in hand. The influence he exerted for the advancement of the art of music is felt at the present time. Although a champion of romanticism, he considered it but a natural outgrowth of classical laws and tried to draw public taste away from the superficiality of the so-called virtuosos of the day to a more sincere appreciation of the great masters.

Among the composers whose merits were first recognized by Schumann we find the names of Chopin and Brahms. That he failed to appreciate the genius of Richard Wagner is not to his discredit, for Wagner's style was entirely new and it was small wonder that it took time to gain true appreciation.

A nervous disorder which came upon Schumann in early life gradually affected his mind and resulted in insanity. The malady was no doubt aggravated by the high tension under which he worked, and his last years were a tragic existence of depression and melancholia. He died in an asylum near Bonn, July, 1856.

MENDELSSOHN (1809-1847).

Mendelssohn was one of the best balanced and most wholesome men in the list of composers. He possessed extraordinary talent rather than genius, and this should be kept in mind in attempting a criticism of his work. Son of a wealthy

banker and born to high social position, his life was sheltered and even, and this undoubtedly had a direct bearing upon the character of his work. He was not a composer who worked along lines which were in advance of his time and thus did not have to create a spirit of appreciation. Master of pathos and the sublime in music he was not; his style was graceful and sympathetic, and therefore easily understood.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born in Hamburg in 1809. He was of pure Jewish blood; his grandfather, Moses Mendelssohn, was a philosophical writer, and the composer's mother was a woman of superior education. The name Bartholdy was taken by his father when he embraced the Christian faith. Like Mozart, Felix had a sister a few years older than himself, who was also a remarkable musician. Fannie Mendelssohn forsook what would probably have been a wonderful musical career when she married Hensel, the painter; her rare judgment and sympathy were always of the greatest aid to her brother.

Felix received his early education in Berlin. His parents determined that he should not allow his musical ability to interfere with other interests, and he was given a liberal education, passing through the gymnasium, attending lectures at the University and travelling extensively in England, Switzerland and Italy. The Mendelssohn home in Berlin was the favorite resort of many scholars, statesmen and artists, and the young composer was constantly in an atmosphere of refinement and culture. "He never knew the squalor of poverty, the paralysis of drudgery, the bitterness of inaptitude, the dull ache of disappointment. In his bright, precocious childhood he was the idol of a wise father, a fond mother, brothers and sisters who shared his tastes and in some measure his abilities, and a circle of literary and artistic friends at the head of which was the aged Goethe. In later years he had all the advantages of university training, the best teachers in music, foreign travel, varied friendships, a happy marriage, and a fame extending to all corners of Europe. Appropriately indeed was he named Felix."[1]

He was a precocious pianist, organist and composer; he appeared as a public player at the age of nine, composed the

[1] Ibid., p. 167.

famous "Rondo Capriccioso" when fourteen and the overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the age of seventeen. This overture is most original in its fairy-like and graceful beauty, and is technically one of his most perfect productions. While still a student in Berlin, Mendelssohn organized the first performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" since that composer's death. It was a difficult task but Mendelssohn was most successful; this marked the beginning of the Bach revival.

The next few years were spent in travel through England and Scotland, of which his impressions are recorded in the "Hebrides" overture and the "Scotch" symphony.

His reputation as a composer was established in 1835 in Cologne by the production of the oratorio "St. Paul," and in 1843 he was appointed director of the Leipzig Conservatory. This was a great honor to be given the young composer, but he disliked the routine of instructing and was not very successful. Three years later he directed the first performance of perhaps his greatest work—the Oratorio of Elijah. This performance took place in Birmingham and was a gift to the English people. At that time Mendelssohn was almost idolized in England and critics today agree that his influence was most harmful to the music of that country, for he was imitated to an unwarrantable extent. This blind worship of him, however, is now a thing of the past.

"Elijah" was written in Mendelssohn's maturity and contains passages of unsurpassed beauty and strength. Especially notable are the episodes in the desert when Elijah despairs and is comforted by his visions ("It is Enough" and "He Watching Over Israel").

Mendelssohn was a man of charming personality and great warmth of affection. Perhaps his sheltered life of ease and comfort was detrimental to his musical development,—he never was able to express the depths of human passion; but there are some natures that seem to require the sunshine of life and at least we may say that prosperity never destroyed his ideals. He was passionately, almost jealously, devoted to his friends; the death of his sister, Fanny, closely following that of his parents, was a shock from which he never recovered. He was contemplating a trip to Vienna to hear

Jenny Lind sing in "Elijah" when he was suddenly taken ill and died, November 4, 1847.

Although he wrote much piano music Mendelssohn did not advance the art of piano playing or composing. His style is often very formal and too refined to be expressive. His "Songs Without Words" were very popular when they first appeared, their melodies and easy performance attracting popular taste, but now they receive little attention. Their monotonous rhythms and rather cloying harmonies have excited harsh criticism, but certain of them, such as the "Spring Song," the "Spinning Song" and the "Gondola Song" in G minor remain favorites today. His strongest work in the field of piano composition are the "Serious Variations." His organ sonatas are of great value to students and place him in the foremost rank of organ composers since Bach.

Mendelssohn shows far greater originality in his works for orchestra; they are delightful in melody and orchestration, and display a freshness and sympathetic feeling. The finest of these productions are the "Scotch" Symphony, and the "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Hebrides" and "The Beautiful Melusine" overtures. His violin concerto is perhaps better loved than any other; its themes are masterly and its difficulties are not excesive.

The songs for single voice do not compare favorably with those of really great song writers, but many of them contain much of value.

Mendelssohn's fame today depends on the two oratorios, "St. Paul" and "Elijah," and a few orchestral works. His influence at the present time lies in the fact that he checked the element of extreme Romanticism in music and restored the importance of the classical school. Few composers have gained the popularity and real love shown this composer during his lifetime; indeed, the praise given him was out of all keeping with the real merit of his work. Now the pendulum has swung too far in the opposite direction and Mendelssohn is among the fallen gods. As one critic has said, "It has become almost a fashion to sneer or to smile at his music." The importance of his work was seemingly temporary, but it remains for the future to relegate him to his proper place among the composers of the world.

FREDERIC CHOPIN (1809-1849).

The middle of the nineteenth century saw piano music raised to a pinnacle of perfection never before equalled nor since surpassed. The three men to whom this development is chiefly due are Shumann as composer, Liszt as pianist and Chopin as both player and composer.

Frederic Chopin, the "Poet of the Piano," has exerted a more subtle influence upon his art than any other writer of instrumental music. With but few exceptions he labored in one field—that of piano composition—and he expressed himself in the smaller musical forms. That a composition is colossal in proportions does not signify that it is great, and some of the shortest of Chopin's productions are gems of the rarest beauty. At the present time it is the test of a good pianist to be able to play his works with understanding.

He was born in Zelazowa Wola, Poland, in 1809. His father was a Frenchman of high intelligence, and his mother a refined Polish woman. His early education and musical training were received in Warsaw, where he found excellent teachers. At an early age he distinguished himself as a pianist, his precocity causing much wonder. He was gladly received into the houses of titled nobility and found their habits entirely in keeping with his own fastidious tastes. At the age of twenty-one he left Poland to study in Paris, visiting Vienna on the way, where he gave several successful concerts. He was at that time already a composer of considerable note, a brilliant pianist of good general education and was well prepared to treat his art in a scholarly manner. There he remained, teaching and composing, until his death in 1849.

"He lived a retired life as composer and teacher, little known to the world at large, but honored and beloved by a circle of friends, which included some of the most accomplished musicians, artists and authors in Paris. Chopin was a man of exquisite refinement, delicate and high-strung, of an ardent, and in early life at least, playful disposition. The prevailing impression that he was morbid, over-sensitive and a prey to dejection comes from the records of his later years of declining health. The remarkable friendship between Chopin

and George Sand, with the final rupture and its lamentable consequences, has done more than anything else to produce erroneous impressions of Chopin's disposition."[1]

Although he never again saw his beloved country, Chopin remained to the last an intense patriot. He, perhaps in a greater degree than any other composer, reflects his own character in his music. The two predominating elements of his productions are those of *personality* and *nationality*. He expresses himself with perfect clearness and reflects his own poetic soul. At times he seems rather too sensitive, but again he displays intense power and strength.

Poland had been a strong military power in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and its downfall, culminating in the seizure of Warsaw by the Russians, caused the deepest despair in that valiant little country. We find strong traces of the melancholy Polish temperament in Chopin's music and of its undaunted courage as well. In addition, French influence may be traced in the delicacy of his style and finish, and he possessed German mastery of musical science.

Contrary to the tendency of the time, Chopin did not give poetic titles to his pieces, but there is a clear poetic meaning behind his work. His sharp contrasts of mood, the vagueness of outline and variety of rhythm are all characteristics of the Romantic School. The running passages require a peculiar technique which he himself invented. He exacts great things of the pedal, fingers and wrist, and his compositions require the most delicate touch and an ear of the finest training. As a rule the best Chopin players are Poles and Russians, they having a national sympathy.

Although he seldom played in public concert halls, Chopin was one of the greatest pianists of his day. He had remarkable flexible hands and a peculiarly singing touch, while his sympathetic use of the pedal is said to have been a revelation. Schumann said, in describing his playing: "Imagine an aeolian harp that has all the scales, and that these are jumbled together by the hand of an artist into all sorts of fantastic arabesques, but in such a manner that a deep fundamental tone and a softly singing upper part are always audible, and you have an idea of his playing."

Polish folk-music is rich in songs and dances, and Chopin

[1]Dickinson: Hist. of Music, 244.

early acquainted himself with their melodies. The forms known as *mazurka* and *polonaise* originated in Poland. Chopin's mazurkas are imitations of national dances, but are enlarged and greatly developed. By means of intricate harmony and varied treatment the common dance becomes one of the higher musical forms. Chopin wrote his mazurkas in a style distinctly his own; no other composer has so fully caught the spirit of this national dance. Their fascination largely lies in the frequent change of mood—some are cheerful, others sad and depressing—and the Polish temperament is discernible in all.

The polonaise is a stately march, or procession, rather than a dance. It originated at court and was a most brilliant spectacle, often led by the king and queen. This dance of high society has now declined and is rarely danced at the present time. Chopin's polonaises may be divided into two classes: (1) those that are heroic, almost military in character, as the one in A flat, and (2) those that are melancholy in tone, as the F sharp minor polonaise.

The scherzos and ballades are among Chopin's finest work. Hitherto the scherzo had been a movement of a sonata, but he applied the form to an independent piece for piano. The ballades were probably suggested by Polish poems; he is undoubtedly at his best in his ballades, etudes, impromptus and fantasies. The nocturnes are not so difficult of execution as the other compositions and are consequently better known. They are, for the most part, rather dreamy and languishing in their general tone and are responsible for the prevailing opinion that Chopin was sad and of an unhealthy temperament. The preludes are sketches rather than pieces, but each is complete in its form. They are original and beautiful in their conception and deserve more attention than they commonly receive.

Chopin wrote nothing of importance for the orchestra; it is evident that he did not care to undergo the training necessary for this field of composition, for his orchestration is thin and uninteresting. He understood the powers of the piano perfectly and developed them to their utmost.

His last years were spent in great physical suffering and distress; his finances were at a low ebb and his final break with George Sand in 1847 added to his general unhappiness.

His works are perfect in both artistic and technical finish. Probably no other composer except Bach was so uniformly at his best. He never wrote an awkward phrase or an unlovely melody. He was in truth a "poet of the piano," and he has given the world a new vision and standard of beauty.

Programme Music.

The final outcome of the Romantic movement in music was the establishment of the "programme" school. The tendency to make music reflect definite thoughts and scenes of nature may be said to have been founded and carried to its culmination by Berlioz and Liszt.

By programme music, or "music with a poetic basis," is meant that which presents an idea that could be expressed in words. It is in direct contrast to the "abstract" music of the classical composers, which sought only to express *general* ideas or moods, and clothed them in conventional forms, such as sonatas, fugues or rondos. Programme music, which includes all instrumental music with titles, may be divided into two classes. First, that expressing some single thought or image, and is not connected with a story; Schumann's compositions illustrate this class. To this division, also, belongs modern "landscape" music, describing some phase of nature.

Music that is associated with a story or succession of scenes is more strictly of the programme school. In writing music of this class, the composer selects or creates some poem or narrative, and lets the movement of his music follow that of the story. *This poetic counterpart is called the programme.* It naturally follows that in this style of production it is well-nigh impossible to model upon the old forms, and the order of composition is necessarily detached.

The finest programme music is that which sets forth contrast of emotion, rather than that imitative of outward action. The effort to suggest the external in music has often led to amusing and sometimes to absurd effects. The final test of programme music, as of any other, is its *musical* value. The programme must be carefully chosen but its mission at best is only that of lending interest, not creating it. The finest of poetic suggestions cannot counteract poor music.

BERLIOZ (1803-1869).

The most original composer of the romantic school is Hector Berlioz. Although his compositions are seldom heard today, he has exerted a powerful influence upon musical criticism.

"The interest in the works of Berlioz is not measured wholly by their permanent artistic value, but largely by the æsthetic problems they offer. They apply the programme principle with startling audacity; they illustrate some of its nobler achievements, and also its possible abuses. As a man Berlioz is an example of what the artistic temperament may become when unbalanced by sound reflective judgment. The traits that make him such a fascinating and puzzling figure were not exceptional among the artists of his time. He is the representative in music of the romantic movement in French literature and art which broke out in 1830 under the lead of Victor Hugo, and produced a series of art works whose brilliancy, boldness and frequent extravagance have had no parallel in any other country in recent times. The world was searched for novel and stimulating subjects; every means was taken to excite the nerves and thrill the imagination. With the subsiding of the ferment, works were produced which at this day may be called even classic in their moderation and obedience to the eternal laws of beauty. But the keynote of the movement was the search for the novel, picturesque, remote." [1]

Hector Berlioz was born in southern France, in the year 1803. In his early youth he evinced a great love for poetry and music but his father, himself a physician, intended his son to enter the medical profession and would allow him no musical advantages. At the age of eighteen he was sent to Paris to begin the study of medicine but he immediately turned his whole attention to music, thereby causing his parents to cut off his allowance in high displeasure. The lad thus brought upon himself a period of great privation, during which he all but starved; however, his suffering never caused him to turn from his purpose. His father finally relented and gave him permission to enter the Paris Conservatorie, on condition that if he

[1] Dickinson: Study of the History of Music, 261.

did not prove successful in the musical profession he should return to his medical study.

Although he showed remarkable ability in mastering musical science, Berlioz was not a performer of any instrument, unless, indeed, his playing of the guitar and the flageolet is taken into consideration. He possessed a genius for orchestration never equalled in any other composer, and while in the Conservatorie won the "grand prize of Rome," which entitled him to two years' study in Italy. The rest of his life was spent in Paris.

From the first he wrote in the largest forms, and the magnitude and extravagance of his earlier compositions quite astounded the musical public. Berlioz was a man of radical and egotistical tendencies, visionary, passionately devoted to his art, and his music reflects these characteristics. Although his love of the unusual sometimes carried him beyond the limits of good taste (as, for instance, in his Requiem Mass, where he employed twelve horns, sixteen trumpets, sixteen trombones, eight pairs of kettle drums, two bass drums, five bass horns, three pairs of cymbals and a gong), his music is, generally speaking, artistic and often simple in effect. He submitted the scores of the masters to critical analysis and wrote text books on the subject of orchestration. He had great insight into the possibilities of the combinations of instruments and made the orchestra a new force. His tonal effects are most brilliant in their coloring; with Berlioz the tone-color was a part of the original design and did not exist apart from the melody.

One of his compositions is of great historic interest in that it marks the beginning of the programme idea in music: the symphony entitled "An Episode in the Life of an Artist." Its programme was written in the midst of one of Berlioz' love affairs and pictures his own feelings at that time. The first movement is lyrical in character. The artist has long dreamed of his ideal and at last his vision is realized; she is always depicted by the same melody, which varies with the setting. The second movement changes from the realm of reflection to actual life. The hero sees his love at a ball, and leaves the brilliancy of the ball-room and goes out beneath the moon to dream of her. The third is a pastoral movement, picturing the artist among the hills waiting for his beloved to come to him, while the sound of the shepherds' pipes gradually calms his mind. In

the next section he becomes convinced that his love is unfaithful and, in despair, takes opium. This does not kill him, however, but causes him to dream wildly. The last movement is a perfect orgy of tones. The sleeper seems to be attending his own funeral while goblins dance to weird sounds, in which the love motiff is distorted into a vulgar dance tune. Although we may condemn his choice of subject, in this symphony Berlioz displays great power and the work marks a new epoch in French music.

Another form cultivated in the nineteenth century was the "dramatic symphony" or "ode symphony," as it is sometimes called. It consists of parts for orchestra, chorus and single voice; doubtless it was suggested by Beethoven's Ninth Symphony but it was developed along different lines. In the French ode symphony each movement has a definite poetic subject. Berlioz created this form in his "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, which illustrates scenes from Shakespeare's drama. He pictures the balcony scene in a lovely adagio and the pranks of Queen Mab in a scherzo that is truly exquisite, but the effect of the whole is weakened in the last movement. In the scene at the tomb he forces the programme idea to such an extent that he ruins the musical effect. True programme music does not attempt to describe external action minutely; the idea at once convicts itself to failure. This can be effected in opera but not by means of instrumental music alone.

"Harold in Italy," suggested by Byron's poem and his own Italian experience, is unique in conception and is a truly notable work. It is generally conceded by musical critics that the greatest of Berlioz' compositions is "The Damnation of Faust," founded on Goethe's poem of that name.

"It consists of a selection of scenes, vocal and instrumental, including Faust on the plains of Hungary (introducing a Hungarian march), Faust in his study, the Easter song, the meeting of Faust and Mephistopheles, scene in Auerbach's cellar, dances of gnomes and sylphs, scenes between Faust and Gretchen, Faust's invocation to nature, the course to the abyss, pandemonium, chorus of the damned and of demons, heaven, chorus of celestial spirits, redemption of Gretchen. Berlioz does not linger upon the spiritual import of Goethe's work, but rather upon the emotional, especially the spectacular elements.

The task is perfectly congenial, and he produces in this work some of his most tender, passionate and original music." [2]

Berlioz, who was so bold and daring in his instrumental music, was conservative and even timid in his works for the stage. None of his operas are heard today, even in France. His music is perhaps most satisfying at the first hearing. In certain passages he rises to greatness but his work is so uneven as to be almost patchy; he relies too much upon the nervous effect of rhythm and mere sound. His influence is largely in the experimental value of his work and he is today in favor with but a small circle.

His domain was the orchestra and he opened to it a new horizon. He had a rare genius for seeking out new tonal effects and re-created the art of orchestration. No composer since Beethoven has pointed the way to so many new means of musical expression as did Hector Berlioz.

Liszt (1811-1886).

Franz Liszt was born near Oedenburg, in Hungary, on October 22, 1811. His father was a Hungarian in the employ of Count Esterhazy, with whom Haydn was so long connected, his mother of German descent. It was from his father that Franz received his first piano lessons, and he displayed such precocity that the family moved to Vienna in order that he might receive further instruction. For a year and a half Franz studied with Czerny, and after the age of twelve he took no lessons of anyone.

At that time he was acknowledged to be the equal of any pianist in Europe. He appeared frequently in public concerts and excited great admiration. A current journal of the time tells us of his reception in Paris, where in 1823 the family had made their home. "A year went by during which Liszt was, so to speak, the idol of all the ladies in Paris. Everywhere he was petted and caressed. His tricks and pranks, his moods and whims were all noted and discussed everywhere; everything was considered enchanting. Though barely thirteen years old, he already excited love, caused jealousy and stirred up enmity. He was the central figure of interest in every circle of society."

[2] Dickinson: Study of the History of Music, 268.

In time this flattery gave place to true respect and appreciation of his worth. The grief caused by his father's death in 1827, together with his natural religious inclinations, resulted in his withdrawing from public life to one of great seclusion. He gave himself up to moody meditation, which tended toward religious mysticism; this tendency so developed in later life that he was finally led to take orders in the Roman Catholic Church.

The young pianist spent the next eight years in teaching and composing. "His conduct at this crisis," Mason says, "illustrates that keen sense of honor which was so agreeable a trait in his character. Considering that the money he had accumulated by his many successful concerts was rightfully his mother's because of all the sacrifices she had made to his career, he made it over to her in a lump sum, and took up teaching for his own livelihood. It was an act of delicate justice, freely and cheerfully performed. Outwardly Liszt's life now became quite simple and laborious, almost plodding; but inwardly it was developing apace, and ramifying in many directions, under the provocations of this brilliant and complex Paris."

He was so aroused by the playing of Paganini, who visited Paris in 1831, that he could not rest until he had succeeded in reproducing on the piano the effects Paganini had produced on the violin; in short, he was resolved to become the Paganini of the piano. This necessitated an enlargement of piano technique, and to accomplish this Liszt devoted three years to constant study of the resources of his instrument.

In 1834 he again appeared as a public pianist. Making Paris his headquarters he toured Europe, everywhere meeting with the same success; no pianist, before or since, has ever created such a sensation. Liszt possessed a certain personal magnetism that set him apart from all others, and his genius illuminated everything he played. Amy Fay, concert pianist and pupil of Liszt, thus describes his playing in her charming compilation, *Music-Study in Germany:*

"His playing was a complete revelation to me, and has given me an entirely new insight into music. You cannot conceive, without hearing him, how poetic he is, or the thousand *nuances* that he can throw into the simplest thing, and he is equally great on all sides. From the zephyr to the tempest, the whole

scale is equally at his command. . . . Anything so perfectly beautiful as he looks when he sits at the piano I never saw, and yet he is almost an old man now. I enjoy him as I would an exquisite work of art. His personal magnetism is immense, and I can scarcely bear it when he plays. He can make me cry all he chooses, and that is saying a good deal, because I've heard so much music, and *never* have been affected by it. Even Joachim, whom I think divine, never moved me. When Liszt plays anything pathetic, it sounds as if he had been through everything, and opens all one's wounds afresh. All that one has ever suffered comes before one again."

Liszt's social triumphs were as great as his musical successes. He was a polished and cultured man of society and was the intimate friend of titled nobility. The story is told that when he was leaving Berlin, after a most brilliant concert season, half the populace was in the streets to give him a last farewell. The king, who chanced to be driving, by accident got into the midst of the throng and was scarcely noticed, so intent were the people on seeing the last of their idol. The circumstance was said to have put the king in great ill-humour and caused much amusement at court, where Liszt was a general favorite.

His rank as composer has not yet been determined. There are those critics who maintain that he lacked originality and that he was constantly laboring for effect, while his disciples firmly believe that he will ultimately be classed with the great composers. His piano works divide themselves into two classes: transcriptions, and original compositions. It is not possible to draw a distinct line between the two, for many of the transcriptions contain much original material. His own works belong to the programme school, and reflect much of his own personality. The Etudes, "Legendes" and the Concerto in E flat are great favorites with concert players of today.

Liszt's transcriptions of many of Schubert's songs are familiar to every piano student and music lover. In them he retains the original melodies but adorns them in varieties of ways and clothes them in a perfect glory of tone. One well-known group of transcriptions includes the "Hungarian Rhapsodies." These were a result of Liszt's visits to his native country, where the playing of the national bands is one of the

features of summer life. Their music is very spirited and possesses a peculiar wild charm. Liszt transcribed this native music in fifteen "Rhapsodies," which are delightful in their coloring and freedom of treatment.

Although not as daring as Berlioz in the matter of orchestration, Liszt was his superior in his grasp upon musical science and artistic feeling. He proved himself a master of the modern orchestra, and some of his finest work is to be found in his Symphonic Poems. This form was created by Liszt, and is a work in a single movement in which sometimes is pictured a series of ideas, sometimes a single conception. It stands half way between the poetic overture of Weber and the ode symphony of Berlioz. Its structure is free, the music closely following the programme. The titles of some of these poetic symphonies at once suggest the programme idea: *Orpheus, Prometheus, Hamlet, Hungaria, Battle of the Huns, What is Heard upon the Mountains* (Victor Hugo).

The poetical suggestiveness of Liszt's programmes, which renders them so favorable to musical treatment, is clearly illustrated in that of his "Préludes." "What is our life but a series of Preludes to that unknown song of which death strikes the first solemn note? Love is the enchanted dawn of every life; but where is the destiny in which the first pleasures of happiness are not interrupted by some storm, whose deadly breath dissipates its fair illusions, whose fatal thunderbolt consumes its altar? And where is the soul which, cruelly wounded, does not seek, at the coming of one of these storms, to calm its memories in the tranquil life of the country? Man, however, cannot long resign himself to the kindly tedium which has at first charmed him in the companionship of nature, and when 'the trumpet has sounded the signal of alarms,' he hastens to the post of peril, whatever may be the strife which calls him to its ranks, in order to regain in combat the full consciousness of himself and the complete command of his powers."

Another group of Liszt's compositions consists of religious works—oratorios, masses and psalms. In these is displayed the intensity of his own religious feelings. Liszt was always a devoted Catholic and was granted the order of abbé in that church. It is somewhat hard to reconcile this with the un-

conventionality of some of his worldly relationships. It is more than probable that he sought the quiet of the Church as a means of getting away from the public life of which he was heartily tired, rather than as an end in itself. He never took a higher order than that of abbé, and he did not assume duties that should in any way interfere with his musical work.

Liszt's chief service to his art lay in his teaching,[1] interpretation of the masters and his invention of new technical effects, rather than in the compositions he has left to the world. Pianists of his own time said that no one could play his pieces, but after he taught them his own methods it was no longer impossible. Liszt employed daring skips, rapid scales. intricate runs and trills played by both hands at once. His works necessitate every possible position of the hand and novel systems of fingering. It may be truly said that he revolutionized piano technique.

Liszt was the most versatile of musicians; he was great as pianist, teacher, composer and conductor. His remarkable intellect and personal fascination made him the most compelling force of his time. Were it not for his work, musical culture of today would be far different than it is. He died suddenly in Bayreuth in 1886 while attending the Wagner festival.

WAGNER AND HIS MUSIC DRAMAS.

The study of Richard Wagner—his purposes, his conceptions as poet, dramatist and musician—is the most difficult in all the history of music. His productions are complex in the extreme and involve problems of ethics, history, sociology and philosophy. His purpose was to make the opera a serious form of art, instead of a means of diversion; to allow it to treat of moral and intellectual subjects, and to weld music, poetry, scenery and action into a perfect and composite whole.

He was born at Leipzig, May 22, 1813. His father died when Richard was a mere child, leaving six other children. Soon afterward his mother married Ludwig Geyer, a well-known actor and writer of comedies. Thus from his earliest recollections Richard was surrounded by the influence of the theatre; several of the other children became actors and concert

[1]Listz's teaching was entirely gratuitous in his later life.

singers. His instincts were for the drama and when eleven he resolved to become a poet, laboring for two years on a tragedy in which he killed all his characters, forty-two in number, at the outset and had to bring them back as ghosts in order to finish the remaining acts! With the exception of this amusing outburst, Wagner displayed no signs of genius in his early childhood; he was fond of play and fairy tales, like any other boy. Not until he was fifteen did his musical ability assert itself, but from that time on it developed with startling rapidity. With the exception of a few months spent under the direction of Weinlig, the greater part of his musical knowledge was gained by his own study of the older masters. In Leipzig and Dresden he heard Weber's operas performed and they set him aflame with new ideas.

In 1833 he secured his first salaried position, that of chorus master in a local theatre. Soon afterward he married an actress, Wilhelmine Planer, and in 1839 located in Paris. His first marriage was not a happy one; the woman he had chosen was utterly incapable of comprehending his genius, but she was always a faithful and loving wife, which is more than can be said of him as a husband. He was at first unable to secure a hearing for his operas and was obliged to spend many years in unhappiness and privation. Of strong socialistic tendencies, Wagner was supposed to have aided in a revolt waged in Saxony for the purpose of gaining more constitutional liberties, and barely escaped arrest. The exact facts of the matter are not fully known, but to avoid further trouble with the authorities he took refuge in Switzerland, where he was obliged to remain thirteen years. This period of exile was made less miserable by the encouragement and financial help sent him from Franz Liszt, who was always a great aid and inspiration to Wagner. During this time he wrote "Tristan and Isolde" and the greater part of "The Ring of the Nibelung."

In 1861 he was allowed to return to Germany and was saved from further distress by King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, who summoned him to Munich. Under his royal patronage Wagner was able to produce several of his works, but a coterie of rival musicians prevented the founding of a theatre, which should be a home for his music dramas and a training school for dramatic singers. In 1873, however, such a building was

erected in Bayreuth, where today it is the scene of the annual Wagner Festival. It was the intention of the composer that this should be the centre of the opera world, but none save his own works have as yet been produced there.

Wagner married Cosima von Bülow, daughter of Liszt, in 1870. His last opera, "Parsifal," was presented in 1882, and the following year the great master passed away, his life work completed.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to attempt an explanation of Wagner's philosophy, as displayed either in his literary writings or the texts of his music dramas. Whether, indeed, he really contributed anything to the solutions of the great problems of life is still a disputed question. The moral influence of his work has a direct bearing upon the study of Wagner the man, but has little to do with the appreciation of his dramas as creations of musical art. He was first of all a reformer of the opera, the creator of a new drama. He conceived that the musical element of an opera should be merely the *means*, the dramatic element the *end*. To accomplish this he made use of "endless melody;" that is, his music is continuous—not divided into arias, duets and the like, and reflects the slightest movement or change of situation on the stage.

"What was this wonderful new method? Merely that the characters on the stage, instead of prancing to the footlights and pouring out roulades at the audience, should move, act and sing in a way that suited the situation, according to the laws of ordinary common sense. On the dramatic stage, how absurd it would seem for the actors to ignore one another, and recite their lines at the audience as if the occasion were merely an exhibition of declamation instead of a play. Yet that would be an exact analogy to the Italian singing-opera, and even today there are many who will sit through just such a vocal concert without recognizing the fact that the melodies which afford them so much pleasure might just as well be given in a song recital, and that the great possibilities of stage action in union with appropriate music are often utterly wasted in such plays." [1]

He never permitted a pause in the action that a singer might deliver a vocal "number;" each actor was but one of the many elements which combine to form a perfect whole. Wagner was

[1]Elson: A Critical History of the Opera, 249.

himself the author of his texts and so was not obliged to make his music conform to another's ideas; he used a poetical, not a musical, form. It is in the portrayal of feeling that he displayed his greatest powers. Wagner sought to express general passions rather than individual feeling, and gave the leading melodies to the orchestra instead of the voices.

To bring the music, text and action into unity he employed "leading motives."[1] In his dramas each person or object on whom the development of the plot depends is associated with a certain melody, which is heard whenever it is desirable to suggest that person or object to the hearer's mind. These motives are altered to meet the needs of the situation, but their frequent recurrence gives cohesiveness to the otherwise formless music.

"It must not be supposed that Wagner uses leading-motives merely to tell the audience what to see with their mental eyes, as though the orchestral score were a sort of picture book. The Wagner analysis books are largely responsible for this defective notion—they give names to the leading-motives which are in most cases merely fanciful, not thought of by Wagner. His especial aim was to give his music, otherwise vague and formless, a cohesion and organic plan, as a symphony writer builds up his work upon the development of leading themes. There is a close analogy here, Wagner simply using his motives in such a way that the music is tied to the words and action instead of bringing in the motives at random." [2]

No other composer has ever shown such marvelous creative development, for between his earlier works and his later masterpieces lies a wide abyss. His compositions grew steadily in breadth, until they became most bewildering in their complexity. He produced wonderful stage effects, than which there have been displayed none more beautiful. The Grail castle scene (Parsifal) and the forest scenes in "Der Ring," are unparalleled in the history of the stage. But, as is the case with all the other elements, scenic brilliancy with Wagner was but a means, not an end.

As conductor he was one of the foremost of the modern school. He himself personally directed the rehearsals of his works and no detail of costume nor action escaped him. "Sud-

[1] A motiff is the shortest musical phrase.
[2] Dickinson: History of Music, 325.

denly something goes wrong with the scenery," writes a spectator; "he springs up from his chair, darts to the back of the scenes; you hear the stamping of feet, the sound of sharp words; but the man who returns to the front of the scene has a face calm and unruffled as before. Then a singer has to be corrected. A line or passage is not interpreted aright, and the composer walks quietly across the stage, takes Siegfried's shield and spear, and silently shows Herr Unger the proper dramatic gesture. The composer will frequently sing and act a passage as he wishes it given, and it is an infinite pleasure to see how cheerfully such great artists as Betz, Niemann, Gura, Hill, and the rest carry out the Meister's suggestions and instructions. Nothing can escape Wagner's eye or ear. The orchestra is repeatedly stopped, and the good-natured Hans Richter looks up interrogatively from his 'mystic abyss,' otherwise called the 'conductor's grave,' where he conducts in his shirt-sleeves and open vest. 'Mein lieber Richter, just repeat that passage; but the bass more subdued!' . . . So! Gut! Gut! that is better!' and the Meister settles down again in his chair at the corner of the stage, and the rehearsal proceeds."

Wagner would never allow the dramatic effect to be destroyed by permitting an actor to be called before the curtain, and his wish in this regard is still respected in his opera house at Bayreuth.

Rienzi, the first of the operas, is rarely heard today. *The Flying Dutchman* was the next published work and, while but a rough sketch in comparison with Wagner's later works, it forecasted something of the composer's genius. With *Tannhauser* began a new era in operatic history. It is frequently heard today and its plot is too well known to need repetition. *Lohengrin,* produced in 1850, is derived from the old legend of the Knight of the Holy Grail. *Tristan and Isolde* is a beautiful love story and contains some of Wagner's most impassioned music. *The Master-Singers of Nuremberg* is the composer's one comic opera. It is a satire on the artificial rules of the old German Guild of Meistersinger and is most original in its treatment.

Die Tetralogie der Ring des Nibelungen is the most complex and pretentious of Wagner's works. It is composed of four parts, each requiring several hours for performance. "Das

Rheingold" may be regarded as the prologue, followed by "Die Walküre," "Siegfried" and "Götterdammerung" (Twilight of the Gods). *Parsifal,* although the last to be written, had long been taking shape in the composer's mind. It is entirely allegorical and is supposed to represent the final triumph of good over evil and the pilgrimage of the soul to heights of spiritual glory.

Wagner was a master of the first order and his work cannot be overestimated. He set at defiance all the conventional operatic rules; indeed he so entirely disregarded the form that his works are not properly operas at all, but, as he himself named them, "music dramas." His purpose was to unite music, poetry, action and scenery into perfect productions for the lyric stage, and in this respect his dramas will always be the model for future opera composers. There is no Wagnerian school of music and it is safe to say that imitation of this master could only result in failure. His was an exceptional intellect and probably no other could have carried his problems to so happy a solution.

LOHENGRIN.

Lohengrin is the most popular of Wagner's operas. The scene is laid in Germany, near Antwerp; time, the tenth century. The old Duke of Brabant at his death left two children: a daughter, Elsa, and a son, Godfrey, who is to inherit his father's throne. Elsa is engaged to marry Count Telramund. One day, when she and her brother are out walking, the latter mysteriously disappears, and all accuse Elsa of having killed him. Telramund, with the others, believes her guilty and renounces her to marry Ortrud, a sorceress. In vain does Elsa declare her innocence, for all believe that none other could have perpetrated the crime.

Finally the King, Henry the Fowler, who believes the fair girl to be guiltless, resolves to let a duel decide the question. Telramund makes ready for the fray, but no one is willing to champion Elsa. At last a heavenly knight appears to her, all in silver armour and his boat conveyed by a white swan. He offers to fight for her on two conditions: that she will become his wife and that she never ask his name or descent. Elsa agrees and the combat is fought, resulting in a complete victory

for the strange knight, and Telramund and Ortrud are outlawed.

Act II. shows Telramund in a great rage at his wife, for she admits she has tricked him into bringing dishonor upon his knightly calling. Ortrud, it appears, had herself transformed Godfrey into a white swan, in hopes that her husband might inherit his possessions. But Ortrud says there is yet a chance, for her knowledge of sorcery has revealed to her what to do. First of all, she says, they must sow distrust in Elsa's heart, and lead her to doubt her champion's veracity. In his rage, Telramund consents to the trickery, and when Elsa appears at her wedding the evil work is begun.

Ortrud stops Elsa's bridal procession as it enters the church, saying that her husband has been deceived and refuses to acknowledge the defeat until the mysterious knight proves his nobility. She intimates that he has grave reasons for keeping his past hidden from his bride. In vain does Elsa try to stop this torrent of slander; nothing but the approach of the king puts an end to the tirade. The procession again starts and is about to enter the church when Telramund in his turn stops the bridal party and presents his accusations against the bridegroom, in the presence of the King. He demands the name and origin of the strange knight, but this the bridegroom refuses to reveal. Only Elsa, he claims, can draw the answer from him, and she still trusts him sufficiently not to ask the fatal question. The ceremony is at last performed, but the evil seed has taken root in Elsa's heart; once again, on the return from the church, Telramund demands the stranger's name, and once again Elsa's love stands the test.

But in the third act, when the lovers are left alone, she becomes possessed by the fatal idea and asks for the knowledge which she has promised never to seek. Hardly has she pronounced the words when Telramund rushes in to slay his enemy, but is killed with one stroke of his adversary's sword. Elsa's husband then leads her before the King and announces to the astounded hearers that he is none other than Lohengrin, son of Parsifal and Keeper of the Holy Grail, and that he is allowed to stay with mortals only so long as his identity is unknown. The swan then appears to carry him away, when Ortrud enters and admits that she changed Godfrey into a swan.

On hearing this, Lohengrin loosens the swan's chain, whereupon the bird dips into the water and in his place rises Godfrey. A white dove then draws Lohengrin's boat away, as Elsa swoons in her brother's arms.

Tristan and Isolde.

This has been called the "Romeo and Juliet of music," and its music is universally considered the most perfect ever written by this composer. It is based upon an old Celtic legend and was written when Wagner was engaged in writing his colossal work "The Ring of the Nibelung." The drama opens on board the ship in which Tristan, a Cornish knight, is taking Isolde to be the unwilling bride of his uncle, the King of Cornwall. Isolde, however, loves Tristan, but he has sworn faith to his uncle and holds himself aloof from her. In despair and grief, Isolde resolves to poison herself and Tristan, and prepares a poisonous draught. But her maid has guessed her intentions and secretly changes the liquid for a love potion, and when they drink it they are overcome with the passion of their love. When the ship lands they are met in great state, but are entirely oblivious to their surroundings.

The second act shows the wedding of Isolde to King Mark, but the power of the love draught is still strong upon her, and after the king has left to go out upon a night hunt, she holds a secret interview with Tristan, whose sense of honor has been deadened by the same potion. It is here that the beautiful love music is heard, an impassioned dialogue between the two. Finally they are betrayed by Melot, the supposed friend of Tristan, and the King is greatly grieved at his nephew's perfidy. Tristan offers no explanation, but provokes Melot to a duel and is mortally wounded.

The third act opens in Tristan's home in Brittany, where Kurvenal has carried his master to restore him to health. Isolde, who has a magic power in healing wounds, has been sent for, but her ship is delayed. When at last it is sighted, Tristan, in delirious joy, tears the bandage from his wounds and Isolde arrives in time to catch him in her arms as he expires. While she is bewailing her loss, a second vessel is seen approaching, bearing the King and his train. He has come to pardon the lovers, but Kurvenal mistakes his mission and runs

his sword through Melot's heart and, himself fatally wounded, falls dead at his master's feet. Isolde, insane with grief, in an exquisite song suggestive of the love themes of their former duet, pours out a passionate farewell to her lover, and falls on his body, dead.

RICHARD WAGNER.

MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE.

LESSING.

SAXONY, the heart of Germany, gave birth to Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (1729-1781), who wrote the first German national comedy ("Minna von Barnhelm"), the first great German drama of serious import ("Nathan der Weise"), and laid the solid foundations of modern German literary and æsthetic criticism in his "Laokoon," a critical inquiry into artistic principles written in reply to Winckelmann's antiquarian theories. Lessing was a fine type of the clear-headed German truth-seeker. There was no mysticism nor etherealism in his intellectuality. He turned a keen searchlight on all questions, and applied a calmly logical mind to all his creative efforts. He was also the first to secure to Germany due estimation for the vocation of a man of letters. Lessing spoke of himself as a David who went out to slay the Goliath of Philistinism. Goethe afterwards thus sang of the departed master:

> While thou wast living we honored thee as one of the gods:
> Now thou art dead thy spirit over our spirits presides.

Lessing's calmly critical spirit was early revealed in his religious tolerance, or, perhaps, indifferentism. In a youthful work on "The Jew" he foreshadowed the charity for a despised race that he was so triumphantly to preach in "Nathan the Wise." In later years he enjoyed the friendship of one of the noblest Jews of his age, Moses Mendelssohn, a broad-minded leader of rare intellect and character. He determined to represent this man on the stage in a drama that should inculcate the necessity for mutual tolerance of creed to creed. A suitable plot was found in the story of "The Three Rings," already told in the old "Gesta Romanorum" and in Boccac-

cio's "Decameron." In "Nathan der Weise" (1779), when Saladin seeks a pretext whereby to extort money from the rich son of Israel, the Jew outwits the Sultan by reciting this parable of the rings. Saladin is led to see that there may be as much doubt and need for charity regarding the true religion as concerning the magic ring of this parable. Not only in this central motive, but in the love romance and incidental scenes as well, Lessing has admirably contrasted narrow dogmatism and prejudice in all its ascending shades through the brutal fanaticism of the Patriarch, the conventionalism of Daja, the independence of the Templar, the humble piety of the Friar, the worldly contempt of the Dervis, the generosity of Saladin, to the enlightened virtue of Nathan.

Before "Nathan," however, Lessing had made his bow as a dramatist. In "Miss Sara Sampson," a curious tragedy founded on "Clarissa Harlowe," he had, as one critic says, "cracked the egg of Columbus for German dramatic art." In the comedy of "Minna von Barnhelm," he produced a national military drama, in which he typified German honor and valor in the hero—a veteran of the Prussian wars—and German womanhood of the best type in Minna, his sweetheart. His "Emilia Galotti" is a sort of Italian Virginia, and the play is directed against the tyranny of petty princelings.

"Lessing," says Professor Francke, "while combining in himself the enlightenment, the idealism, the universality of the best of his age, added to this an intellectual fearlessness and a constructive energy which have made him the champion destroyer of despotism and the master builder of lawful freedom."

NATHAN AND THE TEMPLAR.

Nathan. I'm almost shy of this strange fellow, almost
Shrink back from his rough virtue. That one man
Should ever make another man feel awkward!
And yet—He's coming—ha!—by God, the youth
Looks like a man. I love his daring eye,
His open gait. May be the shell is bitter;
But not the kernel surely. I have seen
Some such, methinks. Forgive me, noble Frank.

Templar. What?
Nath. Give me leave.
Temp. Well, Jew, what wouldst thou have?
Nath. The liberty of speaking to you.
Temp. So—can I prevent it? Quick then, what's your business?
Nath. Patience—nor hasten quite so proudly by
A man, who has not merited contempt,
And whom, for evermore, you've made your debtor.
Temp. How so? Perhaps I guess—No—Are you then—
Nath. My name is Nathan, father to the maid
Your generous courage snatched from circling flames,
And hasten—
Temp. If with thanks, keep, keep them all.
Those little things I've had to suffer much from:
Too much already, far. And, after all,
You owe me nothing. Was I ever told
She was your daughter? 'Tis a templar's duty
To rush to the assistance of the first
Poor wight that needs him; and my life just then
Was quite a burden. I was mighty glad
To risk it for another; tho' it were
That of a Jewess.
Nath. Noble, and yet shocking!
The turn might be expected. Modest greatness
Wears willingly the mask of what is shocking
To scare off admiration: but, altho'
She may disdain the tribute, admiration,
Is there no other tribute she can bear with?
Knight, were you here not foreign, not a captive,
I would not ask so freely. Speak, command,
In what can I be useful?
Temp. You—in nothing.
Nath. I'm rich.
Temp. To me the richer Jew ne'er seemed
The better Jew.
Nath. Is that a reason why
You should not use the better part of him,
His wealth?
Temp. Well, well, I'll not refuse it wholly,
For my poor mantle's sake—when that is threadbare,
And spite of darning will not hold together,

I'll come and borrow cloth or money of thee,
To make me up a new one. Don't look solemn;
The danger is not pressing; 'tis not yet
At the last gasp, but tight and strong and good,
Save this poor corner, where an ugly spot
You see is singed upon it. It got singed
As I bore off your daughter from the fire.

Nath. (*taking hold of the mantle*). 'Tis singular that such an ugly spot
Bears better testimony to the man
Than his own mouth. This brand—Oh, I could kiss it!
Your pardon—that I meant not.

Temp. What?

Nath. A tear
Fell on the spot.

Temp. You'll find up more such tears—
(This Jew methinks begins to work upon me).

Nath. Would you send once this mantle to my daughter?

Temp. Why?

Nath. That her lips may cling to this dear speck;
For at her benefactor's feet to fall,
I find, she hopes in vain.

Temp. But, Jew, your name
You said was Nathan—Nathan, you can join
Your words together cunningly—right well—
I am confused—in fact—I would have been—

Nath. Twist, writhe, disguise you, as you will, I know you,
You were too honest, knight, to be more civil;
A girl all feeling, and a she-attendant
All complaisance, a father at a distance—
You valued her good name, and would not see her.
You scorned to try her, lest you should be victor;
For that I also thank you.

Temp. I confess,
You know how templars ought to think.

Nath. Still templars—
And only *ought* to think—and all because
The rules and vows enjoin it to the *order*—
I know how good men think—know that all lands
Produce good men.

Temp. But not without distinction.

Nath. In color, dress, and shape, perhaps, distinguished.

Temp. Here more, there fewer sure?
Nath. That boots not much.
The great man everywhere has need of room.
Too many set together only serve
To crush each others' branches. Middling good,
As we are, spring up everywhere in plenty.
Only let one not scar and bruise the other!
Let not the gnarl be angry with the stump;
Let not the upper branch alone pretend
Not to have started from the common earth.
Temp. Well said: and yet, I trust, you know the nation,
That first began to strike at fellow men,
That first baptised itself the chosen people—
How now if I were—not to hate this people,
Yet for its pride could not forbear to scorn it,
The pride which is to Mussulman and Christian
Bequeathed, as were its God alone the true one.
You start, that I, a Christian and a templar,
Talk thus. Where, when, has e'er the pious rage
To own the better God—on the whole world
To force this better, as the best of all—
Shown itself more, and in a blacker form,
Than here, than now? To him, whom, here and now,
The film is not removing from his eye—
But be he blind that wills! Forget my speeches
And leave me.
Nath. Ah! indeed you do not know
How closer I shall cling to you henceforth.
We must, we shall be friends. Despise my nation—
We did not choose a nation for ourselves.
Are we our nations? What's a nation then?
Were Jews and Christians such, ere they were men?
And have I found in thee one more, to whom
It is enough to be a man?
Temp. That hast thou.
Nathan, by God, thou hast.—Thy hand. I blush
To have mistaken thee a single instant.
Nath. And I am proud of it. Only common souls
We seldom err in.
Temp. And uncommon ones
Seldom forget. Yes, Nathan, yes, we must,
We shall be friends.

Nath. We are so. And my Racha—
She will rejoice. How sweet the wider prospect
That dawns upon me! Do but know her—once.

NATHAN THE WISE BEFORE SALADIN.

SCENE.—*An Audience Room in the Sultan's Palace.*

Saladin (*giving directions at the door*). Here, introduce the Jew, whene'er he comes,—
He seems in no great haste.
Sittah. May be, at first
He was not in the way.
Sal. Ah, sister, sister!
Sit. You seem as if a combat were impending.
Sal. With weapons that I have not learned to wield.—
Must I disguise myself? I use precautions?
I lay a snare? When, where gained I that knowledge?
And this, for what? To fish for money,—money,—
For money from a Jew. And to such arts
Must Saladin descend, at last, to come at
The least of little things?
Sit. Each little thing,
Despised too much, finds methods of revenge.
Sal. 'Tis but too true. And if this Jew should prove
The fair, good man, as once the dervis painted—
Sit. Then difficulties cease. A snare concerns
The avaricious, cautious, fearful Jew;
And not the good, wise man: for he is ours
Without a snare. Then the delight of hearing
How such a man speaks out; with what stern strength
He tears the net, or with what prudent foresight
He one by one undoes the tangled meshes!
That will be all to boot.
Sal. Then I shall joy in.
Sit. What, then, should trouble thee? For if he be
One of the many only, a mere Jew,
You will not blush, to such a one to seem
A man as he thinks all mankind to be.
One that to him should bear a better aspect
Would seem a fool,—a dupe.
Sal. So that I must
Act badly, lest the bad think badly of me?

Sit. Yes; if you call it acting badly, brother,
To use a thing after its kind.
Sal. There's nothing,
That woman's wit invents, it can't embellish.
Sit. Embellish?—
Sal. But their fine-wrought filagree
In my rude hand would break. It is for those
That can contrive them to employ such weapons:
They ask a practised wrist. But chance what may,
Well as I can—
Sit. Trust not yourself too little.
I answer for you, if you have the will.
Such men as you would willingly persuade us
It was their swords, their swords alone, that raised them.
The lion's apt to be ashamed of hunting
In fellowship of the fox;—'t is of his fellow,
Not of the cunning, that he is ashamed.
Sal. You women would so gladly level man
Down to yourselves!—Go, I have got my lesson.
Sit. What! must I go?
Sal. Had you the thought of staying?
Sit. In your immediate presence not, indeed;
But in the by-room.
Sal. You would like to listen.
Not that, my sister, if I may insist.
Away! the curtain rustles,—he is come.
Beware of staying,—I'll be on the watch.—
[*Sittah retires through one door; Nathan enters at another.*
Draw nearer, Jew; yet nearer; here, quite by me,
Without all fear.
Nathan. Remain that for thy foes!
Sal. Your name is Nathan?
Nath. Yes.
Sal. Nathan the Wise?
Nath. No.
Sal. If not thou, the people calls thee so.
Nath. May be, the people.
Sal. Fancy not that I
Think of the people's voice contemptuously;
I have been wishing much to know the man
Whom it has named the Wise.
Nath. And if it named

Him so in scorn? If wise meant only prudent;
And prudent, one who knows his interest well?
Sal. Who knows his real interest, thou must mean.
Nath. Then were the interested the most prudent;
Then wise and prudent were the same.
Sal. I hear
You proving what your speeches contradict.
You know man's real interests, which the people
Knows not,—at least, have studied how to know them.
That alone makes the sage.
Nath. Which each imagines
Himself to be.
Sal. Of modesty enough!
Ever to meet it, where one seeks to hear
Dry truth, is vexing. Let us to the purpose:—
But, Jew, sincere and open—
Nath. I will serve thee
So as to merit, Prince, thy further notice.
Sal. Serve me?—how?
Nath. Thou shalt have the best I bring,—
Shalt have them cheap.
Sal. What speak you of?—your wares?
My sister shall be called to bargain with you
For them. (*Aside.*) So much for the sly listener;—I
Have nothing to transact now with the merchant.
Nath. Doubtless, then, you would learn what, on my journey,
I noticed of the motions of the foe,
Who stirs anew. If unreserved I may—
Sal. Neither was that the object of my sending:
I know what I have need to know already.
In short, I willed your presence——
Nath. Sultan, order.
Sal. To gain instruction quite on other points.
Since you are a man so wise,—tell me, which law,
Which faith, appears to you the better?
Nath. Sultan,
I am a Jew.
Sal. And I a Mussulman:
The Christian stands between us. Of these three
Religions only one can be the true.
A man like you remains not just where birth

Has chanced to cast him, or, if he remains there,
Does it from insight, choice, from grounds of preference.
Share, then, with me your insight,—let me hear
The grounds of preference, which I have wanted
The leisure to examine,—learn the choice
These grounds have motived, that it may be mine.
In confidence I ask it. How you startle,
And weigh me with your eye! It may well be
I'm the first sultan to whom this caprice,
Methinks not quite unworthy of a sultan,
Has yet occurred. Am I not? Speak, then,—speak.
Or do you, to collect yourself, desire
Some moments of delay? I give them you.—
(*Aside.*) Whether she's listening?—I must know of her
If I've done right.—Reflect,—I'll soon return.

[*Saladin steps into the room to which Sittah had retired.*

Nath. Strange! How is this? What wills the sultan of me?
I came prepared with cash,—he asks truth. Truth?
As if truth, too, were cash,—a coin disused,
That goes by weight,—indeed, 't is some such thing;—
But a new coin, known by the stamp at once,
To be flung down and told upon the counter,
It is not that. Like gold in bags tied up,
So truth lies hoarded in the wise man's head,
To be brought out.—Which, now, in this transaction,
Which of us plays the Jew? He asks for truth,—
Is truth what he requires, his aim, his end?
That this is but the glue to lime a snare
Ought not to be suspected,—'t were too little.
Yet what is found too little for the great?
In fact, through hedge and pale to stalk at once
Into one's field beseems not,—friends look round,
Seek for the path, ask leave to pass the gate.—
I must be cautious. Yet to damp him back,
And be the stubborn Jew, is not the thing;
And wholly to throw off the Jew, still less.
For, if no Jew, he might with right inquire,
Why not a Mussulman?—Yes,—that may serve me.
Not children only can be quieted
With stories.—Ha! he comes;—well, let him come.

Sal. (*returning*). So there the field is clear.—I'm not too quick?

Thou hast bethought thyself as much as need is?—
Speak, no one hears.
Nath. Might the whole world but hear us!
Sal. Is Nathan of his cause so confident?
Yes, that I call the sage,—to veil no truth;
For truth to hazard all things, life and goods.
Nath. Ay, when 't is necessary, and when useful.
Sal. Henceforth I hope I shall with reason bear
One of my titles,—"Betterer of the world
And of the law."
Nath. In truth, a noble title.
But, Sultan, ere I quite unfold myself,
Allow me to relate a tale.
Sal. Why not?
I always was a friend of tales well told.
Nath. Well told,—that's not precisely my affair.
Sal. Again so proudly modest?—Come, begin.
Nath. In days of yore, there dwelt in East a man
Who from a valued hand received a ring
Of endless worth : the stone of it an opal,
That shot an ever-changing tint: moreover,
It had the hidden virtue him to render
Of God and man beloved, who, in this view,
And this persuasion, wore it. Was it strange
The Eastern man ne'er drew it off his finger,
And studiously provided to secure it
For ever to his house? Thus he bequeathed it,
First, to the most beloved of his sons,—
Ordained that he again should leave the ring
To the most dear among his children,—and,
That without heeding birth, the favorite son,
In virtue of the ring alone, should always
Remain the lord o' th' house.—You hear me, Sultan?
Sal. I understand thee,—on.
Nath. From son to son,
At length this ring descended to a father
Who had three sons alike obedient to him;
Whom, therefore, he could not but love alike.
At times seemed this, now that, at times the third
(Accordingly as each apart received
The overflowings of his heart), most worthy
To heir the ring, which, with good-natured weakness,

He privately to each in turn had promised.
This went on for a while. But death approached,
And the good father grew embarrassed. So
To disappoint two sons, who trust his promise,
He could not bear. What's to be done? He sends
In secret to a jeweller, of whom,
Upon the model of the real thing,
He might bespeak two others, and commanded
To spare nor cost nor pains to make them like,
Quite like the true one. This the artist managed.
The rings were brought, and e'en the father's eye
Could not distinguish which had been the model.
Quite overjoyed, he summons all his sons,
Takes leave of each apart, on each bestows
His blessing and his ring, and dies.—Thou hear'st me?
Sal. I hear, I hear. Come, finish with thy tale;—
Is it soon ended?
Nath. It is ended, Sultan;
For all that follows may be guessed of course.
Scarce is the father dead, each with his ring
Appears, and claims to be the lord o' th' house.
Come questions, strife, complaint,—all to no end;
For the true ring could no more be distinguished
Than now can—the true faith.
Sal. How, how?—is that
To be the answer to my query?
Nath. No,
But it may serve as my apology,
If I can't venture to decide between
Rings which the father got expressly made,
That they might not be known from one another.
Sal. The rings,—don't trifle with me: I must think
That the religions which I named can be
Distinguished, e'en to raiment, drink, and food.
Nath. And only not as to their grounds of proof.
Are not all built alike on history,
Traditional or written? History
Must be received on trust,—is it not so?
In whom now are we likeliest to put trust?
In our own people surely, in those men
Whose blood we are, in them who from our childhood
Have given us proofs of love, who ne'er deceived us,

Unless 't were wholesomer to be deceived.
How can I less believe in my forefathers
Than thou in thine? How can I ask of thee
To own that thy forefathers falsified,
In order to yield mine the praise of truth?
The like of Christians.
Sal. By the living God!
The man is in the right,—I must be silent.
Nath. Now let us to our rings return once more.
As said, the sons complained. Each to the judge
Swore from his father's hand immediately
To have received the ring, as was the case;
After he had long obtained the father's promise
One day to have the ring, as also was.
The father, each asserted, could to him
Not have been false: rather than so suspect
Of such a father, willing as he might be
With charity to judge his brethren, he
Of treacherous forgery was bold to accuse them.
Sal. Well, and the judge,—I 'm eager now to hear
What thou wilt make him say. Go on, go on.
Nath. The judge said, "If ye summon not the father
Before my seat, I cannot give a sentence.
Am I to guess enigmas? Or expect ye
That the true ring should here unseal its lips?
But hold,—you tell me that the real ring
Enjoys the hidden power to make the wearer
Of God and man beloved: let that decide.
Which of you do two brothers love the best?
You're silent. Do these love-exciting rings
Act inward only, not without? Does each
Love but himself? Ye're all deceived deceivers,—
None of your rings is true. The real ring,
Perhaps, is gone. To hide or to supply
Its loss, your father ordered three for one."
Sal. Oh, charming, charming!
Nath. "And," the judge continued,
"If you will take advice, in lieu of sentence,
This is my counsel to you,—to take up
The matter where it stands. If each of you
Has had a ring presented by his father,
Let each believe his own the real ring.

'Tis possible the father chose no longer
To tolerate the one ring's tyranny;
And certainly, as he much loved you all,
And loved you all alike, it could not please him,
By favoring one, to be of two the oppressor.
Let each feel honored by this free affection
Unwarped of prejudice; let each endeavor
To vie with both his brothers in displaying
The virtue of his ring; assist its might
With gentleness, benevolence, forbearance,
With inward resignation to the Godhead;
And if the virtues of the ring continue
To show themselves among your children's children
After a thousand thousand years, appear
Before this judgment-seat,—a greater one
Than I shall sit upon it, and decide."—
So spake the modest judge.

Sal. God!

Nath. Saladin,
Feel'st thou thyself this wiser, promised man?

Sal. I, dust,—I, nothing,—God?

[*Casts himself upon Nathan and takes hold of his hand which he does not quit.*

Nath. What moves thee, Sultan?

Sal. Nathan, my dearest Nathan, 't is not yet
The judge's thousand thousand years are past,—
His judgment seat 's not mine. Go, go, but love me.

Nath. Has Saladin, then, nothing else to order?

Sal. No.

Nath. Nothing?

Sal. Nothing in the least,—and wherefore?

Nath. I could have wished an opportunity
To lay a prayer before you.

Sal. Is there need
Of opportunity for that? Speak freely.

Nath. I have come from a long journey, from collecting
Debts, and I've almost of hard cash too much;—
The times look perilous,—I know not where
To lodge it safely;—I was thinking thou—
For coming wars require large sums—couldst use it.

Sal. Nathan, I ask not if thou saw'st Al-Hafi,—
I'll not examine if some shrewd suspicion

Spurs thee to make this offer of thyself.
Nath. Suspicion?—
Sal. I deserve this offer. Pardon!
For what avails concealment? I acknowledge
I was about——
Nath. To ask the same of me?
Sal. Yes.
Nath. Then 't is well we 're both accommodated.
That I can't send thee all I have of treasure
Arises from the templar;—thou must know him;—
I have a weighty debt to pay to him.
Sal. A templar? How? thou dost not with thy gold
Support my direst foes?
Nath. I speak of him
Whose life the sultan——
Sal. What art thou recalling?
I had forgot the youth. Whence is he? know'st thou?
Nath. Hast thou not heard, then, how thy clemency
To him has fallen on me? He, at the risk
Of his new-spared existence, from the flames
Rescued my daughter.
Sal. Ha! Has he done that?
He looked like one that would. My brother, too,
Whom he's so like, had done it. Is he here still?
Bring him to me. I have so often talked
To Sittah of this brother, whom she knew not,
That I must let her see his counterfeit.
Go, fetch him. How a single worthy action,
Though but of whim or passion born, gives rise
To other blessings! Fetch him.
Nath. In an instant.
The rest remains as settled.

Ancient Imitation of the Beautiful.

(From the "Laokoon.")

Whether it be fable or history, that the first essay in the plastic arts was made by Love—this much is certain, that Love was never weary of guiding the hand of the great old masters. For, whereas at the present day, painting is pursued, in its whole extent, as that art which imitates bodies in

general, upon surfaces, the wise Greek confined it within much narrower limits. He restricted it to the imitation of those bodies which are beautiful. Their artists painted nothing but the beautiful. Even vulgar beauty, the beauty of inferior orders, was, with them, only an incidental theme —their exercise, their recreation. Their works aimed to please by the perfection of the object itself. They were too great to demand of the spectator, that he should content himself with the mere cold enjoyment arising from a successful likeness—from the contemplation of their own skill. Nothing in their art was dearer to them, nothing seemed to them more noble than the aim of the art. . . .

With the ancients beauty was the highest law of the plastic arts. It follows necessarily that everything else, to which the plastic arts might likewise extend, must yield altogether, where it was found incompatible with beauty; and where it was compatible with beauty must, at least, be subordinated to that.

I will go no further than the expression. There are passions and degrees of passion which manifest themselves in the countenance, by the ugliest distortions, and throw the whole body into such violent attitudes that all the beautiful lines which define it in a state of rest, are lost. Accordingly, the ancient artists either abstained altogether from the representation of these passions, or they reduced them to a lower degree—one in which they are susceptible of some beauty.

Rage and despair disfigured none of their works. I venture to affirm that they have never represented a Fury. They reduced anger to earnestness. With the poet, it was the angry Jupiter who hurled the lightning; with the artist, it was only the earnest.

Lamentation was softened into concern. And where this could not be done—where lamentation would have been as belittling as it was disfiguring—what did Timanthes in that case? His picture of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, wherein he apportions to each of the spectators the degree of sorrow, proper to each, but covers the face of the father, which should have exhibited the most intense of all—is well known, and many handsome things have been said con-

cerning it. One says: "The painter had so exhausted himself in sad countenances that he despaired of his ability to give the father a sadder one." "He confessed by this," says another, "that the grief of a father, in such a case, is beyond all expression." For my part, I see here neither the incompetence of the artist nor the incompetence of the art. With the increase of the passion, the traits of countenance corresponding to that passion, are proportionally marked. The highest degree of it has the most decided expression, and nothing in art is easier than to represent what is decided. But Timanthes knew the limits which the Graces have assigned to his art. He knew that the degree of lamentation which became Agamemnon, as father, manifests itself in distortions, which are always ugly. He carried the expression of grief only so far as beauty and dignity could be combined with it. What was ugly he would fain have passed over, or would fain have softened; but since his composition did not allow of both, what else remained but to conceal it? What he might not paint he left to be conjectured. This concealment is a sacrifice which the artist made to beauty. It is an example showing, not how expression may be carried beyond the bounds of art, but how it must be made subject to the first law of art, the law of beauty.

Now, applying this to the Laocoön, we see clearly the reason which I am seeking. The master labored for the highest beauty possible, under the given conditions of bodily pain. Bodily pain, in all its deforming vehemence, was incompatible with that beauty. It was necessary, therefore, that he should reduce it—that he should soften cries into sighs. Not because crying betrays an ignoble soul, but because it disfigures the countenance in a manner which is disgusting. Do but tear open the mouth of Laocoön, in imagination, and judge! Let him scream and see! Before, it was a creation which inspired compassion, because it united pain with beauty. Now, it has become an unsightly, an abominable creation, from which we are fain to turn away our faces, because the sight of pain awakens displeasure; and that displeasure is not converted into the sweet sentiment of pity by the beauty of the suffering object.

THE THREE KINGDOMS OF NATURE.

I SOUGHT, while drinking, to unfold
Why nature's kingdoms are three-fold.
Both man and beast, they drink and love
As each is lifted from above;
The dolphin, eagle, dog and flea,
In that they love and drink, agree:
In all that drink and love then we
The first of these three kingdoms see.

The plants the second kingdom are,
But lower in creation far;
They do not love, but yet they drink,
When dripping clouds upon them sink;
Thus drinks the clover, thus the pine,
The aloe-tree, the branching vine:
In all that drink, but love not, we
The second of these kingdoms see.

The stony kingdom is the last,
Here diamonds with sand are classed;
No stone feels thirst, or soft desires,
No love, no draught its bosom fires:
In all that drink not, love not, we
The last of these three kingdoms see.
For without love, or wine, now own!
What wouldst thou be, O man?—A stone.

THE APE AND THE FOX.

NAME to me an animal, though never so skillful, that I cannot imitate! So bragged the Ape to the Fox. But the Fox replied: And do thou name to me an animal so humble as to think of imitating thee!

Writers of my country! Need I explain myself more fully!

THE EAGLE AND THE FOX.

BE not so proud of thy flight! said the Fox to the Eagle. Thou mountest so high into the air for no other purpose but to look farther about thee for carrion.

So have I known men who became deep-thinking philosophers, not from love of truth, but for the sake of lucrative offices of instruction.

THE SWALLOW.

BELIEVE me, friends! the great world is not for the philosopher—is not for the poet. Their real value is not appreciated there; and often, alas! they are weak enough to exchange it for a far inferior one.

In the earliest times the Swallow was as tuneful and melodious a bird as the Nightingale. But she soon grew tired of living in the solitary bushes, heard and admired by no one but the industrious countryman and the innocent shepherdess. She forsook her humbler friend and moved into the city. What followed? Because the people of the city had no time to listen to her divine song she gradually forgot it, and learned, instead thereof, to—build!

THE PEACOCKS AND THE CROW.

A VAIN Crow adorned herself with the feathers of the richly-tinted Peacocks, which they had shed, and when she thought herself sufficiently tricked out, mixed boldly with these splendid birds of Juno. She was recognized, and quickly the Peacocks fell upon her with sharp bills, to pluck from her the lying bravery.

Cease now! she cried at length; you have your own again! But the Peacocks, who had observed some of the Crow's own shining wing-feathers, replied: Be still, miserable fool! these, too, cannot be yours! And they continued to peck.

THE PURSUIT OF TRUTH.

(From his "Theological Writings.")

IF God should hold all truth inclosed in his right hand, and in his left only the ever-active impulse to the pursuit of truth, although with the condition that I should always and forever err; and should say to me: Choose! I should fall with submission upon his left hand, and say: Father, give me this! Pure Truth is for Thee alone!

GOETHE.

GOETHE, by the supremacy of his genius and the manifold character of the products of his long career, stands apart and above all his contemporaries. Yet like the universal Shakespeare, he was also a truly representative product of his time and country. Schiller, closely associated with the Teutonic literary monarch by personal friendship, by intellectual force and by similarity in artistic work, cannot be separated in any historical consideration. These noble authors, eminent above all others of their time, as poets, dramatists, and prose-writers, constitute in German literature a separate section, which is justly recognized as its Golden Age.

The dignified and evangelical poet Klopstock had already struck the note of nationalism, and in spite even of Frederick the Great had maintained the worth of the German language as a literary medium. The Epicurean Wieland had imported from ancient Greek and modern French a playful spirit necessary to humanize the too sombre and severe piety of his predecessor. Wieland recognized in the young Goethe a kindred spirit with his own and a greater genius whose sweetness and light refreshed his soul. Yet it was more directly to J. G. Herder (1744–1803) that Goethe owed the proper direction of his early work. Herder, though learned and full of sympathy for genius, had no fluency of expression. But by his "Voices of the Peoples"—free translations from the songs and ballads of various nations—and by his "Spirit of Hebrew Poetry" he

aroused a cosmopolitan spirit in imaginative literature. He made his contemporaries acquainted with the Scandinavian lyrics and long-forgotten old German songs, and directed their attention to the poetic wealth of the Orient. He accepted as genuine the poems ascribed to Ossian. What Herder felt but was unable properly to express, was accomplished by Goethe. This master in the successive stages of his career reflected the movement of his times. In his national drama of "Götz von Berlichingen" he gave vigorous expression to the spirit of human brotherhood which underlay the French Revolution, though he transferred it to the period of the Reformation. In his sentimental romance, "The Sorrows of Werther," he combined imitations of the English Richardson and the French Rousseau, yet incorporated parts of his own experience. Becoming director of the theatre at Weimar, Goethe composed a succession of noble dramas, chiefly historical. They comprise "Egmont," which relates to the revolt in the Netherlands, "Iphigenie," a remarkable revival of the Greek drama, "Tasso," which sets forth the genius and love of the Italian poet. Returning to the familiar German ground in his idyll of "Hermann and Dorothea," Goethe surpassed his predecessor Voss in describing an ideal country life. In his minor poems and ballads there is an extraordinary variety of themes and modes of treament, yet in artistic merit they have never been equalled, save perhaps by Heine. But the great life-work of Goethe was his unique tragedy of "Faust," which was commenced as early as 1772, first published in part in 1790, and not completed until 1831. The drama has called forth innumerable criticisms and controversies, yet is universally accepted as the modern expression of the conflict of good and evil in man and the world. Taking the familiar story of Dr. Faustus as a basis, it rises to a sublime height, interweaving heaven, earth and hell, and their inhabitants, and closes with the triumph of mercy in the admission of the redeemed soul of the sinner into eternal bliss.

Schiller was more of a visionary and enthusiast than Goethe, and his career was checkered with troubles. His first drama, "The Robbers," was so wild and violent in tone as to alarm the authorities. Other dramas followed, composed

under difficulties, but full of the love of freedom. His grandest drama is the trilogy of "Wallenstein," which sets forth the ambition, treason and fate of the great German warrior. In other historical plays, such as "Mary Stuart" and "The Maid of Orleans," the idealizing poet departed so widely from the recorded facts as to distress truth-loving critics. Yet Schiller was himself a historian and has related "The Revolt of the Netherlands" and "The Thirty Years' War." At intervals, while composing his dramas and histories, Schiller sent forth his splendid lyrics and ballads, inspired by noble ideas. His last work was his drama, "William Tell," which enshrines for the admiration of mankind the liberty-loving spirit of the Swiss mountaineers.

While Schiller was throughout his career an ardent champion of freedom, personal and political, Goethe was a liberal aristocrat, regarding self-culture as the highest aim of life. During their companionship at Weimar they produced in friendly competition lyrics and ballads; Schiller's were more effective and popular; Goethe's more subtle and suggestive. After the early death of the younger poet, the aged Goethe derived fresh inspiration from the recently-revealed treasures of the Eastern world, and with remarkable sympathy and lyric force presented in his "West-Easterly Divan" the combined mysticism and sensuousness of Oriental poetry. It was then also that he drew idealized pictures of his own early life in his "Poetry and Truth," and completed in mystical style his drama of "Faust" as his legacy to the world.

JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE.

GOETHE is the great Olympian of the German Parnassus, the giant representative of Teutonic literature at the Court of the Muses. His only approximate compeer in German poetry is Schiller, with whom his friendship became so close and reciprocally beneficial that their memories are inseparably linked in fame. In their personal relations at Weimar these noble poets were like twin stars. Both lie entombed together in the ducal mausoleum of that little court of their living glory, and in the square of Weimar their statues stand side by side, their perfect friendship thus symbolized in bronze. There they hold a laurel wreath between them, as though each were crowning the other. As Goethe once remarked: "Instead of arguing as to which of us, Schiller or Goethe, is the greater genius, the Germans should be proud that they have two such men."

Schiller is the more loved of the two; Goethe the more admired. Schiller was the more human in his art; Goethe the more universal. As it has been pithily expressed: "Goethe strove for æsthetic universality, Schiller strove for moral freedom." Both poets were idealists; but while Schiller's flight was winged towards the dawn of an ideal liberty and humanity, Goethe's genius gazed aloft and far away to the all-illuminating sun of universal culture. In art Schiller has himself thus defined their differentiation: "The naïve poet is nature; the sentimental poet seeks nature. The one imitates the natural, the other the ideal."

In a word, the world to-day speaks of these great brother spirits as the good Schiller and the great Goethe.

As for Goethe's life, it would be a vain task to seek to analyze it here. The earnest student may well follow it in the elaborately minute biography by the German scholar, Dr. Düntzer, in Lewes's popular English biography, and in the poet's own charming autobiography. Johann Wolfgang Goethe was born on August 28, 1749, in the proud commercial city of Frankfort, the grandson of a tailor and innkeeper, the son of an imperial councillor and a magistrate's daughter. He studied first at Leipsic, fell seriously ill, recovered at home, and went to Strasburg, where he studied jurisprudence and graduated. But he also met and was inspired by Herder, who played a vital part in the young man's literary development. While at Strasburg Goethe had the love affair with Friederike Brion, which was later to supply him with the basis of the Gretchen romance. At Wetzlar, whither he went to practice law, he met Charlotte Buff, the Lotte of Werther. Meanwhile he had felt the influence of the Storm and Stress movement, and when only twenty-four years old he made himself famous in a day by his revolutionary drama, "Götz von Berlichingen." In this earliest drama he presented an idealized portrait of the old robber-knight of the sixteenth century, the Knight of the Iron Hand. Goethe chose this "noblest of Germans," not as a national type, but as one who foreshadowed the modern struggle for individualism.

Passing quickly to the languidly sentimental vein, he told the story of his hopeless love for Charlotte Buff in "The Sorrows of Young Werther." In a series of letters the hero relates how, enamored of a married woman, he flees from temptation and at last determined on suicide. Under the pretext of starting on a journey, he borrows the husband's pistols, reflecting that Charlotte will take them down and dust them before sending them to him. Despite its remarkable beauties of style, the mawkish and false character of this prose novel of passion and suicide has been cleverly revealed by Thackeray's bald and doggerel relation of the incidents themselves. Goethe himself had not loved Lotte to the point

of despair, and the suicide was suggested by the self-murder of a more sentimental lover, young Jerusalem at Wetzlar. Nevertheless, "The Sorrows of Werther" struck a sentimental chord all over the Europe of that day. Even the unsentimental Napoleon carried the book with him on his Egyptian campaign, and read of Werther's sorrows under the shadow of the Sphinx. Later in life he discussed the work with Goethe, who eventually outgrew its mood and mocked his early indiscretion. But at the time Goethe sent a copy to Lotte, declaring: "I have kissed it a hundred times." Mme. de Staël asserted that the book was responsible for more suicides than the most beautiful woman had ever been. It may here be repeated of Goethe that in love matters he was always "both the patient and the physician." Soon after he had a new spell of romance with Anna Elizabeth Schönemann, who figures as the Lili of many of his lyrics.

But in 1775 Goethe was suddenly summoned to the Court of Weimar, to become the Apollo of modern German literature. Until his death he dwelt there with honors, public esteem and literary glory. Another woman, Frau von Stein, became a factor in his life. Her influence and the inspiration of his Italian journey (1786–7) are to be seen in his dramas of "Iphigenie" and "Tasso." The works produced at Weimar may be briefly characterized.

"Egmont" is a drama of the Netherlands' struggle for liberty, in which Goethe's hero is not the Egmont of history, but an unmarried, high-minded patriot standing almost alone against relentless despotism and bigotry, personified in Alva. The Brussels mob refuse to stand by him. Egmont has been styled as "Götz's weak, aristocratic twin-brother." His love romance with Clärchen is exquisite. "Iphigenie" is a drama in noble iambic verse, in which Goethe, like his heroine, "sought Greece with all his soul." "Iphigenie" typifies the classic spirit of idealism conquering man's passions, the Furies of Orestes. It is his first great dramatic work free from the early impetuosity and revolutionary bitterness. The drama of "Torquato Tasso" was founded upon the Italian poet's unhappy love for the Princess Leonora. Tasso represents the idealist, as opposed to Antonio, a realist.

The remarkable "Reineke Fuchs" is the definitive High German poetic version of the Low German Willem's fox fable.

"Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" and "Wilhelm Meister's Wander-year" are novels in which Goethe presents on the surface a realistic picture of life, ending in a rosy-hued romance. The hero's development of culture is, however, the underlying motive. In Wilhelm's experience with a troupe of actors, Goethe reviewed his own entire theatrical studies, from his youthful puppet shows to his ripest Shakespearean criticism. "Hamlet" is analyzed in this first book in almost classical style. In the sequel Wilhelm passes through an experience of coquetry with the vivacious and worldly actress, Philine, to find a little pearl of womanhood in the waif Mignon (rendered still more familiar through Ambroise Thomas's opera). Her songs express well Goethe's longing for Italy. The character of the mysterious Harper is also highly romantic. The "Italian Journey," "Roman Elegies" and "Venetian Epigrams" are the critical and lyrical fruits of Goethe's travels.

"Hermann and Dorothea" is the chief German idyllic epic. Goethe founded this tender hexameter tale on an incident of the expulsion of a band of Protestants from Salzburg in 1731, but he transplanted it to the time of the French Revolution. A band of German emigrants leave their homes beyond the Rhine to escape the French pillagers. Among them is the orphaned Dorothea, whom Hermann, the son of the host of "The Golden Lion," leads home as his bride. Dorothea is Goethe's type of woman, helpful and pure. This idyll has well been pronounced a "hymn to the family" and "the pearl of Germany's art." The "West-Easterly Divan" is a series of Oriental lyrics, inspired by Hafiz. In one of these, "Timur," Napoleon's invasion of Russia is noticed. Goethe's "Pages from My Life: Poetry and Truth," is one of the most fascinating autobiographies ever written. In it he has described the most impressionable period of his life, but has presented many episodes in a fanciful rather than realistic way. Thus, in his retrospect of his love intrigue with Friederike Brion, he has undoubtedly idealized her remembrance and painted his relations with her in darker and

more romantic colors than the facts, soberly related, would warrant. But through a long life of deep meditation, the aged Goethe had come to look upon that early indiscretion as a sad episode. He possessed to the last a distinct vein of sentimentality in regard to all women, and a study of his life reveals one feminine influence after another. It is scarcely possible to see in Friederike more than a mere suggestion of the Gretchen of "Faust." The poet utilized many events of his experience for an artistic purpose, idealizing and transmuting them by the alchemy of his genius. Indeed, no truer characterization of his entire art and life could have been invented than his own expression of "Poetry and Truth" or "Fact and Fancy."

Goethe was less noble and pure than Schiller in his personal life. His multitude of love affairs ended in a liaison with an uneducated Gretchen of Weimar (Christiane Vulpius), whom he only married after the birth of a son. He was a pantheist in religion, believing that evil exists in appearance only, and in many of his actions he justified Heine's caustic description of him as "the great heathen." Perhaps this gives us the key to the inner significance of Heine's other saying, that "Nature wanted to see how she looked, and she created Goethe." Despite the languid sentimentality of his youthful "Sorrows of Werther" and the artificial note of some of his later writings, Goethe was what Schiller called a naïve poet, a poet of Nature. Thus, in his lyrics, he mirrored her true self. In "Hermann and Dorothea" he achieved a genuine pastoral idyl. In "Götz" he could be violent and headlong as a mountain torrent; in "Faust" as varied and bafflingly incongruous as life and humanity.

Personally he passed through a whole category of changes. His autobiography shows him as the typical, even if precocious, child of the commercial classes of the old "Free cities," such as his native Frankfort was. To Herder he seemed "a good fellow, somewhat frivolous and sparrow-like." On his arrival at the court of Weimar, in the strength and beauty of youth, he enjoyed a period of luxurious indulgence before settling down into the sedate and titled councillor of the kingdom.

As to his egoism, Goethe stood as the confessed champion and apostle of self-culture. German culture had reached, in his day, the state described in his own words: "Germany as a whole is nothing, the individual German is everything." It was in this spirit that Goethe composed his "West-Easterly Divan," his Oriental songs, during that stirring period when Körner and other patriotic poets were hymning the hopes of the Fatherland and the great War of Liberation was being waged against Napoleon. Goethe had a high admiration for the wonderful individual greatness of the French Emperor, and he thought the struggle would be in vain. He was not indifferent to the ideals of Freedom, Fatherland, People. "Germany is dear to my heart," he once wrote to Luden; but he wrote to Eckermann: "As a man and citizen, the poet will love his fatherland, but the fatherland of his poetic strength and his poetic activity is the good, noble and beautiful, which is confined to no special province or land, which he seizes and forms where he finds it." Of his lyrics, it is only necessary to add that no other German poet has equaled him, save only Heine. Many of his finest songs were set to music by Schubert. Goethe's world masterpiece, "Faust," is analyzed in a separate article. The commendation which the poem has received far and near may be perhaps owing to this quality, that it permanently preserves the period of development of a human soul which is tormented by all that afflicts mankind, shaken also by all that disturbs it, repelled by all that it finds repellant and made happy by all that it desires.

As a slight testimony to the universality of Goethe's genius, a word may be added concerning his scientific researches. He deserves the title of Father of Comparative Anatomy. He suggested the study of the morphology of plants and recognized in the human skull the highest type of vertebra. He also opposed Newton's corpuscular hypothesis of light, and originated a theory of colors which Tyndall has refuted.

The universality of Goethe's genius makes him a most difficult character to understand. He is full of seeming contradictions, irreconcilable, except in a broad view of his mind and art. His large egoism often presents, when

narrowed down to particular aspects, the appearance of egotism. There is a certain harsh grain of seeming selfishness and coldness of culture about him. This led Emerson in "Representative Men" to treat the German thinker as the type of the ultra-critical, almost devoid of heart and nearly all head. It has also led to Professor Edward Dowden's severe arraignment of Goethe's ideals of culture.

It has been well said of this greatest of the Germans: "Rather than cavil at his statuesque repose, we should learn to admire the self-conflict and self-command which molded the exuberance of his impulsive nature into monumental symmetry and proportion. . . . As Homer concentrated in himself the spirit of antiquity, Dante of the Middle Ages and Shakespeare of the Renaissance, so Goethe is the representative of the modern spirit, the prophet of mankind under new circumstances and new conditions, the appointed teacher of ages yet unborn."

THE SORROWS OF WERTHER.

(Werther writes to his friend Wilhelm.)

OH, what a night, Wilhelm! I can henceforth bear anything. I shall never see Charlotte again. Oh, why cannot I fall on your neck, and with floods of tears and raptures, give utterance to all the passions which distract my heart! Here I sit, gasping for breath, and struggling to compose myself. I wait for day, and at sunrise the horses are to be at the door.

And she is sleeping calmly, little suspecting that she has seen me for the last time. I am free. I have had the courage, in an interview of two hours' duration, not to betray my intention. And oh! Wilhelm, what a conversation it was!

Albert had promised to come to Charlotte in the garden, immediately after supper. I was upon the terrace under the tall chestnut-trees, and watched the setting sun,—I saw him sink for the last time beneath this delightful valley and silent stream. I had often visited the same spot with Charlotte, and witnessed that glorious sight, and now—I was

walking up and down the very avenue which was so dear to me. A secret sympathy had frequently drawn me thither, before I knew Charlotte, and we were delighted when, in our early acquaintance, we discovered that we each loved the same spot, which is indeed as romantic as any that ever captivated the fancy of an artist.

From beneath the chestnut-trees there is an extensive view. But I remember that I have mentioned all this in a former letter, and have described the tall mass of beech-trees at the end, and how the avenue grows darker and darker as it winds its way among them, till it ends in a gloomy recess which has all the charm of a mysterious solitude. I still remember the strange feeling of melancholy which came over me, the first time I entered that dark retreat, at bright midday. I felt a secret foreboding that it would, one day, be to me the scene of some happiness or misery.

I had spent half an hour struggling between the contending thoughts of going and returning, when I heard them coming up the terrace. I ran to meet them ; I trembled as I took her hand and kissed it. As we reached the top of the terrace, the moon rose from behind the wooded hill. We conversed on many subjects, and without perceiving it, we approached the gloomy recess. Charlotte entered and sat down. Albert seated himself beside her; I did the same, but my agitation did not suffer me to remain long seated. I got up and stood before her, then walked backwards and forwards, and sat down again. I was restless and miserable. Charlotte drew our attention to the beautiful effect of the moonlight, which threw a silver hue over the terrace, in front of us beyond the beech-trees. It was a glorious sight, and was rendered more striking by the darkness which surrounded the spot where we were. We remained for some time silent, when Charlotte observed: "Whenever I walk by moonlight, it brings to my remembrance all my beloved and departed friends, and I am filled with thoughts of death and futurity. We shall live again, Werther!" she continued, with a firm but feeling voice; "But shall we know one another again—what do you think, what do you say?"

"Charlotte!" I said, as I took her hand in mine, and my

eyes filled with tears, "we shall see each other again—here and hereafter we shall meet again." I could say no more. Why, Wilhelm, should she put this question to me just at the moment when the fear of our cruel separation filled my heart?

"And oh! do those departed ones know how we are employed here, do they know when we are well and happy, do they know when we recall their memories with the fondest love? In the silent hour of evening the shade of my mother hovers round me; when seated in the midst of my children, I see them assembled near me as they used to assemble near her! and then I raise my anxious eyes to heaven, and wish she could look down upon us and witness how I fulfill the promise I made to her in her last moments, to be a mother to her children. With what emotion do I then exclaim, 'Pardon, dearest of mothers, pardon me, if I do not adequately supply your place. Alas! I do my utmost; they are clothed and fed, and still better, they are loved and educated. Could you but see, sweet saint! the peace and harmony that dwell amongst us, you would glorify God with the warmest feelings of gratitude, to whom, in your last hour, you addressed such fervent prayers for our happiness.'" Thus did she express herself; but O Wilhelm, who can do justice to her language? How can cold and passionless words convey the heavenly expressions of the spirit? Albert interrupted her gently. "This affects you too deeply, my dear Charlotte: I know your soul dwells on such recollections with intense delight, but I implore"——"O Albert," she continued, "I am sure you do not forget the evenings when we three used to sit at the little round table, when papa was absent, and the little ones had retired. You often had a good book with you, but seldom read it; the conversation of that noble being was preferable to everything—that beautiful, bright, gentle, and yet ever-toiling woman. God alone knows how I have supplicated with tears on my nightly couch that I might be like her."

I threw myself at her feet, and seizing her hand, bedewed it with a thousand tears. "Charlotte!" I exclaimed, "God's blessing and your mother's spirit are upon you." "Oh! that

you had known her," she said, with a warm pressure of the hand; "she was worthy of being known to you." I thought I should have fainted; never had I received praise so flattering. She continued: "And yet she was doomed to die in the flower of her youth, when her youngest child was scarcely six months old. Her illness was short, but she was calm and resigned—and it was only for her children, especially the youngest, that she felt unhappy. When her end drew nigh, she bade me bring them to her. I obeyed, the younger ones knew nothing of their approaching loss, while the elder ones were quite overcome with grief. They stood around the bed, and she raised her feeble hands to heaven, and prayed over them, then kissing them in turn, she dismissed them, and said to me, 'Be you a mother to them.' I gave her my hand. 'You are promising much, my child,' she said, 'a mother's fondness, and a mother's care! I have often witnessed, by your tears of gratitude, that you know what is a mother's tenderness; show it to your brothers and sisters, and be as dutiful and faithful to your father as a wife: you will be his comfort.' She inquired for him. He had retired to conceal his intolerable anguish—he was heart-broken.

"Albert! you were in the room. She heard some one moving, she inquired who it was, and desired you to approach. She surveyed us both with a look of composure and satisfaction, expressive of her conviction that we should be happy—happy with one another." Albert fell upon her neck and kissed her, and exclaimed, "We are so, and we shall be so." Even the composure of Albert was moved, and I was excited beyond expression.

"And such a being," she continued, "was to leave us, Werther! Great God, must we thus part with everything we hold dear in this world? Nobody felt this more acutely than the children; they cried and lamented for a long time afterwards, complaining that black men had carried away their dear mamma."

Charlotte stood up. It aroused me, but I continued sitting, and held her hand. "Let us go," she said; "it grows late." She attempted to withdraw her hand; I held it still. "We shall see each other again," I exclaimed, "we shall re-

cognize each other under every possible change. I am going," I continued, "going willingly, but should I say for ever, perhaps I may not keep my word. Adieu, Charlotte! adieu, Albert; we shall meet again." "Yes, to-morrow, I think," she answered, with a smile. To-morrow! how I felt the word! Ah! she little thought, when she drew her hand away from mine. They walked down the avenue. I stood gazing after them in the moonlight. I threw myself upon the ground and wept; then I sprang up, and ran out upon the terrace, and saw, under the shade of the linden-trees, her white dress disappearing near the garden gate. I stretched out my arms, and she vanished.

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

THIS pastoral idyl, written in dactylic hexameters, proved that the young Goethe was well able to surpass his predecessor Voss on his own ground. Hermann, the beloved son of the host of the Golden Lion, is backward and taciturn. Both his parents are anxious for him to choose a suitable wife, but the youth finds that the village girls only laugh at him. His father scolds him, and his mother strives to embolden him. At last some exiles, driven from their homes by French revolutionists, appear in the neighborhood, and Hermann is attracted by the patient Dorothea. His mother discovers his attachment; his father gets the pastor, surgeon, and magistrate to make inquiry about the girl, and the young man's choice is approved.

As the wandering traveler, shortly before the sun's setting,
Gazes upon the full orb, too soon from his sight disappearing,
Until his eye the bright image retains, and constantly sees it,
Or in the gloom of the thicket, or on the face of the mountain,
Dancing before him, and glancing and waving in glorious colors;
So, to the fancy of Hermann, the magical form of the Maiden
Sweetly appeared, and it seemed the path of the corn-field to follow.
But from the startling dream he awoke, and unto the village
Slowly wended his footsteps; yet did his wandering fancy
Once more picture the Maiden standing in beauty before him.
Steadfastly gazed he upon her; this time it was no illusion,
It was herself, and she had in her hands a large and a small crock;
Holding each by the handle, she busily went to the fountain.
Joyfully stood he before her; her presence imparted new courage,

And he addressed her thus, she greatly wondering to see him;
"Do I thus meet thee, good Maiden, again so busy and active,
Others to serve, and willing to bear to thy fellows refreshment?
But wherefore com'st thou alone to the fountain, which lies at this distance,
While the rest are content with the streams that flow through the village?
Truly this water hath virtues especial, and pleasant the taste is;
'Tis for yon invalid lady, whom thou so timely didst rescue?"

Forthwith the Maiden bestowed on the Youth her heartiest greetings,
And said: "Surely my way to the fountain is fairly requited,
Since I thus meet the kind friend, whose bounty so largely we've shared;
For the sight of the giver, as well as the gifts, maketh gladsome.
Come now, and see for thyself the people thy bounty hath gladdened,
And accept of the heartfelt thanks of those thou hast served.
But that thou quickly may'st know why hither I'm come to draw water,
Here where the fountain streams up with a pure and continual gushing,
Then I will tell thee: the men, without thought of the future, have troubled
All the water that's found in the village; their horses and oxen
Have waded through at the source that brings a supply to the people.
Also with washing and all sorts of cleansing they've made the troughs muddy,
And all the wells have disturbed. Each of himself alone thinking,
How the demand of the moment he best may supply, and most promptly,
Cares little how it may speed with his neighbor who after him follows."

Then did she speak, and with her companion descended the broad steps,
Both took their seats on the low wall; she, to draw water, stooped forward:
He also took up the other crock; he, to draw water, stooped forward.

Then did they see in the blue of the sky, by the water reflected,
Each one his own waving form, and they nodded and greeted each other
In the liquid mirror. "Give me to drink," said the young man,
Full of excitement. She handed him the crock, and familiarly sat they,
Leaning upon the full vessels, and then of her friend she inquired,
"Tell me why thus do I find thee here without carriage and horses,
Far fom the place where I met with thee first. How camest thou hither?"

Thoughtfully Hermann looked downwards. Then raising his eyes full upon her,
Gazed on her friendly and calm, and felt himself soothed and tranquil.
Yet not an accent of love did he dare to breathe to the Maiden,
For in her eyes he read not the language of love; but he did read
That of intelligence, seeming to ask for intelligent converse.
Quickly collecting himself, he frankly said to the Maiden:
"Listen to me, fair Damsel, and I will reply to thy questions.
Thou art the cause of my coming: why should I try to conceal it?
For thou must know that I happily live with two beloved parents,
Whom I endeavor to serve in the house and the farm as I best can.
I am an only son, and our various duties are weighty;
I attend to the fields, and my Father to business within doors,
While the concerns of the household fall to the lot of my Mother.
But I need scarcely inform thee how troublesome are the domestics;
How by frivolity or by untruth they vex the good housewife,
So that she often makes changes, but changes one fault for another.
Therefore my mother has long wished to have in the house some good maiden,
Who with the hand not alone, but with the heart might assist her,
Taking the place of the daughter that she was too early deprived of.
Now when I saw thee to-day, in joyful activity walking;
Saw, too, the strength of thine arm, and the glowing health of thy visage;
When, too, I heard thee utter intelligent speech, I was moved
Homeward to hasten, and speak to my parents and friends of the stranger

As she deserved; and now I am come to speak of their wish, and
Also of mine—but I pray thee excuse my stammering story."

"Pray, do not shrink," she replied, "from declaring fully your meaning;
You will not wound me; for, grateful, already I guess at your purpose;
Only I wish you to speak it out plainly; your words no offence give.
You would engage me as servant unto your Father and Mother,
Well to look after the house that you wish to maintain in good order;
And you believe you will find in me an industrious maiden,
Well adapted to work, and not too rough in demeanor.
Short was your offer, and so the answer shall equally short be.
Yes! I'll accompany you, and follow where Providence leads me.
I have performed my duty and brought the sick mother in safety
Unto her relatives, who are all in the rescue rejoicing;
Most of them now are together, the others will shortly assemble;
And they all think of a surety in a few days to turn homeward.
Thus do the poor, banished people deceive themselves with illusions;
But I allow not my own mind thus with false hopes to be flattered,
In these sorrowful days, which betoken sorrow in future;
For the world's ties are unloosed, and who shall pretend to restore them,
Save some terrible need, such as that which now stands before us?
If in the house of the worthy man I can earn my bread daily,
Under the eye of the excellent housewife, willing I'll do so;
Since a wandering maiden ever is lightly esteemed.
Yes! I'll accompany you, as soon as I've taken the pitchers
Back to my friends, and have asked them to give me a blessing at parting.
Come! you must see them, and from their hands you must also receive me."

Joyfully heard the Youth the willing resolve of the Maiden,
Doubting whether he yet should reveal the true cause of his coming;
But it appeared the best course to leave her with present impressions,
And to conduct her home and there to declare his passion.

MIGNON.

(From "Wilhelm Meister," Book II., Chapter 14.)

TO WILHELM this fencing contest completed the representation of his own state of mind. He could not but perceive that he would willingly have taken up a foil against the Stallmeister; a sword still more willingly, though evidently much his inferior in the science of defence. Yet he deigned not to cast one look on Philina; he was on his guard against any word or movement that could possibly betray his feelings; and after having once or twice done justice to the health of the duellists, he hastened to his own room, where a thousand painful thoughts came pressing round him.

He called to memory the time when his spirit, rich in hope and full of boundless aims, was raised aloft and encircled with the liveliest enjoyments of every kind as with its proper element. He now clearly saw that of late he had fallen into a broken, wandering path, where, if he tasted, it was but in drops what he once quaffed in unrestricted measure. But he could not clearly see what insatiable want it was that nature had made the law of his being; and how this want had been only set on edge, half satisfied and misdirected by the circumstances of his life.

It will not surprise us, therefore, that, in considering his situation and laboring to extricate himself, he fell into the greatest perplexity. It was not enough, that by his friendship for Laertes, his attachment to Philina, his concern for Mignon, he had been detained longer than was proper in a place and a society where he could cherish his darling inclination, content his wishes as it were by stealth, and, without proposing any object, again pursue his early dreams. These ties he believed himself possessed of force enough to break asunder: had there been nothing more to hold him, he could have gone at once. But, only a few moments ago, he had entered into money transactions with Melina; he had seen that mysterious old man, the enigma of whose history he longed with unspeakable desire to clear. Yet of this, too, after much balancing of reasons, he at length determined, or

thought he had determined, that it should not keep him back. "I must go." He threw himself into a chair, he felt greatly moved. Mignon came in and asked whether she might help to undress him. Her manner was still and shy; it had grieved her to the quick to be so abruptly dismissed by him before.

Nothing is more touching than the first disclosure of a love which has been nursed in silence, of a faith grown strong in secret, and which at last comes forth in the hour of need and reveals itself to him who formerly has reckoned it of small account. The bud, which had been closed so long and firmly, was now ripe to burst its swathings, and Wilhelm's heart could never have been readier to welcome the impressions of affection.

She stood before him and noticed his disquietude. "Master!" she cried, "if thou are unhappy, what will become of Mignon?" "Dear little creature," said he, taking her hands, "thou too art part of my anxieties. I must go hence." She looked at his eyes, glistening with restrained tears, and knelt down with vehemence before him. He kept her hands; she laid her head upon his knees and remained quite still. He played with her hair, patted her and spoke kindly to her. She continued motionless for a considerable time. At last he felt a sort of palpitating movement in her, which began very softly and then by degrees, with increasing violence, diffused itself over all her frame. "What ails thee, Mignon?" cried he; "what ails thee?" She raised her little head, looked at him, and all at once laid her hand upon her heart, with the countenance of one repressing the utterance of pain. He raised her up and she fell upon his breast; he pressed her towards him and kissed her. She replied not by any pressure of the hand, nor by any motion. She held him firmly against her heart, and all at once gave a cry, which was accompanied by spasmodic movements of the body. She started up and immediately fell down before him, as if broken in every joint. It was an excruciating moment! "My child!" cried he, raising her up and clasping her fast; "my child, what ails thee?" The palpitations continued, spreading from the heart over all the lax

and powerless limbs; she was merely hanging in his arms. All at once she again became quite stiff, like one enduring the sharpest corporeal agony, and soon with a new vehemence all her frame once more became alive, and she threw herself about his neck like a bent spring that is closing; while in her soul, as it were, a strong rent took place, and at the same moment a stream of tears flowed from her shut eyes into his bosom. He held her fast. She wept, and no tongue can express the force of these tears. Her long hair was loosened and was hanging down before her; it seemed as if her whole being was melting incessantly into a brook of tears. Her rigid limbs were again become relaxed; her inmost soul was pouring itself forth; in the wild confusion of the moment, Wilhelm was afraid she would dissolve in his arms and leave nothing there for him to grasp. He held her faster and faster. "My child!" cried he, "my child! thou art indeed mine, if that word can comfort thee. Thou art mine! I will keep thee, I will never forsake thee!" Her tears continued flowing. At last she raised herself; a faint gladness shone upon her face. "My father!" cried she, "Thou wilt not forsake me? Wilt be my father? I am thy child!"

Softly at this moment the harp began to sound before the door; the old man brought his most affecting songs as an evening offering to our friend, who, holding his child ever faster in his arms, enjoyed the most pure and undescribable felicity.

MIGNON'S SONG.

(From "Wilhelm Meister," Book III., Chapter I.)

Know'st thou the land where citron-apples bloom,
And oranges like gold in leafy gloom,
A gentle wind from deep blue heaven blows,
The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows?
Know'st thou it then?
'Tis there! 'Tis there!
O my true loved one, thou with me must go!

Know'st thou the house, its porch with pillars tall?
The rooms do glitter, glitters bright the hall,
And marble statues stand, and look each one:
What's this, poor child, to thee they've done?

Know'st thou it then?
'Tis there! 'Tis there!
O my protector, thou with me must go!

Know'st thou the hill, the bridge that hangs on cloud?
The mules in mist grope o'er the torrent loud,
In caves lie coiled the dragon's ancient brood,
The crag leaps down, and over it the flood:
Know'st thou it then?
'Tis there! 'Tis there!
Our way runs; O my father, wilt thou go?

NEXT morning, on looking for Mignon about the house, Wilhelm did not find her; but was informed that she had gone out early with Melina, who had risen betimes to receive the wardrobe and other apparatus of his theatre.

After the space of some hours, Wilhelm heard the sound of music before his door. At first he thought it was the harper come again to visit him; but he soon distinguished the tones of a cithern, and the voice which began to sing was Mignon's. Wilhelm opened the door; the child came in and sang him the song we have just given above.

The music and general expression of it pleased our friend extremely, though he could not understand all the words. He made her once more repeat the stanzas and explain them; he wrote them down and translated them into his native language. But the originality of its turns he could imitate only from afar; its child-like innocence of expression vanished from it in the process of reducing its broken phraseology to uniformity and combining its disjointed parts. The charm of the tune, moreover, was entirely incomparable.

She began every verse in a stately and solemn manner, as if she wished to draw attention towards something wonderful, as if she had something weighty to communicate. In the third line her tones became deeper and gloomier; the *Know'st thou it then?* was uttered with a show of mystery and eager circumspectness; in the *'Tis there! 'Tis there!* lay a boundless longing; and her *With me must go!* she modified at each repetition, so that now it appeared to entreat and implore, now to impel and persuade.

On finishing her song for the second time, she stood silent for a moment, looked keenly at Wilhelm and asked him, "*Know'st* thou the land?" "It must mean Italy," said Wilhelm: "where didst thou get the little song?" "Italy!" said Mignon, with an earnest air: "If thou go to Italy, take me along with thee; for I am too cold here." "Hast thou been there already, little dear?" said Wilhelm. But the child was silent, and nothing more could be got out of her.

THE MYSTERIOUS HARPER.

WILHELM saluted the harper and beckoned him to come near. The figure of this singular guest set the whole party in astonishment; he had found a chair before any one took heart to ask him a question, or make any observation. His bald crown was encircled by a few gray hairs; and a pair of large blue eyes looked out softly from beneath his long white eyebrows. To a nose of beautiful proportions, was subjoined a flowing hoary beard, which did not hide the fine shape and position of his lips; and a long dark-brown garment wrapped his thin body from the neck to the feet. He began to prelude on the harp, which he had placed before him.

The sweet tones which he drew from his instrument very soon inspirited the company.

"You can sing, too, my good old man," said Philina.

"Give us something that shall entertain the spirit and the heart as well as the senses," said Wilhelm. "The instrument should but accompany the voice; for tunes and melodies without words and meaning seem to me like butterflies or finely variegated birds, which hover round us in the air, which we could wish to catch and make our own; whereas song is like a blessed genius that exalts us towards heaven, and allures the better self in us to attend him."

The old man looked at Wilhelm; then aloft; then gave some trills upon his harp and began his song. It contained a eulogy on minstrelsy; described the happiness of minstrels, and reminded men to honor them. He produced his song with so much life and truth, that it seemed as if he had composed it at the moment, for this special occasion. Wilhelm

could scarcely refrain from clasping him in his arms; but the fear of awakening a peal of laughter detained him in his chair; for the rest were already in half whispers making sundry very shallow observations, and debating if the harper was a Papist or a Jew.

On asking about the author of the song, the man gave no distinct reply; declaring only that he was rich in songs, and anxious that they should please. Most of the party were now merry and joyful; even Melina was grown frank in his way; and whilst they talked and joked together, the old man began to sing the praise of social life in the most sprightly style. He described the loveliness of unity and courtesy, in soft, soothing tones. Suddenly his music became cold, harsh, and jarring, as he turned to deplore repulsive selfishness, short-sighted enmity, and baleful division; and every heart willingly threw off those galling fetters, while, borne on the wings of a piercing melody, he launched forth in praise of peace-makers, and sang the happiness of souls that, having parted, meet again in love.

Scarcely had he ended, when Wilhelm cried to him: "Whoever thou art, that as a helping spirit comest to us, with a voice which blesses and revives, accept my reverence and my thanks! Feel that we all admire thee, and confide in us if thou wantest anything."

The old man spoke not; he threw his fingers softly across the strings, then struck more sharply, and sang:

"What notes are those without the wall,
Across the portal sounding?
Let's have the music in our hall,
Back from its roof rebounding."
So spoke the king; his henchman flies;
His answer heard, the monarch cries,
"Bring in that ancient minstrel."

"Hail, gracious king! each noble knight,
Each lovely dame, I greet you!
What glittering stars salute my sight!
What heart unmoved may meet you!
Such lordly pomp is not for me,

Far other scenes my eyes must see:
  Yet deign to list my harping."

The singer turns him to his art,
  A thrilling strain he raises;
Each warrior hears with glowing heart,
  And on his loved one gazes.
The king, who liked his playing well,
Commands, for such a kindly spell,
  A golden chain be given him.

"The golden chain give not to me;
  Thy boldest knight may wear it,
Who 'cross the battle's purple sea
  On lion-breast may bear it:
Or let it be thy chancellor's prize,
Amid his heaps to feast his eyes,
  Its yellow glance will please him.

"I sing but as the linnet sings,
  That on the green bough dwelleth;
A rich reward his music brings,
  As from his throat it swelleth:
Yet might I ask, I'd ask of thine
One sparkling draught of purest wine,
  To drink it here before you."

He viewed the wine, he quaffed it up:
  "O draught of sweetest savor!
O happy house, where such a cup
  Is thought a little favor!
If well you fare, remember me,
And thank kind Heaven, from envy free,
  As now for this I thank you."

When the harper, on finishing his song, took up a glass of wine that stood poured out for him, and turning with a friendly mien to his entertainers, drank it off, a buzz of joyful approbation rose from all the party. They clapped hands, and wished him health from that glass, and strength to his aged limbs. He sang a few other ballads, exciting more and more hilarity among the company.

They had already emptied several flasks of wine, and were now beginning to get very loud. But our friend, having fresh in his remembrance the bad consequences of their late exhilaration, determined to break up the sitting; he slipped into the old man's hand a liberal remuneration for his trouble, the rest did something likewise; they gave him leave to go and take repose, promising themselves another entertainment from his skill in the evening.

SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET.

(Part of the criticism from "Wilhelm Meister.")

CONCEIVE a prince such as I have painted him, and that his father suddenly dies. Ambition and the love of rule are not the passions that inspire him. As a king's son, he would have been contented; but now he is first constrained to consider the difference which separates a sovereign from a subject. The crown was not hereditary; yet a longer possession of it by his father would have strengthened the pretensions of an only son, and secured his hopes of the succession. In place of this he now beholds himself excluded by his uncle, in spite of specious promises, most probably forever. He is now poor in goods and favor, and a stranger in the scene which from his youth he had looked upon as his inheritance. His temper here assumes its first mournful tinge. He feels that now he is not more—that he is less—than a private nobleman. He offers himself as the servant of every one. He is not courteous and condescending; he is needy and degraded. His past condition he remembers as a vanished dream. It is in vain that his uncle strives to cheer him, to present his condition in another point of view. The feeling of his nothingness will not leave him.

The second stroke that came upon him wounded deeper, bowed still more. It was the marriage of his mother. The faithful, tender son had yet a mother when his father passed away. He hoped, in the company of his surviving noble-minded parent, to reverence the heroic form of the departed. But his mother, too, he loses; and it is something worse than death that robs him of her. The trustful image which

a good child loves to form of its parents is gone. With the dead there is no help; on the living no hold. She also is woman, and her name is "Frailty," like that of all her sex. Now first does he feel himself completely bent and orphaned; and no happiness in life can repay what he has lost. Not reflective and sorrowful by nature, reflection and sorrow have become for him a heavy obligation. It is thus we see him enter upon the scene.

Figure to yourselves this youth—this son of princes; conceive him vividly; bring his state before your eyes, and then observe him when he learns that his father's spirit walks. Stand by him in the terror of the night, when the venerable ghost appears before him. A horrid shudder passes over him; he speaks to the mysterious form; he sees it beckon him; he follows it and hears. The fearful accusation of his uncle rings in his ears; the summons to revenge and the piercing oft-repeated prayer, "Remember me!"

And when the ghost has vanished, who is it that stands before us? A young hero panting for vengeance? A prince by birth, rejoicing to be called to punish the usurper of his crown? No! Trouble and astonishment take hold of the solitary young man; he grows bitter against smiling villains; swears that he will not forget the spirit, and concludes with the significant ejaculation:—

> "The time is out of joint. O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!"

In these words, I imagine, will be found the key to Hamlet's whole procedure. To me it is clear that Shakespeare meant, in the present case, to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to be composed. There is an oak tree planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom: the roots expand, the jar is shivered.

VANITAS! VANITATUM VANITAS!

I'VE set my heart upon Nothing you see:
Hurrah!
And so the world goes well with me.
Hurrah!
And who has a mind to be a fellow of mine,
Why, let him take hold and help me drain
These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart at first upon Wealth;
Hurrah!
And bartered away my peace and health.
But, ah!
The slippery change went about like air,
And when I had clutched me a handful here—
Away it went there!

I set my heart upon sounding Fame:
Hurrah!
And lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's name;
And, ah!
When in public life I loomed quite high,
The folks that passed me would look awry:
Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon War.
Hurrah!
We gained some battles with éclat:
Hurrah!
We troubled the foe with sword and flame
(And some of our friends fared quite the same.)
I lost a leg for Fame.

I set my heart upon a Woman next:
Hurrah!
For her sweet sake was oft perplexed;
But, ah!
The false one looked for a daintier lot,
The constant one wearied me out and out,
The best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon Travels grand:
Hurrah!
And spurned our plain old Fatherland;
But, ah!
Naught seemed to be just the thing it should—
Most comfortless beds and indifferent food!
My tastes misunderstood!

Now I've set my heart upon Nothing, you see:
Hurrah!
And the whole wide world belongs to me:
Hurrah!
The feast begins to run low, no doubt;
But at the old cask we will have one good bout:
Come, drink the lees all out!

THE FISHER.

(Translated by Sir Theodore Martin.)

THE water rush'd and bubbled by—
An angler near it lay,
And watch'd his quill, with tranquil eye,
Upon the current play.
And as he sits in wasteful dream,
He sees the flood unclose,
And from the middle of the stream
A river maiden rose.

She sang to him with witching wile,
"My brood why wilt thou snare,
With human craft and human guile,
To die in scorching air?
Ah! didst thou know how happy we,
Who dwell in waters clear,
Thou wouldst come down at once to me,
And rest for ever here.

"The sun and ladye-moon they lave
Their tresses in the main,
And, breathing freshness from the wave,
Come doubly bright again.
The deep-blue sky, so moist and clear,
Hath it for thee no lure?

Does thine own face not woo thee down
  Unto our waters pure?"

The water rush'd and bubbled by—
  It lapp'd his naked feet;
He thrill'd as though he felt the touch
  Of maiden kisses sweet.
She spoke to him, she sang to him—
  Resistless was her strain—
Half-drawn, he sank beneath the wave,
  And ne'er was seen again.

THE KING IN THULE.

A KING there was in Thule,
  Kept troth unto the grave;
The maid he loved so truly
  A goblet to him gave.

And ever set before him
  At banquet was the cup;
And saddening thoughts came o'er him,
  Whene'er he took it up.

When Death with him had spoken,
  His treasures rang'd he there,
And all, save one dear token,
  He gifted to his heir.

Once more to royal wassail
  His peers he summon'd all;
Around were knight and vassal
  Throng'd in his father's hall.

Then rose up the grand old Rover,
  Again the cup drain'd he,
And bravely flung it over
  Into the welt'ring sea.

He saw it flashing, falling,
  And settling in the main,
Heard death unto him calling—
  He never drank again!

FAUST.

THE drama of Faust is the world-masterpiece of Goethe, the crowning literary form of an oft-treated and highly popular legend, based upon a genuine historical personage. Dr. Johann Faustus was born at Knittlingen, Würtemburg, or at Roda, near Weimar, toward the last quarter of the fifteenth century, and died in 1538. During Goethe's long residence at Weimar he may have himself visited the historic structure on a rocky eminence near Roda, in which Dr. Faustus once dwelt. For a time, too, history tells us that Faustus sojourned in Poland. Whatever his actual professions may have been, he acquired, even in his own lifetime, a widespread fame as an astrologer, alchemist, soothsayer and magician. It was said that he even boasted of being able to perform all the Biblical miracles. So renowned a professor of the Black Art was sure to be considered in league with hell, and it is small wonder that folk began to believe implicitly that he was finally carried off by the devil, who had lived all along with him as a black dog. The multiplied host of legends concerning him was at last gathered together in a little chap-book first hawked at the fair at Frankfort-on-Main in 1587. Goethe was thus linked to this legend by both his birthplace and the scene of his glory.

This Frankfort chap-book professed to give a veracious account (Historia) of "Dr. Faustus, the Notorious Magician

and Master of the Black Art." It had evidently been written by a Lutheran, and was aimed probably to reflect also on the late lamented Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus (1493-1541), the celebrated Swiss alchemist and mystic. It was intended to curb the rising desire to pierce beyond orthodox limits of personal investigation of the human and divine. Faust himself was the contemporary of Luther, and indeed, this legend makes him Luther's counterpart, in that, son of a peasant, he achieves great distinction at the University of Wittenberg. But, unlike the Reformer, he seeks to deepen his knowledge by magic. He signs in blood a compact with the devil, by which Mephistopheles becomes his servant for twenty-four years, at the end of which Faust shall belong to the Evil One. Faust has a famulus, Wagner, whom the devil amuses as well as Faust. After all manner of revels on earth, Faust visits hell and the stars. Returning to earth he flies on his magic cloak everywhere, bewildering emperors with his wonderful feats, and finally conjuring up the Grecian Helen herself, whom he takes for a concubine, and by whom he has a sooth-saying child, Euphorion. Goethe later accepted all these details, and yet transmuted them into high allegorical symbols. The great German genius not only transformed Faust from a common necromancer (which others, from Marlowe down, really accomplished before him), but he likewise read new meanings into Mephisto, into Helen and her elf-child, into Wagner and the students' revel. But in the old legend all these matters are seriously regarded as actual events, and after his quarter-century of world-astonishing magic Faust is carried off to hell by the devil.

This crude and medieval relation of Dr. Faustus's career was eagerly imbibed by the German peasantry, and in the same year a metrical version appeared in England. Christopher Marlowe, father of English blank verse and "famous gracer of tragedians," must have been instantly attracted to the subject. Fired by the daring aspiration of Faust for knowledge beyond the stars, this brilliant young rhapsodist seized upon this legend with true poetic instinct, and in his

"Tragical History of Dr. Faustus" (1588) he depicted with all his peerless power the central thought of man in his Promethean pride of knowledge turning from his God. Marlowe followed almost exactly the original legend and his comical prose scenes are fit only for clownish laughter; but in the soliloquies of Faust—ending with that tremendous monologue which Swinburne pronounces to be "without parallel in all the range of tragedy"—Marlowe has turned all to gold by his fiery imagination. And when Faust beholds the radiant vision of Helen, the poetry itself becomes as exquisite as Helen's beauty. Goethe gave generous praise to the genius of Marlowe as displayed in this dramatic poem (for it can now be scarcely styled a play), and exclaimed: "How greatly it is all planned!" He even thought of translating this passionate masterpiece.

But about the beginning of the seventeenth century Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" had been translated in an inferior fashion for German audiences, and the English actors had by this time added a miserable lot of cheap diablerie to Marlowe's splendid original. So much more pleasing was such treatment of the legend to the groundlings that by Lessing's time "Dr. Faustus" had degenerated into a mere puppet-play. Lessing recognized in it, however, one of the deepest problems, and with his usual critical insight wrote in 1759: "Dr. Faust has a number of scenes in it that only a genius akin to Shakespeare could have conceived." Lessing even drafted two different versions of a "Faust" tragedy—neither of them ever finished. Faust attracted, too, the Stormsters after Lessing, as a type of rebellious individualism. Besides the plays already mentioned, twenty-nine different Faust plays by various authors were produced in Germany during the sixty years (1772–1831) in which Goethe remained employed upon his masterpiece.

One of these twenty-nine may be more particularly noted. Adelbert von Chamisso's dramatic sketch, "Faust" (1803) represents the learned doctor as one who will no longer endure doubt. His good and bad angels alternately plead with him, but he finally breaks the Staff of Judgment on his own doom, exclaiming that, whatever the punishment to come, he wel-

comes "certainty at last." The whole scene occurs in his cresset-lit study. Other efforts worthy at least of mention are Heine's ingenious ballet, "Der Doktor Faust" and Lenau's epic.

Goethe approached the legend with a rich world of emotions and ideas. In his youth he had witnessed "Faust" as a puppet-play, and the story itself appealed to him. But he also saw in it a perfect cosmos of human problems. And eventually he determined to make it the symbolical vehicle for all his views on art and culture, and, above all, idealism. He commenced work upon the poem in 1772, had numerous relapses of interest, published a fragment in 1790, Part One as "a tragedy" by itself in 1808, and Part Two in 1831. Thus, in this long-meditated, slowly maturing poem are to be found all manner of styles, ideas, modifications, and even contradictions. It is like some wonderful old cathedral solemnly built part by part through centuries, and revealing in the very heterogeneity of its architecture the multifarious inspirations, vicissitudes, and shifting sentiments of its upbuilding. Once he entirely lost his grasp of the plans of his early inspiration, but he rediscovered the thread, and connected the human tragedy of Gretchen with the allegory of Helen by means of a serio-comic, half-human and half-divine Witches' Kitchen scene. To Schiller he spoke of his great work as his "tragelaph," or goat-stag—a fantastic creature. On another occasion he styled it a rhapsodical drama.

Goethe set out, in the first place, to make of the Faust legend a modern tragedy of Job. Faust was to be tempted by the desire for all knowledge, but he was not utterly to fall. In the boldly familiar Prologue in Heaven, in which the devil converses with God in a naïve style worthy of Hans Sachs, it is made emphatically clear that Faust is God's servant, as Job was, and that although momentarily "confused" he would attain in due time to "clearness." Mephisto himself cares less for Faust's soul than to prove his Satanic contention of negation, denial, and pessimism. Goethe then introduces us to Faust in his study, an aged, wise scholar who has dropped his plummet into all the seas of human knowledge, but not yet—as he feels—into the deep well of truth.

So disillusioned of human learning is he that he is even about to commit suicide. The joy of the common throng singing Easter carols restrains him from this fell purpose, and later Mephisto, disguised as an uncanny black dog, follows him to his study. He then reveals himself to Faust as a sort of reflection of Faust's own pessimism, as "the spirit that denies," and declares that "all that exists is worthy of perishing." Faust is so completely oppressed with the vanity of all things (Solomon's oft-reëchoed *Vanitas Vanitatum*) that he makes this blood-compact with the tempter:

> When on an idler's bed I stretch myself in quiet,
> There let at once my record end.
> Canst thou with lying flattery rule me,
> Until self-pleased myself I see,—
> Canst thou with rich enjoyment fool me,
> Let that day be the last for me.

Now, according to this induction of the work Goethe should, in the opinion of many of his later critics, have appealed entirely to Faust's higher aspirations. But Mephisto immediately begins an appeal to the grossest and most sensual appetites of Faust. After all, does this not seem to be the most natural thing for the cynical, mocking devil to have done? Faust is first of all treated to a bacchanalian orgy of students in Auerbach's cellar in Leipsic, which he quits in disgust. Thereupon Mephisto introduces him to the "Witches' Kitchen," a grotesquely uncanny scene, in which Goethe has a lot of apes gibber a lot of what Goethe himself afterwards labeled as "dramatic-humoristic nonsense." Faust drinks a magic potion, and becomes a young man again. Helena, the ideal of womanly beauty, is shown him in a glass, and it is foretold that "with this drink in his veins he shall soon see Helena in every woman." And now Mephisto brings Faust back to earth and Gretchen appears—the Marguerite of Gounod's popular opera, which has rendered this love-romance familiar to many who have never read a line of Goethe's "Faust." Gretchen is a neat young German girl of the lower walks of life, such as Goethe had himself had liaisons with. This theme had been treated already in "Götz,"

in "Clavigo," and in 'Egmont." The whole episode, in its delineation of character, and in its tragic development, is a masterpiece hardly equalled, save by Shakespeare, in the range of literature. It is thoroughly popular, universally comprehensible, and thus it fixed itself immediately in the public mind as *the* Faust drama, while the higher unity of the whole was perceived only by the thoughtful few.

Of this episode Charles Lamb once indignantly asked, "What has Gretchen to do with Faust?" But what, either, the students' revel? The original Faust was perplexed by intellectual problems; the Faust of Goethe's First Part is simply tempted by sensual delights. Yet such is often the case of the poet and scholar in real life, and as Goethe has already been quoted as saying, the chief merit of his Faust is that he passes through all the various temptations of all men. Goethe himself was irresistibly impelled to distort this romance, which should have been a mere episode, into its disproportionate length, but who can regret it?

Faust implores Mephisto to aid him, but that mocker answers contemptuously, "I have no power over souls so green." But he fetches Faust the jewels, which, left in Gretchen's chamber, prove the first step to her ruin. In Martha's garden the lovers meet and Gretchen falls. A poisonous sleep-potion kills her mother. Gretchen's shame finds her out, and her brother Valentin returns from the wars only to be slain in a duel by Faust. In the Cathedral the poor betrayed woman seeks comfort as a penitent, but, during the Judgment Hymn, an evil spirit goads her with thoughts of despair and she falls fainting. Faust seeks relief for his guilty conscience, and Mephisto transports him to the witches' carnival on Walpurgis Night (May 1) on the Brocken, the highest peak of the Harz mountains. (Goethe here introduces a fantastic satire, "Oberon's Wedding"). But Gretchen, convicted of infanticide, is imprisoned, and Faust flies to her rescue. Her mind wanders, and she dies pardoned by angel voices, while Mephisto commands Faust to speed away.

Gretchen is repelled and yet attracted to Faust. And after he has worked out the problem of humanity in Part II., he is bidden to rise to Gretchen and follow her spirit in a new life.

But it is impossible to thread here the difficult and esoteric mazes of Part II. Suffice it to say that Faust as Plutus, god of material wealth, creates all manner of riches for the Emperor Pan, but he spurns such a greatness. He finally works for the happiness of his fellow-men, reclaiming a kingdom from the sea. He hears the Lemures digging his grave, but he thinks it the laborers busy with their spades. "Ah," he hails the moment, "linger still, thou art fair." Mephisto immediately seeks Faust's soul, but the angels drive off the devils with roses of fire.

Thus, Faust redeems his sin by work for humanity. Besides this ethical motive, Goethe introduces Helena in a "Classical Sabbath" scene. She represents classic idealism, and Faust, representing Goethe himself, weds her. This signifies the wedding of classical and modern ideals. The offspring is the spiritual child, Euphorion (in whom some imagine that Goethe typified Lord Byron, toward whom he was strongly attracted and even fascinated). The throbbing threnody on Euphorion's death is of exquisite beauty. Though Faust loses Helena, he keeps her mantle: that is, while Grecian ideals are not still practical as mere rules and principles. The Greek spirit is invaluable, and "above all commonplace it lifts thee up."

The Frightful End of Doctor Faustus.

(From the popular "History of Dr. Faustus," published in 1587.)

The whole twenty-four years signed in the bond were now quite expired. During the last week of his term, the demon Mephistopheles again made his appearance. In his hand he held the fatal deed of conveyance signed in the Doctor's own blood, and holding it up, he said that his master the devil would himself come in the course of the next day to fetch his debtor's body, and that he must therefore hold himself in readiness. Doctor Faustus ceased not to whine and moan during the whole of the ensuing night, whereupon his demon again came to him and spoke, "Why, dear Faustus, all this complaining? what avails such pusillanimity? knew you not that your life and soul were long since forfeited, and that at

all events you must die once, though you had yet an age to live? Besides, the Turks and Jews, and other unchristian kings and heathens, must all die, and be condemned everlastingly as well as you. Come, take courage: it will perhaps not be quite so bad as you imagine; and the devil has promised that you shall still keep your life and soul to be held under his lease and sway." With such comfort did his demon Mephistopheles strive to cheer his master; but it was false as it was hollow, and quite at variance with the holy Scriptures. And the Doctor saw clearly enough that the only manner left of paying off the account against him was with his own neck; for had not his demon declared that the devil himself would come to fetch him, even the next night?

For this reason he resolved to send tidings to those masters, students, and other boon companions with whom he had kept company, and entreat that they would be pleased to join him in a pleasure party, as far as the village of Himlig, about half a mile from Wittenberg, where he proposed that they should sup together. To this invitation they replied that they would willingly assemble for that purpose; and accordingly a sumptuous feast was ordered to be in readiness, with abundance of delicacies and wines.

When they met, the Doctor seemed to welcome his friends in great good spirits, but his heart was inwardly heavy and sad. He bade them, however, to be seated, and to enjoy themselves that evening along with him, as well as remain there the whole of that night, as he had some important business on which to consult them. They promised, and sat down to feast with him; on the conclusion of which, as they were about to take a farewell glass, and Doctor Faustus had settled the score, he begged the students to retire into another room with him, as he had something rather particular to communicate to them. So he showed them into another chamber, and then began to address them as follows.

"My very loving and gracious young lords and masters, hear the cause for which I have summoned you together; namely, that which during many years you are acquainted with, as to what kind of a man I have been, expert in what kind of arts and sorceries, only to be acquired under the

tuition of the devil, to which devilish inclination and pursuits I have been brought by keeping bad company, and all sorts of dissipation connected with such society, in which also I have acted the chief part. This, my dear young gentlemen, comes of walking according to our wicked flesh and blood, our own impious and abandoned will, and giving way to those speculating and diabolical thoughts, which at length led me to consign myself over to Satan, after the expiration of four and twenty years, both with life and soul.

"Now, the said years are already arrived at an end even this very evening, so that my last sands are running quickly out before my eyes, when he will come to claim me upon the strength of my bond signed with my own blood for life and soul, which I have twice over conveyed to him. Wherefore, my dear masters, I have thus affectionately entreated of you to come and be present at my latter end, and to take St. Jan's departing glass with me, while at the same time you will please to keep secret my departure hence. I would likewise require of you, my gracious young masters, to salute on my part my other friends and acquaintance, assuring them of my very brotherly regard for them, that they may so too regard my memory kindly, and not reproachfully, soliciting their forgiveness in everything where I may have come short or offended them. In regard to my most wonderful adventures and performances during the space of twenty-four years, such will be found after my catastrophe accurately recorded and described in my own house. And now let my cruel approaching end serve as a faithful mirror to you, my young gentlemen and masters all, that you may keep the commandments of the Lord in view, and love and pray to Him as becomes you to do; to pray, I say, that He will please to protect you from the devil's wiles and guiles, upholding you that none may fall away from Him, as I, poor impious damned man, have so sadly done, denying the cross, the sacraments of our Saviour, and even the Supreme Ruler of the world Himself. Be cautious also how you are led astray by bad company as I have been, but go constantly to church, and manfully resist the devil with a firm faith in Christ, leading an upright and godly life, to the edification of all your neighbors.

"Finally, it is my earnest prayer that you will all go to bed and try to sleep as usual. Moreover, you must not alarm yourselves, whatever kind of rout and uproar you may happen to hear, as you may rest assured that you will receive no degree of injury. Do not even attempt to rise, for it can do no manner of good; and if you should find my dead body in the morning, please to inter it speedily without any ceremony, inasmuch as I die a base and unchristian death. Yes, I die like a most unchristian wretch, feeling only a sort of sham repentance, and not possessing faith half-sufficient to inspire me with sincere prayer; besides knowing that the devil will have my life, which indeed I would freely resign to him if I could by any means contrive to preserve my soul. I have only once more to entreat that you will make yourselves easy and retire to rest; therefore I wish you a very good night;—but for me, alas! a very bad and frightful one."

This explanation was made by Doctor Faustus with a free and resolute air, in order not to alarm or cast down the spirits of his friends, who, however, could not sufficiently express their surprise and consternation at his having carried matters to such a pitch. For they had never conceived him capable of such excessive foolhardiness as to venture life and soul in pursuit of his vain sorceries and speculations. On this account, having a sincere regard for him, they began one and all to lament over his hard fate, and they said, "Alas! dear Faustus, into what a cursed dilemma you have brought yourself! and all by keeping the matter so long secret: why did you not unfold it to us? Ah, we would soon have rescued you from all his infernal snares, with the help of our learned divines and other doctors; but now it is all too late, you are too deeply inveigled, both life and soul."

Doctor Faustus made answer: "Reveal the matter, dear friends, I dared not, though believe me I was often on the point of doing so, wishing much to consult you, and to retrace my evil steps and do penance for my sins. But I was seduced from one kind of sorcery to another, and whenever I made good resolutions to repent, that great Satan forthwith made his appearance, as he will again do this very night, and threatening me, always said, 'I will make an end of you, I

will tear you piecemeal the moment you talk of turning to Heaven for help.' " Upon hearing this, the students replied that as there was plainly no other help for him, he ought forthwith to cry out with all his strength and heartily to the Lord, and to His dearly-beloved Son Jesus Christ, praying for the remission of his sins, in which good office they would gladly join him, and cry, "Alas, alas! be merciful unto me, poor sinner! and bring me not unto judgment, for too well I know that I cannot stand before it. What though the devil may come and claim this my mortal body? It is only Thou who canst defend and protect the immortal soul."

Doctor Faustus admitted the wisdom of this measure, and that he ought not for an instant to cease to pray; but at the same time he could not go through with it, as it happened also to Cain, who said that his sins were too great to be forgiven; and the Doctor could not help exclaiming within himself, that he was bound by his own bonds, and had carried matters too far to retreat.

So the students were at length compelled to take leave of the unhappy Master Faustus, which they did with many tears, all retiring to the same chamber, and leaving the Doctor by himself. They retired to bed as they had been directed; but not one of them could close his eyes, for they lay waiting fearfully anxious for the catastrophe.

This happened between twelve and one o'clock the same night. First there was heard a high wind, which blew round all quarters of the house, as if it would have carried it from its foundations, at which the students leaped out of bed in great alarm. But they ventured not out of the chamber, striving to encourage each other; but the terrified host himself actually leaped out of his own house into one next adjoining. The students' chamber was next to that of Faustus, and they could plainly hear a grievous piping, hissing, and whining, just as if the house were full of snakes and other poisonous reptiles. Next they heard the Doctor's room door give way, upon which repeated cries of "Help, help!" were uttered in a half-drowned voice, which grew fainter and fainter. Soon, however, all was still and silent as before. When at length it became broad day, the students, who had

never closed their eyes during the whole of that fearful night, went in a body to the Doctor's chamber. But there he was no longer to be seen, though they found different parts of it sprinkled with his blood, and traces of his brains were also seen upon the walls, as if, after wringing his neck round, the devil had dashed his head from one side of the room to the other. His eyes too appeared to have started from their sockets, and a solitary tooth was found lying here and there, which furnished a cruel spectacle indeed. Seeing all these symbols of his fate, the students began to weep and lament him afresh, and nothing was heard for some time but their mingled moans and sighs.

At length, after a long and weary search, they found his corpse lying at a distance from the house, sadly mutilated and disfigured, in particular about the face. The foresaid students and masters who had been present at his departure, after interring his body in the same village, again returned with heavy hearts to Wittenberg. First they went to Doctor Faust's house, where they found his servant Wagenar, who was greatly grieved and anxious also about his master's death. There too they discovered this his own history drawn up and described, in the third person, by the Doctor's own hand, as already stated, with the exception of the account of his final departure and end, which was added by the said masters and students, though the whole work was arranged and remodelled by his servant Wagenar, so as to form a new book. On the same date likewise the figure of the enchanted Helena, whose beauty the Doctor had conjured up from the shades to give zest to his earthly pleasures, again vanished from the earth. And long afterwards the strange noises and disturbances which were heard at all hours in the house where he had lived, prevented any one from residing in it. Moreover Doctor Faustus himself appeared to his faithful Wagenar in the night, and then communicated a number of secret and abstruse matters, and he was often seen at the windows reading to a late hour.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

GOETHE'S drama of "Faust" opens with a Prologue in Heaven, that shows the design of the entire work, though not its action. Here the Archangels Raphael, Gabriel and Michael address God in adoration, but Mephistopheles follows in mockery. The idea is taken from Satan's appearing among the angels in the opening of the Book of Job.

Raphael. The Sun-orb sings in emulation
'Mid brother-spheres his ancient round:
His path predestined through creation
He ends with a lip of thunder-sound.
The angels from his visage splendid
Draw power, whose measure none can say:
The lofty works, uncomprehended,
Are bright as on the earliest day.
Gabriel. And swift and swift beyond conceiving,
The splendor of the world goes round,
Day's Eden-brightness still relieving
The awful night's intense profound:
The ocean-tides in foam are breaking,
Against the rocks' deep bases hurled,
And both, the spheric race partaking,
Eternal, swift, are onward whirled.
Michael. And rival storms abroad are singing,
From river to land, from land to sea,
A chain of deepest action forging
Round all, in wrathful energy.
There flames a desolation, blazing
Before the thunder's crashing way:
Yet Lord, Thy messengers are praising
The gentle movement of Thy day.
The Three. Though still by them uncomprehended,
From these the angels draw their power,
And all Thy works, sublime and splendid,
Are bright as in creation's hour.
Mephistopheles. Since Thou, O Lord, deign'st to approach again,
And ask us how we do, in manner kindest,
And heretofore to meet myself wert fain,
Among Thy menials now my face Thou findest.

Pardon, this troop I cannot follow after
With lofty speech, though by them scorned and spurned!
My pathos certainly would move Thy laughter
If Thou hadst not all merriment unlearned.
Of suns and worlds I've nothing to be quoted;
How men torment themselves is all I've noted;
The little god o' the world sticks to the same old way,
And is as whimsical as on Creation's day.
Life somewhat better might content him
But for the gleam of heavenly light which Thou hast lent him:
He calls it Reason—thence his power's increased,
To be far beastlier than any beast.
Saving Thy Gracious Presence, he to me
A long-legged grasshopper appears to be,
That springing flies, and flying springs,
And in the grass the same old ditty sings.
Would he still lie among the grass he grows in,
Each bit of dung he seeks, to lay his nose in.

THE LORD. Hast thou then nothing more to mention?
Com'st ever thus with ill intention?
Find'st nothing right on earth eternally?

Meph. No, Lord! I find things there still bad as they can be.
Man's misery even to pity moves my nature;
I've scarce the heart to plague the wretched creature.

THE LORD. Know'st thou Faust?

Meph. The Doctor Faust?

THE LORD. My servant he!

Meph. Forsooth! He serves you after strange devices:
No earthly food or drink the fool suffices:
His spirit's ferment far aspireth;
Half conscious of his frenzied, crazed unrest,
The fairest stars of Heaven he requireth,
From Earth the highest raptures and the best,
And all the Near and Far that he desireth
Fails to subdue the tumult of his breast.

THE LORD. Though still confused his service unto Me,
I soon shall lead him to a clearer morning.
Sees not the gardener, even while he buds his tree,
Both flower and fruit the future years adorning?

Meph. What will you bet? There's still a chance to gain him,
If unto me full leave you give
Gently upon *my* road to lead him!
THE LORD. As long as he on earth shall live,
So long I make no prohibition.
While Man's desires and aspirations stir,
He cannot choose but err.
Meph. My thanks! I find the dead no acquisition,
And never cared to have them in my keeping.
I much prefer the cheeks whose ruddy blood is leaping,
And when a corpse approaches, close my house:
It goes with me as with the cat the mouse.
THE LORD. Enough! What thou hast asked is granted.
Turn off this spirit from his fountain-head;
To trap him let thy snares be planted,
And him with thee be downward led;
Then stand abashed, when thou art forced to say;
A good man, through obscurest aspiration,
Has still an instinct of the one true way.
Meph. Agreed! but 'tis a short probation.
About my bet I feel no trepidation.
If I fulfill my expectation,
You'll let me triumph with a swelling breast:
Dust shall he eat, and with a zest,
As did a certain Snake—my near relation.
THE LORD. Therein thou'rt free, according to thy merits;
The like of thee have never moved My hate.
Of all the bold denying Spirits,
The waggish knave least trouble doth create.
Man's active nature, flagging, seeks too soon the level;
Unqualified repose he learns to crave;
Whence, willingly, the comrade him I gave,
Who works, excites and must create, as Devil.
Be ye God's sons in love and duty,
Enjoy the rich, the ever-living Beauty!
Creative Power, that works eternal schemes,
Clasp you in bonds of love, relaxing never,
And what in wave inconstant gleams,
Fit in its place with thoughts that stand forever!

[*Heaven closes: the Archangels separate.*

Meph. (*alone*), I like at times to hear The Ancient's word,
And have a care to be most civil:
It's really kind of such a noble Lord
So humanly to gossip with a Devil.

FAUST AND MARGARET.

(Translated by Bayard Taylor.)

Margaret on Faust's arm; Martha with Mephistopheles walking up and down.

Margaret. I feel it, you but spare my ignorance,
To shame me, sir, you stoop thus low;
A traveler from complaisance
Still makes the best of things; I know
Too well, my humble prattle never can
Have power to entertain so wise a man.

Faust. One glance, one word of thine doth charm me more,
Than the world's wisdom or the sage's lore.
[*He kisses her hand.*

Mar. Nay! trouble not yourself! A hand so coarse,
So rude as mine, how can you kiss?
What constant work at home must I not do perforce!
My mother too exacting is. [*They pass on.*

Martha. Thus, sir, unceasing travel is your lot?

Mephistopheles. Traffic and duty urge us! With what pain
Are we compelled to leave full many a spot,
Where yet we may not once remain!

Martha. In youth's wild years, with vigor crowned,
'Tis not amiss thus through the world to sweep;
But ah, the evil days come round!
And to a lonely grave as bachelor to creep,
A pleasant thing has no one found.

Meph. The prospect fills me with dismay.

Martha. Therefore, in time, dear sir, reflect, I pray.
[*They pass on.*

Mar. Ay, out of sight is out of mind!
Politeness easy is to you;
Friends everywhere, and not a few,
Wiser than I am, you will find.

Faust. Trust me, my angel, what doth pass for sense
Full oft is self-conceit and blindness!

Mar. How?

Faust. Simplicity and holy innocence,—

When will ye learn your hallowed worth to know!
Ah! when will meekness and humility,
Kind and all-bounteous nature's loftiest dower—
Mar. Only one little moment think of me!
To think of you I shall have many an hour.
Faust. You are perhaps much alone?
Mar. Yes, small our household is, I own,
Yet must I see to it. No maid we keep,
And I must cook, sew, knit and sweep,
Still early on my feet and late;
My mother is in all things, great and small,
So accurate!
Not that for thrift there is such pressing need;
Than others we might make more show indeed;
My father left behind a small estate,
A house and garden near the city-wall.
Quiet enough my life has been of late;
My brother for a soldier gone;
My little sister's dead; the babe to rear
Occasioned me some care and fond annoy;
But I would go through all again with joy,
The darling was to me so dear.
Faust. An angel sweet, if it resembled thee!
Mar. I reared it up, and it grew fond of me.
After my father's death it saw the day;
We gave my mother up for lost, she lay
In such a wretched plight, and then at length
So very slowly she regained her strength.
Weak as she was, 'twas vain for her to try
Herself to suckle the poor babe, so I
Reared it on milk and water all alone;
And thus the child became as 'twere my own;
Within my arms it stretched itself and grew,
And smiling, nestled in my bosom too.
Faust. Doubtless the purest happiness was thine.
Mar. But many weary hours, in sooth, were also mine.
At night its little cradle stood
Close to my bed; so I was wide awake
If it but stirred;
One while I was obliged to give it food,
Or to my arms the darling take;
From bed full oft must rise, whene'er the cry I heard,

And, dancing it, must pace the chamber to and fro;
Stand at the wash-tub early; forthwith go
To market, and then mind the cooking too—
To-morrow like to-day, the whole year through.
Ah, sir, thus living, it must be confessed
One's spirits are not always of the best;
Yet it a relish gives to food and rest. [*They pass on.*

Martha. Poor women! we are badly off, I own;
A bachelor's conversion 's hard, indeed!

Meph. Madam, with one like you it rests alone,
To tutor me a better course to lead.

Martha. Speak frankly, sir, none is there you have met?
Has your heart ne'er attached itself as yet?

Meph. One's own fireside and a good wife are gold
And pearls of price, so says the proverb old,

Martha. I mean, has passion never stirred your breast?

Meph. I've everywhere been well received, I own.

Martha. Yet hath your heart no earnest preference known?

Meph. With ladies one should ne'er presume to jest.

Martha. Ah! you mistake!

Meph. I'm sorry I'm so blind!
But this I know—that you are very kind. [*They pass on.*

Faust. Me, little angel, didst thou recognize,
When in the garden first I came?

Mar. Did you not see it? I cast down my eyes.

Faust. Thou dost forgive my boldness, dost not blame
The liberty I took that day,
When thou from church didst lately wend thy way?

Mar. I was confused. So had it never been,
No one of me could any evil say.
Alas, thought I, he doubtless in thy mien,
Something unmaidenly or bold hath seen?
It seemed as if it struck him suddenly,
Here's just a girl with whom one may make free!
Yet I must own that then I scarcely knew
What in your favor here began at once to plead;
Yet I was angry with myself indeed,
That I more angry could not feel with you.

Faust. Sweet love!

Mar. Just wait a while!

[*She gathers a star-flower and plucks off the leaves one after another.*

Faust. A nosegay may that be?
Mar. No! It is but a game.
Faust. How?
Mar. Go, you'll laugh at me!
[*She plucks off the leaves and murmurs to herself.*
Faust. What murmurest thou?
Mar. (*half aloud*). He loves me,—loves me not.
Faust. Sweet angel, with thy face of heavenly bliss!
Mar. (*continues*). He loves me—not—he loves me—not—
[*Plucking off the last leaf with fond joy.*
He loves me!
Faust. Yes!
And this flower-language, darling, let it be,
A heavenly oracle! He loveth thee!
Knowest thou the meaning of, He loveth thee?
[*He seizes both her hands.*
Mar. I tremble so!
Faust. Nay! do not tremble, love!
Let this hand-pressure, let this glance reveal
Feelings, all power of speech above;
To give oneself up wholly and to feel
A joy that must eternal prove!
Eternal!—Yes, its end would be despair.
No end!—It cannot end!
[*Margaret presses his hand, extricates herself and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, and then follows her.*
Mar. (*approaching*). Night's closing.
Meph. Yes, we'll presently away.
Martha. I would entreat you longer yet to stay;
But 'tis a wicked place, just here about;
It is as if the folk had nothing else to do,
Nothing to think of too,
But gaping watch their neighbors, who goes in and out;
And scandal's busy still, do whatsoe'er one may.
And our young couple?
Meph. They have flown up there,
The wanton butterflies!
Martha. He seems to take to her.
Meph. And she to him. 'Tis of the world the way!
[*A Summer-house. Margaret runs in, hides behind the door, holds the tip of her finger to her lip, and peeps through the crevice.*

Mar. He comes!
Faust. Ah, little rogue, so thou
Thinkest to provoke me! I have caught thee now!
[*He kisses her.*
Mar. (*embracing him and returning the kiss*). Dearest of men!
I love thee from my heart! [*Mephistopheles knocks.*
Faust (*stamping*). Who's there?
Meph. A friend!
Faust. A brute!
Meph. 'Tis time to part.
Martha (*comes*). Ay, it is late, good sir.
Faust. Mayn't I attend you, then?
Mar. Oh, no—my mother would—adieu!
Faust. And must I really then take leave of you?
Farewell!
Martha. Good-bye!
Mar. Ere long to meet again!
[*Exeunt Faust and Mephistopheles.*
Mar. Good heavens! how all things far and near
Must fill his mind,—a man like this!
Abashed before him I appear,
And say to all things only, yes.
Poor simple child, I cannot see,
What 'tis that he can find in me. [*Exit.*

Admission to Heaven.

The Tragedy of Faust ends with the admission of the hero's soul to heaven, and a vision of the Glorious Mother adored by blessed penitents, among whom is Gretchen. Part only of the scene is given.

Angels (*bearing the immortal part of Faust*). Saved is
this noble soul from ill,
Our spirit-peer. Whoever
Strives forward with unswerving will,—
Him can we aye deliver;
And if with him celestial love
Hath taken part,—to meet him
Come down the angels from above;
With cordial hail they greet him. . . .
Blessed Boys. Him as a chrysalis
Joyful receive we:

Pledge of angelic bliss
In him achieve we.
Loosen the flakes of earth
That still enfold him!
Great through the heavenly birth,
And fair, now behold him. . . .
Doctor Marianus. Here is the prospect free,
The soul subliming.
Yonder fair forms I see,
Heavenward they're climbing;
In starry wreath is seen,
Lofty and tender,
Midmost the heavenly Queen,
Known by her splendor.
(*Enraptured.*) In thy tent of azure hue,
Queen supremely reigning,
Let me now thy secret view,
Vision high obtaining!
With the holy joy of love,
In man's breast, whatever
Lifts the soul to thee above,
Kind one, foster ever!
All invincible we feel,
If our arm thou claimest;
Suddenly assuaged our zeal
If our breast thou tamest.
Virgin, pure from taint of earth,
Mother, we adore thee,
With the Godhead one by birth,
Queen, we bow before thee!
[*The Glorious Mother soars forward.*
Chorus of Female Penitents. To realms eternal
Upward art soaring;
Peerless, supernal,
Hear our imploring,
Thy grace adoring.
The Magdalen. By the love, warm tears outpouring,
Laving as with balsam sweet,
Pharisaic sneers ignoring,
Of thy godlike Son the feet;
By the vase, rich odor breathing,
Lavishing its costly store;

By the locks, that gently wreathing,
Dried his holy feet once more—
The Samaritan woman. By the well, whereto were driven
Abram's flocks in ancient days;
By the cooling draught thence given,
Which the Saviour's thirst allays;
By the fountain, still outsending
Thence its waters, far and wide,
Overflowing, never-ending,
Through all worlds it pours its tide—
Mary of Egypt. By the hallowed grave, whose portal
Closed upon the Lord of yore;
By the arm, unseen by mortal,
Back which thrust me from the door;
By my penance, slowly fleeting,
Forty years amid the waste;
By the blessèd farewell greeting,
Which upon the sand I traced—
The Three. Thou unto the greatly sinning
Access who dost not deny,
By sincere repentance winning
Bliss throughout eternity,
So from this good soul thy blessing,
Who but once itself forgot,
Sin who knew not, while transgressing,
Gracious One, withhold thou not!
A Penitent (formerly named Gretchen, pressing towards her). Incline, oh, incline,
All others excelling,
In glory are dwelling,
Unto my bliss thy glance benign!
The loved one, ascending,
His long trouble ending,
Comes back, he is mine!
Blessed Boys (hovering in a circle). Mighty of limb, he towers
E'en now above us,
He for this care of ours
Richly will love us.
Dying, ere we could reach
Earth's pain or pleasure;

What he hath learned he'll teach
In ample measure.

The Penitent. Encircled by the choirs of heaven,
Scarcely himself the stranger knows;
Scarce feels the existence newly given,
So like the heavenly host he grows.
See, how he every band hath riven!
From earth's old vesture freed at length,
Now clothed upon by garb of heaven,
Shines forth his pristine youthful strength,
To guide him, be it given to me;
Still dazzles him the new-born day.

The Glorious Mother. Ascend, thine influence
feeleth he,
He'll follow on thine upward way.

Doctor Marianus (*adoring, prostrate on his face*).
Penitents, her Saviour-glance
Gratefully beholding
To beatitude advance,
Still new powers unfolding!
Thine each better thought shall be
To thy service given!
Holy Virgin, gracious be,
Mother, Queen of Heaven!

THE MYSTIC CHORUS.

All of mere transient date
As symbol showeth;
Here, the inadequate
To fulness groweth;
Here the ineffable
Wrought is in love;
The ever-womanly
Draws us above.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

SCHILLER was Goethe's junior by ten years. When their close friendship began Goethe was forty-four, Schiller thirty-four. Both had already passed under the influence of the Storm and Stress period, Schiller having given in his wild drama of "The Robbers" an even fiercer apostrophe to individual liberty than had Goethe in his "Götz." Both afterwards renounced these early follies. Goethe's ripe culture also tended to calm and harmonize, to chasten and refine Schiller's intense love of liberty into a truly classical championship of moral freedom. Schiller stands to-day pre-eminently as the great Apostle of Freedom. His "Wilhelm Tell" is a noble clarion of liberty. Nor can Schiller's greatest ideal be better expressed than in these words of his own, in the preface to his "Bride of Messina:" "Art has for its object not merely to excite to a momentary dream of liberty; its aim is to make us truly free. And this it accomplishes by awakening, exercising and perfecting in us the power of removing to an objective distance the world of the senses, which otherwise only burdens us as formless matter and presses us down with a brute influence; of transforming it into the free working of our spirit, and of thus acquiring a dominion over the material world by means of ideas."

The wholesomeness of Schiller's nature, mind and art—the purity and nobility of his ideals—impress us conspicuously at the very outset of our acquaintance with him. In "Wilhelm Tell" we breathe the mountain air of liberty, we tread the Alps of lofty personal freedom, we feel the thrill of

the eternal glaciers in the moonlight scene of the oath at Rütli. In "The Maid of Orleans" we enter into a spiritual sympathy with Joan of Arc, we are convinced of her purity and sincerity, and in the wonderful accusation scene at Rheims, with the thunder pealing above the solemn organ chant, the Lily of France becomes idealized out of earthly matter into the grand symbol of suffering innocence and oppressed truth. In the "Song of the Bell" we hear an echo of the holiest, sweetest, purest joys of honest toil and wedlock and hymeneal faith—a worthy epithalamium to Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea."

Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller was born in 1759 at Marbach, the son of a military surgeon who had served in the War of the Austrian Succession. At an early age he was "gently kidnapped" by Duke Karl Eugene of Würtemburg and forced into his military academy as a student. Here the boy, suffering under this petty despotism and feeling like a stork in his old Prussian uniform, gave vent to his woes in his drama of "The Robbers." In this play the hero is a social anarchist, who would shake the pillars of the world. Schiller wrote it by stealth, under cover of a medical book and under pretense of headaches, in his room. When he later deserted his post as medical officer of the grenadiers to witness a performance of his drama, the Duke threatened to imprison him without trial. Schiller resolved to flee. The story of that elopement with a single comrade, two flintless pistols and a few guilders presents a curiously romantic contrast to the terrible bombast of Karl Moor in "The Robbers."

In this drama Schiller cried out for a German republic, but his hero, Karl Moor, was a social Ishmaelite, defrauded by his brother and believing himself betrayed by his affianced love. He becomes a ferocious robber with store of great plunder in the Bohemian forest. His horses bathe in wine; he stabs his supposed false love and there is a glut of horrors. At last, tired of life, he delivers himself up to a starving workman, in order to help him secure the price offered for the bandit's head. Moor is thus the type of a noble greatness perverted by injustice—a frightful example, so to speak. The motto of the play was "In tyrannos." In his world-agony

Karl exclaimed: "Two such men as I would shatter the whole structure of the moral world." This ranting Karl became at once a rival in popularity of the sentimental Werther, Schiller's great dramatic strength was recognized, and until the orgies of the French Revolution Karl remained a hero of the German burghers.

The despotism of the petty German courts was next depicted by Schiller under an Italian guise in the drama, "Fiesco," which proved a failure; but he succeeded again in "Kabale und Liebe" (Love and Intrigue), in which he openly attacked the vice and inhumanity of the German courts. The heroine, Luise Miller, is a fiddler's daughter, who wins the love of the Chancellor's son; but their lives are ruined by the unscrupulous court intrigues. As an example of citizen tragedy, this piece excelled Lessing's "Miss Sara Sampson." In this play Schiller also satirized the traffic in Hessian soldiers as mere chattels of a prince.

In his next tragedy, "Don Carlos," the titular hero, son of King Philip II. of Spain, perishes a victim to the Inquisition and court intrigue, while his friend, the Marquis Posa, also dies for him in vain. In the Marquis Schiller portrayed just such an ideal dreamer as he himself was, and ever remained—"a citizen of a time yet to be."

And now Schiller passed through a transitional period of professorship of history at the University of Jena; wrote "The Rise of the Netherlands" and the "History of the Thirty Years' War;" became a fellow-spirit of Goethe, who had hitherto misunderstood him; was invited to Weimar, where he was ultimately ennobled, and produced, under Goethe's influence and encouragement, the great dramatic masterpieces that have crowned him with world-wide fame.

In his study of the Thirty Years' War Schiller had found the impressive character of Wallenstein, the general who betrayed his Emperor in order to secure his own aggrandisement, an earlier Napoleon, worshipped by his soldiers and believing in destiny. He has painted this colossal figure in enduring colors against a wonderful background, reproducing the social anarchy that reigned in Germany of that day. Wallenstein is the greatest dramatic character of German lit-

erature, and probably of all European literature since Shakespeare. The man is first felt as an unseen power amid the unruly hosts of soldiers, controlled only by his will. Then among his generals he is seen a very Cæsar, an actual emperor. All this Schiller achieved in his "Camp of Wallenstein," the first drama of the Trilogy, called by him the "Vorspiel" (prelude). This portion is highly realistic, with the Capuchin friar's quaint camp sermon and the Cuirassier's stirring song, which has become nationally famous as "Schiller's Trooper's Song." In "The Piccolomini," the second drama, Max Piccolomini, the hero, loves Wallenstein's daughter Thekla, but will remain true to the Emperor. At last, to vindicate his honor, he perishes in a wild charge against the Swedes. He represents the opposite to Wallenstein, the principle of honor as opposed to unscrupulous ambition. His love romance is beautifully touching. In the third drama, "Wallenstein's Death," the general who betrays is himself betrayed by Max's father, Octavio, whom he had trusted. He is murdered, after having acknowledged the better part played in life by the noble Max.

In "Mary Stuart," which followed the Wallenstein trilogy, Schiller makes us sympathize with the purely personal tragedy of the unhappy Queen of Scots, purified by her sufferings. Queen Elizabeth is sacrificed to this idealized Mary. The most famous scene of the play is that of the garden at Fotheringay, in which Mary, overjoyed at her unexpected liberty, is unexpectedly confronted by the Queen, and so insults Elizabeth as to lead to the death sentence.

Similarly in "The Maid of Orleans" he idealizes the character of Joan of Arc. She is no longer the peasant maid of Domremy, but the romantic warrior maid of Schiller's ideal vision. The critics have severely criticized his treatment of the character; yet, as Baumgart has well expressed it, this is a tragedy of moral idealism. In this play Joan dies victorious on the battlefield, and not as a martyr at the stake; but she is also represented (quite unhistorically, it must be admitted), as yielding for a disastrous moment to a prompting of love for the English soldier, Talbot. For this falling away for even the moment from her lofty ideals, the Virgin chas-

tises herself by remaining silent under false accusation, and seeks vindication only in a heroic death. Schiller has here once more revised history to create an ideal.

From these quasi-historical dramas Schiller turned to a new and less popular method in his "Bride of Messina," a melodramatic, Greek-like tragedy of evil destiny. In this work he introduced a chorus, but he was warned by its partial failure to return to his true field, and in "Wilhelm Tell," finished in the year before that of his death, he left a masterpiece as a farewell legacy. The idea had been suggested by Goethe, who had intended to write an epic on the legend, but who abandoned the notion. From Goethe's own recollections and from Tschudi, the Swiss chronicler, Schiller acquired such a grasp of his theme that its local color is remarkable; one is transported to the Alps with all their sights and sounds. The heroic characters of the book have a broad nobility of patriotism. The legends of the hat and apple-shooting are skillfully used, and the murder of the tyrant Gessler is splendidly vindicated. The apostrophes to freedom are inspiring, and Arnold von Melchthal's outburst on learning of the cruel blinding of his father, is Shakespearean.

Schiller's lyrics lack the naïveté of Goethe's and the flashing keenness of Heine's; but nevertheless, there is hardly one of his ballads which does not represent the conflict between the lower and higher in man, and call upon the will to assert itself against the force of circumstance. Hence arises the fiery eloquence, the martial sonorousness that pervades these poems. "'Tis mind that shapes the body to itself." This is what all of them proclaim; whether they exalt the struggle of man with the elements, as "The Diver;" or victory over self, as "The Fight With the Dragon;" or faithfulness unto death, as "The Security;" whether they give impressive pictures of national exploits and triumphs, as in "The Banquet;" or, whether like "Cassandra," "The Ring of Polycrates," "The Cranes of Ibycus," they reveal the mysterious working of the world-spirit in the forebodings and catastrophes of the human soul.

His greatest poem is "The Song of the Bell," in which human life is symbolized in the various processes of the cast-

ing of the bell, just as Longfellow—in confessed imitation of Schiller—has pictured life in "The Building of the Ship." In his poem Schiller has spoken straight to the hearts of the multitude. The motto of the poem is one on the old bell of Schaffhausen: "Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango" (I call the living, I mourn the dead, I break the lightnings). Goethe added an epilogue in praise of the dead poet and idealist.

FRIDOLIN; OR THE MESSAGE TO THE FORGE.

(Translated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.)

A HARMLESS lad was Fridolin,
  A pious youth was he;
He served and sought her grace to win,
  Count Savern's fair ladye;
And gentle was the Dame as fair,
And light the toils of service there;
And yet the woman's wildest whim
In her—had been but joy to him.

Soon as the early morning shone,
  Until the vesper bell,
For her sweet hest he lived alone,
  Nor e'er could serve too well.
She bade him oft not labor so:
But then his eyes would overflow;
It seemed a sin if strength could swerve,
From that one thought—her will to serve!

And so of all her house, the Dame
  Most favor'd him always;
And from her lip for ever came
  His unexhausted praise.
On him, more like some gentle child,
Than serving-youth, the lady smiled,
And took a harmless pleasure in
The comely looks of Fridolin.

For this, the Huntsman Robert's heart
  The favor'd Henchman cursed;
And long, till ripen'd into art,
  The hateful envy nursed.

His Lord was rash of thought and deed:
And thus the knave the deadly seed,
(As from the chase they homeward rode,)
That poisons thought to fury, sow'd.

"Your lot, great Count, in truth is fair,
(Thus spoke the craft suppress'd;)
The gnawing tooth of doubt can ne'er
Consume your golden rest.
He who a noble spouse can claim,
Sees love begirt with holy shame;
Her truth no villain arts ensnare—
The smooth seducer comes not there."

"How now!—bold man, what sayest thou?"
The frowning Count replied—
"Think'st thou I build on woman's vow,
Unstable as the tide?
Too well the flatterer's lip allureth—
On firmer ground my faith endureth;
The Count Von Savern's wife unto
No smooth seducer comes to woo!"

"Right!"—quoth the other—"and your scorn
The fool enow the fool chastises,
Who though a simple vassal born,
Himself so highly prizes;
Who buoys his heart with rash desires,
And to the Dame he serves aspires."
"How!" cried the Count, and trembled—"How!
Of one who lives, then speakest thou?"

"Surely; can that to all reveal'd
Be all unknown to you?
Yet, from your ear if thus conceal'd,
Let me be silent to."
Out burst the Count, with gasping breath,
"Fool—fool!—thou speak'st the words of death!
What brain has dared so bold a sin?"
"My Lord, I spoke of Fridolin!

"His face is comely to behold"—
He adds—then paused with art.

The Count grew hot—the Count grew cold—
The words had pierced his heart.
"My gracious Master sure must see
That only in her eyes lives he;
Behind your board he stands unheeding,
Close by her chair—his passion feeding.

"And then the rhymes—" "The rhymes?" "The same—
Confess'd the frantic thought."
"Confess'd?" "Ay, and a *mutual* flame
The foolish boy besought!
No doubt the Countess, soft and tender,
Forbore the lines to you to render;
And I repent the babbling word
That scaped my lips.—What ails my lord?"

Straight to a wood, in scorn and shame,
Away Count Savern rode—
Where in the soaring furnace-flame
The molten iron glow'd.
Here, late and early, still the brand
Kindled the smiths, with crafty hand;
The bellows heave and the sparkles fly,
As if they would melt down the mountains high.

Their strength the Fire, the Water gave,
In interleagued endeavor;
The mill-wheel, whirl'd amidst the wave,
Rolls on for aye and ever—
Here, day and night, resounds the clamor,
While measured beats the heaving hammer;
And, suppled in that ceaseless storm,
Iron to iron stamps a form.

Two smiths before Count Savern bend,
Forth-beckon'd from their task.
"The first whom I to you may send,
And who of you may ask—
'*Have you my lord's command obey'd?*'
Thrust in the hell-fire yonder made:
Shrunk to the cinders of your ore,
Let him offend mine eyes no more!"

Then gloated they – the grisly pair—
They felt the hangman's zest;
For senseless as the iron there,
The heart lay in the breast.
And hied they, with the bellows' breath,
To strengthen still the furnace-death;
The murder-priests nor flag nor falter—
Wait the victim—trim the altar!

The Huntsman seeks the Page—God wot,
How smooth a face hath he!
"Off, comrade, off! and tarry not;
Thy lord hath need of thee!"
Thus spoke his lord to Fridolin,
"Haste to the forge the wood within,
And ask the serfs who ply the trade—
'Have you my lord's command obey'd?'"

"It shall be done"—and to the task
He hies without delay.
Had *she* no hest?—'t were well to ask,
To make less long the way.
So, wending backward at the thought,
The youth the gracious Lady sought,
"Ere I go to the forge, I've come to thee:
Hast thou any commands, by the road, for me?"

"I fain," thus spake the Lady fair,
In winsome tone and low,
"But for mine infant ailing there,
To hear the Mass would go.
"Go thou, my child—and on the way,
For me and mine thy heart shall pray;
Repent each sinful thought of thine—
So shall thy soul find grace for mine!"

Forth on the welcome task he wends,
Her wish the task endears,
Till where the quiet hamlet ends,
A sudden sound he hears.
To and fro the church bell swinging,
Cheerily, clearly forth is ringing;

Knolling souls that would repent
To the Holy Sacrament.

He thought, "Seek God upon thy way,
And he will come to thee!"
He gains the House of Prayer to pray,
But all stood silently.
It was the Harvest's merry reign,
The scythe was busy in the grain,
One clerkly hand the rites require
To serve the Mass and aid the choir.

At once the good resolve he takes,
As sacristan to serve:
"No halt," quote he, "the footstep makes
That doth but heavenward swerve!"
So, on the Priest, with humble soul,
He hung the cingulum and stole,
And eke prepares each holy thing
To the high Mass administ'ring.

Now, as the ministrant, before
The Priest he took his stand;
Now towards the altar moved, and bore
The mass-book in his hand.
Rightward, leftward kneeleth he,
Watchful every sign to see;
Tinkling, as the *Sanctus* fell,
Thrice at each holy name, the bell.

Now the meek Priest, bending lowly,
Turns unto the solemn shrine,
And with lifted hand and holy,
Rears the cross divine.
While the clear bell, lightly swinging,
That Boy-sacristan is ringing;—
Strike their breasts, and down inclining,
Kneel the crowd, the symbol signing.

Still in every point excelling,
With a quick and nimble art—
Every custom in that dwelling
Knew the Boy by heart!

To the close he tarried thus,
Till *Vobiscum Dominus;*
To the crowd inclines the Priest,
And the crowd have sign'd—and ceased!

Now back in its appointed place,
His footsteps but delay
To range each symbol-sign of grace—
Then forward on his way.
So, conscience calm, he lightly goes;
Before his steps the furnace glows;
His lips the while (the count completing,)
Twelve Paternosters slow-repeating.

He gain'd the forge—the Smiths survey'd,
As there they grimly stand:
"How fares it, friends?—*have ye obey'd,*"
He cried, "*my lord's command?*"
"Ho! ho!" they shout and ghastly grin,
And point the furnace-throat within:
"With zeal and heed we did the deed -
The master's praise, the servants' meed."

On, with this answer, onward home,
With fleeter step he flies;
Afar the Count beheld him come—
He scarce could trust his eyes.
"Whence com'st thou?" "From the furnace." "So!
Not elsewhere? troth, thy steps are slow;
Thou hast loiter'd long!"—"Yet only till
I might the trust consign'd fulfill.

"My noble lord, it is true, to-day,
I chanced, on quitting thee,
To ask my duties, on the way,
Of her who guideth me.
She bade me, (and how sweet and dear
It was!) the holy Mass to hear;
Rosaries four I told, delaying,
Grace for thee and thine heart-praying."

All stunn'd, Count Savern heard the speech—
A wondering man was he;

"And when thou didst the furnace reach,
What answer gave they thee?"
"An answer hard the sense to win;
Thus spake the men with ghastly grin,
'With zeal and heed, we did the deed—
The master's praise, the servants' meed.'"

"And *Robert?*"—gasp'd the Count, as lost
In awe, he shuddering stood—
"Thou must, be sure, his path have cross'd?
I sent him to the wood."
"In wood nor field where I have been,
No single trace of him was seen."
All death-like stood the Count: "Thy might,
O God of heaven, hath judged the right!"

Then meekly, humbled from his pride,
He took the servant's hand;
He led him to his Lady's side,
She naught mote understand.
"This child—no angel is more pure—
Long may thy grace for him endure;
Our strength how weak, our sense how dim—
GOD AND HIS HOSTS ARE OVER HIM!"

THE DIVISION OF THE WORLD.

"Take the world!" Zeus exclaimed from his throne in the skies
To the children of man—"take the world I now give;
It shall ever remain as your heirloom and prize:
So divide it as brothers and happily live."

Then all who had hands sought their share to obtain,
The young and the aged made haste to appear;
The husbandman seized on the fruits of the plain,
The youth through the forest pursued the fleet deer.

The merchant took all that his warehouse could hold,
The abbot selected the last year's best wine,
The king barred the bridges—the highways controlled,
And said, "Now remember, the tithes shall be mine!"

But when the division long settled had been,
The Poet drew nigh from a far-distant land;

But alas! not a remnant was now to be seen,
Each thing on the earth owned a master's command.

"Alas! shall then I, of thy sons the most true—
Shall I, 'mongst them all, be forgotten alone?"
Thus loudly he cried in his anguish, and threw
Himself in despair before Jupiter's throne.

"If thou in the region of dreams didst delay,
Complain not of me," the Immortal replied;
"When the world was apportioned, where then wert thou, pray?"
"I was," said the Poet, "I was by thy side!

"Mine eye was then fixed on thy features so bright,
Mine ear was entranced by thy harmony's power;
O pardon the spirit that, awed by thy light,
All things of the earth could forget in that hour!"

"What to do?" Zeus exclaimed, "for the world has been given;
The harvest, the market, the chase are not free.
But if thou with me wilt abide in my heaven,
Whenever thou com'st, 'twill be open to thee!"

WALLENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER.

(From "The Piccolomini." Act I., Scene 8. Translated by S. T. Coleridge.)

Enter the Countess Tertsky leading the Princess Thekla, richly adorned.

Countess. How, sister! What, already upon business!
[*Observing the Duchess.*
And business of no pleasing kind I see,—
Ere he has gladdened at his child. The first
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! Father!
This is thy daughter.
[*Thekla approaches and bends as if about to kiss his hand. He receives her in his arms.*

Wallenstein. Yes, pure and lovely hath hope risen on me:
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

Duchess. 'Twas but a little child when you departed
To raise up that great army for the Emperor:
And after, at the close of the campaign,
When you returned home out of Pomerania,

Your daughter was already in the convent,
Wherein she has remained till now.
Wal. The while
We in the field here gave our cares and toils
To make her great and fight her a free way
To the loftiest earthly good; lo! mother Nature
Within the peaceful, silent convent walls,
Has done her part, and out of her free grace
Hath she bestowed on the beloved child
The godlike! and now leads her, thus adorned,
To meet her splendid fortune and my hope.
Duch. (*to Thekla*). Thou wouldst not have recognized thy father,
Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scarce eight years
When last she saw your face.
Thek. O yes, yes, mother!
At the first glance!—My father is not altered.
The form that stands before me falsifies
No feature of the image that hath lived
So long within me!
Wal. The voice of my child! [*Then after a pause.*
I was indignant at my destiny
That it denied me a man-child, to be
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
And re-illume my soon extinguished being
In a proud line of princes.
I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head,
So lovely in its maiden bloom, will I
Let fall the garland of a life of war,
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreathe it
Transmuted to a regal ornament
Around these beauteous brows. [*He clasps her in his arms.*

WALLENSTEIN'S TREASON.

(From "The Piccolomini." Act V., Scene 2.)

Max. Piccolomini (*advancing*). My General!
Wallenstein. That am I no longer, if
Thou styl'st thyself the Emperor's officer.
Max. Then thou wilt leave the army, General?
Wal. I have renounced the service of the Emperor.
Max. And thou wilt leave the army?

Wal. Rather hope I
To bind it nearer still and faster to me. [*He seats himself.*
Yes, Max., I have delayed to open it to thee,
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.
Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily
The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is
To exercise the single apprehension
Where the sums square in proof;
But where it happens that of two sure evils
One must be taken, where the heart not wholly
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,
There 'tis a blessing to have no election,
And blank necessity is grace and favor.
—This is now present: do not look behind thee—
It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards:
Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act!
The court—it hath determined on my ruin,
Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.
We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they
And our good friends.

[*He stops himself, expecting Piccolomini's answer.*

I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.
I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[*He rises and retires. Max. remains motionless in excessive anguish. Wallenstein returns.*

Max. My general, this day thou makest me
Of age to speak in my own right and person,
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I followed
With most implicit, unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I followed thee.
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forcest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.

Wal. Soft cradled thee thy fortune till to-day;
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act forever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies the roads
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war

Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.
Max. War! is that the name?
War is as frightful as Heaven's pestilence.
Yet it is good, is it Heaven's will as that is.
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army?
O God of heaven! what a change is this.
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who, like the fixed star of the pole,
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?
Oh! what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obediency,
Must I pluck live asunder from thy name?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—
It always was as a god looking at me.
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:
The senses still are in thy bonds, although,
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.
Wal. Max., hear me.
Max. Oh! do it not; I pray thee, do it not!
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,
It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,
Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone
Made powerful only in an unknown power.
Wal. The world will judge me sternly! I expect it:
Already have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
The extreme, can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use
Or suffer violence. So stands the case,
There remains nothing possible but that.

Max. Oh, that is never possible for thee!
'Tis the last desperate resource of those
Cheap souls to whom their honor, their good name
Is their poor *saving*, their last worthless *Keep*,
Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich
And glorious; with an unpolluted heart
Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems highest;
But he, who once hath acted infamy,
Does nothing more in this world.

Wal. (*grasps his hand.*) Calmly, Max!
Much that is great and excellent shall we
Perform together yet. And if we only
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon
Forgotten, Max., by what road we ascended.
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,
That was deeply sullied in the winning.
To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,
Not to the good. All, that the Powers divine
Send from above, are universal blessings;
Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,
But never yet was man enriched by them:
In their eternal realm no *property*
Is to be struggled for—all there is general.
The jewel, the all-valued gold we win
From the deceiving Powers, depraved in nature,
That dwell beneath the day and blessed sunlight;
Not without sacrifices are they rendered
Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth
That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

Max. Whate'er is human, to the human being
Do I allow, and to the vehement
And striving spirit readily I pardon
The excess of action; but to thee, my General!
Above *all* others, make I large concession.
For thou must move a world, and be the master—
He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.
So be it then! maintain thee in thy post
By violence. Resist the Emperor,
And if it must be, force with force repel:
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
But not—not to the *traitor*—yes,—the word

Is spoken out——
Not to the *traitor* can I yield a pardon.
That is no mere excess! that is no error
Of human nature—that is wholly different;
Oh, that is black,—black as the pit of hell!
[*Wallenstein betrays a sudden agitation.*
Thou canst not hear it *named*, and wilt thou *do* it?
Oh, turn back to thy duty; that thou canst,
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.
I'll make thy peace for thee with the Emperor.
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall see thee, Duke, with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

Wal. It is too late; thou know'st not what has happened.

Max. Were it too late, and were things gone so far
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then—fall! fall honorably, even as thou stood'st,
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
Thou canst with splendor do it—do it too
With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others,
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee;
My destiny I never part from thine.

Wal. It is too late! Even now, while thou art losing
Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones
Left fast behind by my post-couriers
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.
Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. Thou—No!—*thou* canst not forsake me;
So let us do what must be done, with dignity,
With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had delivered to him?
Had he thrown down the sword he had been lost,
As I were, if I but disarmed myself.
I trace out something in me of his spirit.
Give me his luck, that other *thing* I'll bear.
[*Max. quits him abruptly.*

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

(The two first Stanzas of this Poem are sung by Thekla, in Act III. of "The Piccolomini.")

THE wind rocks the forest,
The clouds gather o'er;
The girl sitteth lonely
Beside the green shore;
The breakers are dashing with might, with might:
And she mingles her sighs with the gloomy night,
And her eyes are hot with tears.

"The earth is a desert,
And broken my heart,
Nor aught to my wishes
The world can impart.
To her Father in Heaven may the Daughter now go;
I have known all the joys that the world can bestow—
I have lived—I have loved."—

"In vain, oh! how vainly,
Flows tear upon tear!
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear!—
Yet say what can soothe for the sweet vanish'd love,
And I, the Celestial, will shed from above
The balm for thy breast."

"Let ever, though vainly,
Flow tear upon tear;
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear;
Yet still when the heart mourns the sweet vanish'd love,
No balm for its wound can descend from above
Like Love's own faithful tears!"

WILLIAM TELL LEAVING HOME.

(From "Wilhelm Tell," Act III., Scene 1.)

Hedwig. The boys begin to use the bow betimes.
Tell. 'Tis early practice only makes the master.
Hed. Ah! Would to Heaven they never learnt the art!

Tell. But they shall learn it, wife, in all its points.
Who'er would carve an independent way
Through life, must learn to ward or plant a blow.
Hed. Alas, alas! and they will never rest
Contentedly at home.
Tell. No more can I!
I was not framed by nature for a shepherd.
Restless I must pursue a changing course;
I only feel the flush and joy of life,
In starting some fresh quarry every day.
Hed. Heedless the while of all your wife's alarms,
As she sits watching through long hours at home:
For my soul sinks with terror at the tales
The servants tell about your wild adventures.
Whene'er we part, my trembling heart forbodes,
That you will ne'er come back to me again.
I see you on the frozen mountain steeps,
Missing, perchance, your leap from cliff to cliff.
I see the chamois, with a wild rebound,
Drag you down with him o'er the precipice.
I see the avalanche close o'er your head,—
The treacherous ice give way, and you sink down
Entombed alive within its hideous gulf.
Ah! in a hundred varying forms does death
Pursue the Alpine huntsman on his course.
That way of life can surely ne'er be blessed,
Where life and limb are peril'd every hour.
Tell. The man that bears a quick and steady eye,
And trusts to God, and his own lusty sinews,
Passes with scarce a scar, through every danger.
The mountain cannot awe the mountain child.
[*He lays aside his tools.*
And now, methinks, the door will hold awhile.—
The axe at home oft saves the carpenter. [*Takes his cap.*
Hed. Whither away?
Tell. To Altdorf, to your father.
Hed. You have some dangerous enterprise in view—
Confess!
Tell. Why think you so?
Hed. Some scheme's on foot
Against the governors. There was a council
Held on the Rütli—that I know—and you

Are one of the confederacy, I'm sure.
Tell. I was not there. Yet will I not hold back,
Whene'er my country calls me to her aid.
Hed. Wherever danger is, will you be placed.
On you, as ever, will the burden fall.
Tell. Each man shall have the post that fits his powers.
Hed. You took—ay, 'mid the thickest of the storm—
The man of Unterwald across the lake.
'Tis a marvel you escaped. Had you no thought
Of wife and children, then?
Tell. Dear wife, I had;
And therefore saved the father for his children.
Hed. To brave the lake in all its wrath! 'Twas not
To put your trust in God! 'Twas tempting him.
Tell. The man that's over cautious will do little.
Hed. Yes, you've a kind and helping hand for all:
But be in straits, and who will lend you aid?
Tell. God grant I ne'er may stand in need of it!
[*Takes up his crossbow and arrows.*
Hed. Why take your crossbow with you? Leave it here.
Tell. I want my right hand, when I want my bow.
[*The boys, Walter and Wilhelm, return.*
Walter. Where, father, are you going?
Tell. To grand-dad, boy—
To Altdorf. Will you go?
Wal. Ay, that I will!
Hed. The Viceroy's there just now. Go not to Altdorf!
Tell. He leaves to-day.
Hed. Then let him first be gone.
Cross not his path.—You know he bears us grudge.
Tell. His ill-will cannot greatly injure me.
I do what's right, and care for no man's hate.
Hed. 'Tis those who do what's right, whom most he hates.
Tell. Because he cannot reach them. Me, I ween,
His knightship will be glad to leave in peace.
Hed. Ay!—are you sure of that?
Tell. Not long ago,
As I was hunting through the wild ravines
Of Shechenthal, untrod by mortal foot,—
There, as I took my solitary way
Along a shelving ledge of rocks, where 'twas
Impossible to step on either side;

For high above rose, like a giant wall,
The precipice's side, and far below
The Shechen thunder'd o'er its rifted bed;—

[*The boys press towards him, looking upon him with excited curiosity.*

There, face to face, I met the Viceroy. He
Alone with me—and I myself alone—
Mere man to man, and near us the abyss.
And when his lordship had perused my face,
And knew the man he had severely fined
On some most trivial ground, not long before;
And saw me, with my sturdy bow in hand,
Come striding towards him, then his cheek grew pale,
His knees refused their office, and I thought
He would have sunk against the mountain side.
Then, touch'd with pity for him, I advanced,
Respectfully, and said, "'Tis I, my lord."
But ne'er a sound could he compel his lips
To frame in answer. Only with his hand
He beckoned me in silence to proceed.
So I pass'd on, and sent his train to seek him.

Hed. He trembled then before you? Woe the while
You saw his weakness; that he'll ne'er forgive.

Tell. I shun him, therefore, and he'll not seek me.

Hed. But stay away to-day. Go hunting rather!

Tell. What do you fear?

Hed. I am uneasy. Stay.

Tell. Why thus distress yourself without a cause?

Hed. Because there is no cause. Tell, Tell! stay here!

Tell. Dear wife, I gave my promise I would go.

Hed. Must you?—Then go; but leave the boys with me.

Wal. No, mother dear, I'm going with my father.

Hed. How, Walter! will you leave your mother then?

Wal. I'll bring you pretty things from grandpapa.

[*Exit with his father.*

Wilhelm. Mother, I'll stay with you!

Hed. (*embracing him.*) Yes, yes! thou art
My own dear child. Thou'rt all that's left to me.

WILLIAM TELL AND THE TYRANT.

SCENE—*The hollow way at Küssnacht.*

Tell (*among the rocks overhanging the pass*). Here through
the hollow way he'll pass; there is
No other road to Küssnacht. Here I'll do it! . . .
The opportunity is good: the bushes
Of alder there will hide me; from that point
My arrow hits him; the strait pass prevents
Pursuit. Now, Gessler, balance thy account
With Heaven! Thou must be gone; thy sand is run! . . .
Remote and harmless I have lived; my bow
Ne'er bent save on the wild beast of the forest;
My thoughts were free of murder. Thou hast scared me
From my peace; to fell asp-poison hast thou
Changed the milk of kindly temper in me;
Thou hast accustomed me to horrors. Gessler!
The archer who could aim at his boy's head
Can send an arrow to his enemy's heart. . . .
Poor little boys! My kind, true wife! I will
Protect them from thee. Viceroy! when I drew
That bowstring and my hand was quivering,
And with devilish joy thou mad'st me point it
At the child, and I in fainting anguish
Entreated thee in vain; then, with a grim,
Irrevocable oath, deep in my soul,
I vowed to God in Heaven that the next aim
I took should be thy heart. The vow I made
In that despairing moment's agony,
Became a holy debt—and I will pay it.

[Various characters gradually appear upon the scene, among them Stüssi, Frau Armgart, and the members of a wedding procession, who come up the pass; at length Gessler (the Austrian Landvogt or Viceroy), and Rudolph der Harras approach, riding up the pass, while Tell disappears among the rocks.]

Gessler. Say what you like, I am the Kaiser's servant,
And must think of pleasing him. He sent me,
Not to caress these hinds, to soothe or nurse them.
Obedience is the word! The point at issue is,
Shall Boor or Kaiser here be lord o' th' lands?

Armgart. Now is the moment! Now for my petition.

Gess. This Hat at Altdorf, mark you, I set up,
Not for the joke's sake, or to try the hearts
O' th' people—these I know of old—but that
They might be taught to bend their necks to me,
Which are too straight and stiff; and in the way
Where they are hourly passing I have planted
This offence, so that their eyes may fall on't,
And remind them of their lord, whom they forgot.
Rudolph. But the people have some rights—
Gess. Which now
Is not a time for settling or admitting.
Mighty things are on the anvil. The House
Of Hapsburg must wax powerful; what the Father
Gloriously began, the Son must forward.
This people is a stone of stumbling, which
One way or t' other must be put aside.
Arm. Mercy, gracious Viceroy! Justice! Justice!
Gess. Why do you plague me here and stop my way
I' th' open road? Off! Let me pass!
Arm. My husband
Is in prison; these orphans cry for bread.
Have pity, good your grace, have pity on us!
Rud. Who or what are you, then? Who is your husband?
Arm. A poor wild-hay-man of the Rigiberg,
Whose trade is, on the brow of the abyss,
To mow the common grass from craggy shelves
And nooks to which the cattle dare not climb.
Rud. By Heaven, a wild and miserable life!
Do now! do let this poor drudge free, I pray you!—
Whatever be his crime, that horrid trade
Is punishment enough. You shall have justice;
In the castle there make your petition;
This is not the place.
Arm. No, no! I stir not
From this spot till you give up my husband!
'Tis the sixth month he has lain i' th' dungeon,
Waiting for the sentence of some judge in vain.
Gess. Woman! Would'st lay thy hands on me? Begone!
Arm. Justice Viceroy! thou art judge o' th' land here,
I' th' Kaiser's stead and God's. Perform thy duty!
As thou expectest justice from above,
Show it to us.

Gess. Off! take the mutinous rabble from my sight.
Arm. No, no! I now have nothing
More to lose. Thou shalt not move a step, Lord,
Till thou hast done me right. Ay, knit thy brows,
And roll thy eyes as sternly as thou wilt;
We are so wretched, wretched now, we care not
Aught more for thy anger.
Gess. Woman, make way!
Or else my horse shall crush thee.
Arm. Let it! there!
Here am I with my children. Let the orphans
Be trodden underneath thy horse's hoofs!
'Tis not the worst that thou hast done.
Rud. Woman, art mad?
Arm. 'Tis long that thou has trodden
The Kaiser's people under foot. Too long!
Oh, I am but a woman! Were I a man
I should find something else to do
Than lie here crying in the dust.
Gess. Where are my servants?
Quick! take her hence! I may forget myself,
And do the thing I shall repent.
Rud. My lord,
The servants cannot pass; the place above
Is crowded with a bridal company.
Gess. I've been too mild a ruler to this people;
They are not tamed as they should be; their tongues
Are still at liberty. This shall be altered!
I will break that stubborn humor. Freedom,
With its pert vauntings, shall no more be heard of.
I will enforce a new law in these lands;
There shall not—

[An arrow pierces him; he presses his hand on his heart, and slides from his horse into the arms of Rudolph, who has dismounted.]

Rud. Lord Viceroy—God! What is it? whence came it?
Gess. 'Tis Tell's arrow.
Tell (*from a rock above*). Thou hast found the archer;
Seek no other. Free are the cottages,
Secure is innocence from thee; thou wilt
Torment the land no more.

TROOPER'S SONG.

(Translated by H. W. Dulcken.)

UP, up, brave comrades! to horse, to horse,
  To the field where we freedom merit!
Where still is valued the brave man's force,—
  Where we weigh in the scale his spirit!
In war no man for his friend may stand,
Where each one fights for his own right hand.

All freedom hath fled this world of guile,
  But tyrants and serfs remaining;
Now flourish lying and treason vile,
  O'er cowardly mortals reigning.
Who looks on death with unblenching brow,
The soldier alone is the free man now!

The troubles of life he away hath thrown
  Small need his for care or sorrow;
To meet his fate he rides boldly on,
  It may be to-day or to-morrow.
It may be to-morrow; then let us to-day
To the dregs quaff the goblet of time while we may!

Our merry lot from the sky falls down;
  We seek not to fill our measure;
The bondman grubs in the earth so brown,
  Still weening to lift a treasure;
He digs and shovels till life is past,
And digs but a trench for his grave at last.

The trooper bold, and his steed so gay,
  Are hated guests and dreaded;
Where the bride-lamps gleam he will find his way,
  Unasked, to the feast of the wedded;
Nor shows he money, nor long he'll plead;
With his sword, like a soldier, he'll gain his meed.

Then up, brave comrades, and saddle and ride,
  For the fight each bold heart is beating;
Youth rolls through our veins life's foaming tide,—
  Up! ere time quench the spirit fleeting:
And whoso casts not his life in the scale,
To win life's gladness shall surely fail.

THE Romantic School of Germany descended lineally from Jean Paul Richter, who said: "The French hold the empire of the land, the English of the sea, the Germans of—the air." Richter had himself been influenced by Fichte's transcendental philosophy. Fichte and Schelling became the seers of the Romanticists. In his "Wissenschaftslehre," Fichte had depicted the visible world as only the projected creation of self (*ego*), which shall "always hover entire over the scattered fragments of forms." The pantheism and mysticism of Schelling deepened this influence of Fichte, whom Emerson has crowned King of the Dreamland of Philosophy. Then came a deepening of the spiritual insight, a widening of the imagination, a quickening of the emotions, a renascence of mediævalism and mediæval art in a sort of Preraphaelite sense, but modified by the German instinct for the weird and supernatural. Novalis found a mysticism based on popular tradition, in the Catholic Church, as revealed in his essay, "Christianity, or Europe," and in his "Hymns to the Night." His religiosity was deepened by the death of his betrothed.

As Fichte and Schelling held sway at Jena in philosophy, so the brothers Schlegel ruled there in a court of literary æsthetics. In a sense, these brothers continued Herder's work of glorifying folk-song and folk-lore, and national epics. August Wilhelm von Schlegel (1767-1845) also enlarged the poetic sensibilities of his romantic disciples by translating six-

teen of Shakespeare's plays, a work completed under Tieck's name. Friedrich von Schlegel devoted some attention to Orientalism, and wrote a romance, "Lucinde," which, with Tieck's "William Lovell," and Novalis's "Heinrich von Ofterdingen," embodies the romantic ideal of individual caprice sovereign over all else. But, in the revival of the old folk-song and lore, these brothers were aided by Brentano and Von Arnim ("Des Knaben Wunderhorn"), and Tieck's "Minstrelsy of the Swabian Era." And those two tender-hearted, child-loving brothers, Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm, who founded the study of Teutonic and Norse mythology and grammar, patient, pious-minded scholars both, retold the "Kinder-und Haus-marchen" (The Nursery and Fireside Tales) of Germany in such a delightfully naive style as appeals to all children throughout the world. They opened up the German fairyland, and put "Hansel und Gretel," and the "Schneewittchen" beside Siegfried and Kriemhild. No better appreciation of their tales could be given than Wilhelm Grimm's introduction. Tieck became the poetic expositor of the old folk-tale.

But, unfortunately, the Romanticists did not stop with this work of spiritualizing the old lore and song. There was an imp of fantasy in their blood. Tieck's title of "Phantasus" might apply to the entire school. Tieck himself added to the ancient Marchen his own extravagant inventions. The romantic formula was at last crystalized into the definition: to put sentimental material into fantastic form. Richter had never failed to contrast the ideal with the real, finding a theme for his peculiar humor in the prosaic reality; but the Romanticists yielded themselves up almost entirely to dreams. We get, however, a touch of Jean Paul in Chamisso's "Peter Schlemihl," and in portions of Tieck. And from Fichte the Romanticists had inherited "a romantic irony that plays with truth." It is this sceptical spirit, which seems to mock its own creation, that adds a piquancy to the works of the half-satiric Tieck.

The most mystical and the gentlest of the Romanticists was Novalis, whose real name was Friedrich von Hardenberg (1772-1801). This young poet's career may be seen in that of the hero of his own prose idyl, "Heinrich von Ofterdinger."

Novalis possessed, as has been remarked, "the heightened sensitiveness of a clairvoyant united to the freshness of a child." He longed for an inner transfiguration, and described actual life as "a disease of the spirit." He thus poetized the miraculous and the spiritual, and reviled the Reformation.

The ideal of Christian knighthood hovers ever around the fancies of Baron Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué (1777-1843). As Carlyle remarks, there is ever in the background of Fouqué's works the tilt-yard and the chapel. Under the guidance of the Schlegels he had imbibed the lore of mediæval, Moor-embattled Spain, with its romances of the Cid and its Roncesvalles. Turning to his own Teutonic sources Fouqué sang the exploits of Sigurd, and of "The Hero of the North," the hero of the Nibelungenlied. For his romantic, chivalrous spirit reflected in this poem Jean Paul styled the poet himself as "Der Tapfere" (The Valiant). How artificial is the world of Fouqué's chivalry may be seen in his romantic tale, "Aslauga's Knight," as translated by Carlyle. In graceful, lightly pathetic style he wove his romantic fiction, seeking to embody the ideals of heroic virtue, but failing really to wed the old with the new order of things. His masterpiece is the charming "Undine," a story of a water-spirit, who almost won for herself a human soul.

What Fouqué accomplished for the romance, Ludwig Tieck (1773-1853) achieved for the Marchen. His half-satiric temper made him utilize many of the simple old nursery and familiar fairy tales for the purpose of satire. Thus, in a dramatic version of "Puss-in-Boots" he held Kotzebue and Iffland up to scorn, and he used Bluebeard also for a satire. The son of a Berlin rope-maker, Tieck never quite outgrew the paternal influence, and deserted Romanticism in the end. It is only necessary here to speak in particular of his popular tales, "Peter Leberrechts Volksmarchen," and his "Phantasus." There is a mystic fairy charm to all these eccentric works. Among his best-known tales are "The Old Book and the Scarecrow," "The Witches' Sabbath," "The Goblet," "The Elves," and "The Philtre." His novelette of "The Pictures" contains a strong figure in the graceless old painter Eulenböck, who persists in forging old masters despite an original genius of his own. In "Franz Sternbold's Wander-

ings" he sought to depict a spiritual antitype to Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." Tieck also told the Tannhauser legend in his "Eckart."

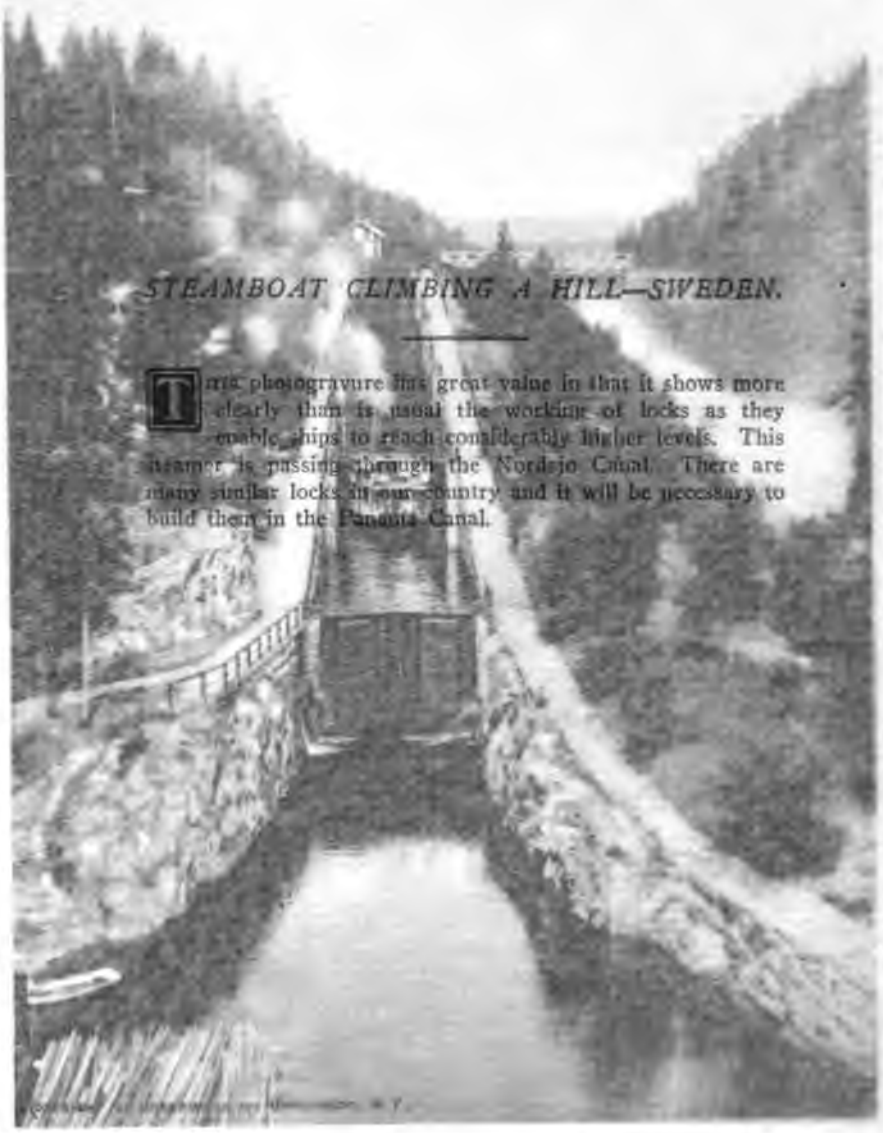
The wildest, perhaps, of the Romanticists (if we except Heinrich von Kleist, who committed suicide) was Ernest Theodor Amadeus Hoffmann (1776-1822), a strangely versatile prodigy, who could draw caricatures, compose operas (one to a libretto by Kotzebue), and write tales reveling in supernatural horrors. Meanwhile he spent his days as a jurist and his nights in drunken sprees. The demoniac element is conspicuous throughout his tales. He won his fame as a Romanticist by his "Fantasies in Callot's Style." Other notable works are his "Elixir of the Devil," his "Night Fantasies," and his "Sarapion Brothers." Among his best stories are "The Golden Pot" and "Master Martin and his Comrades" —this latter being regarded as his master-piece. It is a story of ancient Nuremberg. His ghosts and doubles often border on the grotesque, however, and Carlyle has styled his treatment of his themes as "false, brawling, and tawdry."

Here may be dismissed with a passing word Frederick Ludwig Zacharias Werner and his monstrous "Fate-Tragedy;" Ludwig Achim von Arnim, with his novel of the Reformation, "The Guardians of the Rhine," Clemens Brentano, who told the naive "Tale of Kasperl and Pretty Annerl," and Joseph von Eichendorff, whose celebrated prose story, full of nature worship, is "The Life of a Good-for-Nothing." Brentano's "Bacharach on the Rhine" was adapted by Heine in his famous "Lorelei."

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

GERMANY'S greatest humorist is Jean Paul Richter (1763-1825), called by his admirers Jean Paul the Unique. Heine acknowledged an inestimable debt to his influence, and Thomas Carlyle describes him, in characteristic fashion, as "that vast World-Mælstrom of Humor." In one of his incomparable essays on this strange German genius, Carlyle says: "In the whole circle of literature, we look in vain for his parallel. Unite the sportfulness of Rabelais, and the best sensibility of Sterne, with the earnestness, and, even in slight portions, the sublimity of Milton; and let the mosaic brain of old Burton give forth the workings of this strange union, with the pen of Jeremy Bentham!"

Readers of Carlyle's two essays on Richter, with their sympathetic insight into the odd twistings and solecistic peculiarities of the German's style, will see what an affinity exists betwen subject and rhapsodist. Even in diction the two are brothers; the Germans themselves read Richter by the aid of a special dictionary! Indeed, without so much license as is usually the case in literary comparison, we may style Richter the German Carlyle; or, from a strict chronological standpoint, pronounce Carlyle the British Richter. Carlyle himself confesses of Richter what many of Carlyle's readers have found true of "Sartor Resartus"—that "without great patience and some considerable catholicity of disposition, no reader is likely to prosper much with them." Richter's quips and conceits move along in an anarchy of art-form like "parti-colored mob-masses." He is a humor-



STEAMBOAT CLIMBING A HILL—SWEDEN.

This photogravure has great value in that it shows more clearly than is usual the working of locks as they enable ships to reach considerably higher levels. This steamer is passing through the Nordsjo Canal. There are many similar locks in our country and it will be necessary to build them in the Panama Canal.

essence, into religion." To appreciate the full significance of this verdict, one has only to read the wonderful dream (Richter is full of famous dreams) of a Godless Universe, found in the first chapter or "flower-piece" of his "Siebenkaes."

His "lawless, untutored half-savage face," which always gave forth everything (philosophical treatises, and even his Autobiography) encased in some quaint fantastic framing, was the victim of an irregular education, due to poverty. Born in the mountain district of Fichtelgebirge, four years after Schiller, the son of a debt-burdened pastor, he was obliged to endure all manner of poverty's stings. He had only water sometimes, and not even prisoners' bread; and had finally to flee from Leipzig to escape a debtor's prison. Ten years he toiled, sustained by his widowed mother's brave trust in him, until with "The Invisible Lodge" (1793) and "Hesperus" (1795) he attained fame. Later he shone at Weimar, apart from Goethe and Schiller, and enjoyed a pension during his last years in Baireuth, Bavaria.

His early satires, written in the bitterness of an empty purse and stomach, were "Lawsuits in Greenland," "Selections from the Papers of the Devil," and "Biographical Recreations under the Cranium of a Giantess." Odd titles, truly, and odder style.

His quaint novels followed: "The Invisible Lodge," "The Years of Wild Oats," "Life of Fixlein," "Parson in Jubilee," "Schmelzle's Journey to the Bath," "Life of Fibel," "Hesperus," and "Titan." The three greatest of these (deemed by Richter as his masterpieces) are "Wild Oats," "Hesperus," and "Titan," evidently inspired as a reply to the too earthly realism of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister. Richter tried in these novels to portray an equally roundly developed manhood, possessed, however, of a higher spirituality.

The stupendous sentimentality of Richter is seen in "Hesperus," wherein Viktor exclaims, "Give me two days or one night, and I will fall in love with whomever you choose." "Wild Oats" is the story of twin brothers, Walt and Vult, who represent Love and Knowledge, or the contrast between the dreamy and practical—"Opposite Magnets," says Richter. "Titan" represents force struggling with the divine harmony, and proving that idealism must be mingled with realism.

"Quintus Fixlein" is an idyl of family life, containing a scene of a bridal couple's visit to the graves of the loves that have gone before. Equally whimsical is his genre work, "Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces, or Marriage, Death and Wedding of Lawyer Siebenkaes." Another idyl of lowly life is that of "The Happy Little Schoolmaster, Maria Wrez." His genius is at its wildest in "The Comet," the tale of Nicolaus Marggraf, who has a great chemical idea.

Of his æsthetic and educational works there is no need to speak here, and we will only mention his patriotic anti-Napoleonic "Twilight Thoughts for Germany," and "Fast Sermons during Germany's Martyr-Week."

QUINTUS FIXLEIN'S WEDDING.

(From "The Life of Quintus Fixlein.")

RISE, fair Ascension and Marriage day, and gladden readers also! Adorn thyself with the fairest jewel, with the bride, whose soul is as pure and glittering as its vesture; like pearl and pearl-mussel, the one as the other, lustrous and ornamental! And so over the espalier, whose fruit-hedge has hitherto divided our darling from his Eden, every reader now presses after him!

On the 9th of May, 1793, about three in the morning, there came a sharp peal of trumpets, like a light-beam, through the dim-red May-dawn: two twisted horns with a straight trumpet between them, like a note of admiration between interrogation-points, were clanging from a house in which only a parishioner (not the Parson) dwelt and blew; for this parishioner had last night been celebrating the same ceremony which the pastor had this day before him. The joyful tallyho raised our parson from his broad bed (and the Shock from beneath it, who some weeks ago had been exiled from the white sleek coverlid), and this so early, that in the portraying tester, where on every former morning he had observed his ruddy visage, and his white bedclothes, all was at present dim and crayoned.

I confess, the new-painted room, and a gleam of dawn on the wall, made it so light, that he could see his knee-buckles glancing on the chair. He then softly awakened his mother

(the other guests were to lie for hours in the sheets), and she had the city cook-maid to awaken, who, like several other articles of wedding-furniture, had been borrowed for a day or two from Flachsenfingen. At two doors he knocked in vain, and without answer; for all were already down at the hearth, cooking, blowing, and arranging.

How softly does the Spring day gradually fold back its nun-veil, and the Earth grow bright, as if it were the morning of a Resurrection!—The quicksilver-pillar of the barometer, the guiding Fire-pillar of the weather-prophet, rests firmly on Fixlein's Ark of the Covenant. The Sun raises himself, pure and cool, into the morning-blue, instead of into the morning-red. Swallows, instead of clouds, shoot skimming through the melodious air. . . . Oh, the good Genius of Fair Weather, who deserves many temples and festivals (because without him no festival could be held), lifted an ethereal azure Day, as it were, from the well-clear atmosphere of the moon, and sent it down on the blue butterfly-wings—as if it were a *blue* Monday—glittering below the Sun, in the zigzag of joyful quivering descent, upon the narrow spot of Earth, which our heated fancies are now viewing. . . . And on this balmy, vernal spot, stand amid flowers, over which the trees are shaking blossoms instead of leaves, a bride and a bridegroom. . . . . Happy Fixlein! how shall I paint thee without deepening the sighs of longing in the fairest souls?

But soft! we will not drink the magic cup of Fancy to the bottom, at six in the morning; but keep sober till towards night!

At the sound of the morning prayer-bell, the bridegroom—for the din of preparation was disturbing his quiet orison—went out into the church-yard, which (as in many other places) together with the church, lay round his mansion like a court. Here, on the moist green, over whose closed flowers the church-yard wall was still spreading broad shadows, did his spirit cool itself from the warm dreams of Earth: here his mood grew softer and more solemn; and he now lifted up by heart his morning prayer, which usually he read; and entreated God to bless him in his office, and to spare his mother's life, and to look with favor and acceptance on the purpose of today.—Then, over the graves, he walked into his fenceless

little angular flower-garden; and here, composed and confident in the divine keeping, he pressed the stalks of his tulips deeper into the mellow earth.

But on returning to the house, he was met on all hands by the bell-ringing and the Janizary-music of wedding-gladness;—the marriage-guests had all thrown off their night-caps, and were drinking diligently;—there was a clattering, a cooking, a frizzling;—tea-services, coffee-services, and warm-beer-services, were advancing in succession; and plates full of bride-cakes were going round like potters' frames or cistern-wheels.—The Schoolmaster, with three young lads, was heard rehearsing from his own house an *Arioso,* with which, so soon as they were perfect, he purposed to surprise his clerical superior.—But now rushed all the arms of the foaming joy-streams into one, when the sky-queen besprinkled with blossoms, the bride, descended on Earth in her timid joy, full of quivering, humble love;—when the bells began;—when the procession-column set forth with the whole village round and before it;—when the organ, the congregation, the officiating priest, and the sparrows on the trees of the church-window, struck louder and louder their rolling peals on the drum of the jubilee-festival. . . . The heart of the singing bridegroom was like to leap from its place for joy, "that on his bridal-day, it was all so respectable and grand."—Not till the marriage benediction could he pray a little.

Still worse and louder grew the business during dinner, when pastry-work and marchpane devices were brought forward,—when glasses, and slain fishes (laid under the napkins to frighten the guests) went round;—and when the guests rose, and themselves went round, and at length danced round; for they had instrumental music from the city there.

One minute handed over to the other the sugar-bowl and bottle-case of joy; the guests heard and saw less and less, and the villagers began to see and hear more and more, and towards night they penetrated like a wedge into the open door,—nay, two youths ventured even in the middle of the parsonage court, to mount a plank over a beam and commence seesawing.—Out of doors, the gleaming vapor of the departed Sun was encircling the Earth, the evening star was glittering over parsonage and church-yard; no one heeded it.

However, about nine o'clock, when the marriage guests had well nigh forgotten the marriage-pair, and were drinking or dancing along for their own behoof; when poor mortals, in this sunshine of Fate, like fishes in the sunshine of the sky, were leaping up from their wet cold element; and when the bridegroom, under the star of happiness and love, casting like a comet its long train of radiance over all his heaven, had in secret pressed to his joy-filled breast his bride and his mother, —then did he lock a slice of wedding-bread privily into a press, in the old superstitious belief, that this residue secured continuance of bread for the whole marriage. As he returned with greater love for the sole partner of his life, she herself met him with his mother, to deliver him in private the bridal nightgown and bridal shirt, as is the ancient usage. Many a countenance grows pale in violent emotions, even of joy: Thiennette's wax-face was bleaching still whiter under the sunbeams of Happiness. Oh, never fall, thou lily of Heaven, and may four springs instead of four seasons open and shut thy flower-bells to the sun!—All the arms of his soul as he floated on the sea of joy were quivering to clasp the soft warm heart of his beloved, to encircle it gently and fast, and draw it to his own.

He led her from the crowded dancing-room into the cool evening. Why does the evening, does the night put warmer love in our hearts? Is it the nightly pressure of helplessness? or is it the exalting separation from the turmoil of life; that veiling of the world, in which for the soul nothing more remains but souls?—is it therefore, that the letters in which the loved name stands written on our spirit appear, like phosphorus-writing, by night, *in fire,* while by day in their *cloudy* traces they but smoke?

He walked with his bride into the Castle garden; she hastened quickly through the Castle, and past its servants' hall, where the fair flowers of her young life had been crushed broad and dry, under a long dreary pressure; and her soul expanded, and breathed in the free open garden, on whose flowery soil destiny had cast forth the first seeds of the blossoms which today were gladdening her existence. Still Eden! Green flower-chequered *chiaroscuro!*—The moon is sleeping under ground like a dead one; but beyond the garden the sun's

red evening-clouds have fallen down like rose-leaves; and the evening-star, the brideman of the sun, hovers, like a glancing butterfly, above the rosy red, and, modest as a bride, deprives no single starlet of its light.

The wandering pair arrived at the old gardener's hut; now standing locked and dumb, with dark windows in the light garden, like a fragment of the Past surviving in the Present. Bared twigs of trees were folding, with clammy half-formed leaves, over the thick intertwisted tangles of the bushes.—The Spring was standing, like a conqueror, with Winter at his feet.—In the blue pond now bloodless a dusky evening sky lay hollowed out and the gushing waters were moistening the flower-beds.—The silver sparks of stars were rising on the altar of the East and falling down extinguished in the red sea of the West.

The wind whirred like a night-bird, louder through the trees, and gave tone to the acacia grove; and the tones called to the pair who had first become happy within it: "Enter, new mortal pair, and think of what is past, and of my withering and your own; and be holy as Eternity, and weep not only for joy, but for gratitude also!"—And the wet-eyed bridegroom led his wet-eyed bride under the blossoms, and laid his soul, like a flower, on her heart, and said: "Best Thiennette, I am unspeakably happy, and would say much, and cannot.—Ah, thou Dearest, we will live like angels, like children together! Surely I will do all that is good to thee; two years ago I had nothing, no, nothing; ah, it is through thee, best love, that I am happy. I call thee Thou, now, thou dear good soul!" She drew him closer to her, and said, though without kissing him: "Call me Thou always, Dearest!"

LUDWIG TIECK.

AMONG the German Romanticists, Ludwig Tieck is the most prominent figure. He was born at Berlin in 1773, and studied at the University of Halle. He early became an admirer of Shakespeare, a student of fairy tales, and a lover of mediæval art. After making adaptations of children's stories, such as "Blue Beard," he achieved success in his dreamy, tragical "Fair Eckbert." His love of the stage led him to translate some plays from Spanish and English, and to produce the romantic drama, "Genoveva," and the more powerful "Emperor Octavian." He changed his residence several times, and in 1805 went to Italy for the sake of his health. His new environment had the effect of drawing him from mysticism to direct criticism of life. With his descriptions and narrative comment, often ironical, was ingeniously blended. One of his striking characters is the talented painter Eulenböck, who is driven by his dissipated habits to become a forger of old masters. Shakespeare is the hero of "A Poet's Life," and the story of Camoëns is rehearsed in "A Poet's Death." In "Vittoria Accorambona" Tieck makes a notable approach to the later French style. In 1819 Tieck settled at Dresden and took charge of the royal theatre. The German translation of Shakespeare, left incomplete by Schlegel, was assigned to Tieck, but the part which bears his name was actually done by his daughter and others. He did, however, translate the plays of other Elizabethan dramatists. At the age of seventy he was called to Berlin to conduct dramatic and musical representations, but soon retired from active life. He died in 1853.

The peculiar genius of Tieck is said to have combined his father's practicability and sarcasm with his mother's pious mysticism. Though he produced the most striking work of the romantic school, he was self-distrustful, and was drawn by the suggestions of others to spend time on work apart from his natural bent.

THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

IN that part of the city where the trades predominated, where merchants, mechanics and citizens diffused a busy life,

there was a street which led from the Kölln district to the castle, that a considerable time before saw the erection of the common booths, which were adorned with every kind of brilliant knick-knack as the proper gift for the Christmas feast. Fourteen days before the feast the erection of these booths began. On New-Year's day the fair was closed; and the week before Christmas Eve was properly the time in which the city pressed itself into this narrow space with the liveliest spirit and the crowd was at its greatest. Even rain and snow, bad and disagreeable weather, with the most biting cold, did not suffice to banish altogether the old any more than the young. But if at this time the winter days were fresh and pleasant, at all hours the rendezvous was gladdened by people of all ages, who desired only to be gay and to enjoy things; for nowhere else in Germany or in Italy have I seen anything so bright and hearty as was at that time the celebration of the Christmas festival in Berlin.

Most beautiful was it when snow had shortly before fallen, with moderate frost, and clear weather had for a time prevailed. Then through the ceaseless steps of innumerable wanderers the common plaster of the streets and places had been transformed into a marble pavement. About the midday hours the better classes came out and walked up and down, examining and buying, followed by their servants, who were burdened with the gifts that had been bought; or they came together in groups, as though in a hall, to converse with each other and interchange their news.

But the place was at its brightest in the evening hours, when, at both sides, the broad street was illuminated by the many thousands of lanterns on the booths that spread around a light as clear as daylight, which only here and there, owing to the dense crowd of people, seemed darkened, and played in deep shadows. All classes then mingled gayly, and with loud talk,—in a word, surged through each other. Here an aged burgher carried his child on his arm. and showed and explained all the wonders to his loud-jubilating son. A mother lifted up her little daughter that the child might be near enough to see the waxen hands and faces of the brilliant dolls, which, in their red and white, came so closely after nature. A courier drew along his gayly-dressed lady; the

man of business was compelled to admit himself deafened by the din and confusion, and to leave his accounts and to join in it; yea, even the beggars, old and young, openly and publicly rejoiced in the masquerade accessible to everybody. And they saw without envy the treasures of the season, and sympathized with the joy and pleasure of the children, sharing the lively hope that for each little one something would be borne from this great treasure-chamber into the little play-room. So the thousands moved about, joking over their plans to buy, counting up their money, laughing and crying after the sweet-scented manifold-moulded confections, in some of which were fruits in graceful imitations, figures of all kinds, beasts and men, all shining in clear colors, smiling with lustre. Here, truly, is a bewildering exhibition of fruits,—apricots, peaches, cherries, pears, and apples,—all most artistically formed out of wax. There, in a great booth, are thousands of playthings formed in all shapes out of wood,—men and women, laborers and priests, kings and beggars, sledges and coaches, maidens, ladies, nuns, horses with bells and shining harness, whole suits of furniture, or hunters with hart and hounds; whatever thought could suggest for play is here represented; and the children, servants and parents were all excited about choosing and buying. Yonder glances a stall overflowing with bright tin (for then it was still customary to make plates and dishes of this metal), but next to it, polished and shining implements glanced and shone in red and green, and gold and blue, an innumerable multitude regularly ranged, and representing soldiers, Englishmen, Prussians and Croats, Pandours and Turks, prettily-clothed Pachas on richly-caparisoned chargers, also harnessed knights, and peasants, and forests in spring glory, huntsmen, stags, and bears, and hounds in the wild.

If one was not already absolutely deafened and bewildered with all this confusion of playthings, the lights, and the manifold surging multitude, augmented by the loud shrill cries of the itinerant venders of wares, who would not attach themselves to one particular spot, then one might have squeezed through the thickest press, with its screaming, shouting, laughing and whistling, into a part a little more open, where the pressure was of a less oppressive kind, if still the gold could

easily be spent. Here are young students, who, incapable of fatigue, ceaselessly swing about a big polygon of pasteboard, which is fastened to a staff with horsehair, a strange loud humming being produced, and at which the rogues loudly shout and cry. Now comes slowly forward a great coach with many servants. It contains the young princes and princesses of the royal house, who also will take part in the children's joy of the people. Now the citizens rejoice with a double pleasure at being so near to their sovereigns; the children are overflowing, and all draw, with new eagerness, round the now motionless carriage.

J. H. D. ZSCHOKKE.

ZSCHOKKE, though born in Prussia in 1771, spent most of his mature life in Switzerland, and devoted his labors to the interests of his adopted country. His earliest literary attempts were extravagant plays, but his later works were chiefly historical and philosophical, in which the modern views of politics and religion were supported. Yet his reputation rests rather on his lighter writings, "Pictures of the Swiss," and his romantic tales, "The Creole," "Meister Jordan."

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

The following extract is taken from "The Journal of a Poor Vicar in Wiltshire." The story, though told in the form of a diary, has a close resemblance to Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." The translation is by the Rev. W. H. Furness, D.D.

New Year's Day, 1765, A. M.—A wonderful and sad affair opens the year. Here follows its history.

Early, about six o'clock, as I lay in bed thinking over my sermon, I heard a knocking at the front door. Polly was up and in the kitchen. She ran to open the door and see who was there. Such early visits are not usual with us. A stranger presented himself with a large box, which he handed to Polly with these words: "Mr. ——" (Polly lost the name) "sends this box to the Rev. Vicar, and requests him to be very careful of the contents."

Polly took the box with joyful surprise. The man disappeared. Polly tapped lightly at my chamber door to see whether I was awake. I answered, and she came in, and

wishing me "A happy new year," as well as "Good morning," added laughing, "You will see now, dear father, whether Polly's dreams are not prophetic. The promised bishop's mitre is come!" And then she told me how a New Year's present had been given her for me. It vexed me, that she had not asked more particularly for the name of my unknown patron or benefactor.

While she went out to light a lamp and call Jenny, I dressed myself. I cannot deny that I was burning with curiosity. For hitherto the New Year's presents for the Vicar of C——e had been as insignificant as they were rare. I suspected that my patron, the farmer, whose good-will I appeared to have won, had meant to surprise me with a box of cake, and I admired his modesty in sending me the present before it was light.

When I entered the parlor, Polly and Jenny were standing at the table on which lay the box directed to me carefully sealed, and of an unusual size. I had never seen exactly such a box before. I lifted it, and found it pretty heavy. In the top were two smoothly cut round holes.

With Jenny's help I opened the box very cautiously, as I had been directed to handle the contents carefully. A fine white cloth was removed, and lo!—but no, our astonishment is indescribable. We all exclaimed with one voice, "Good God!"

There lay a little child asleep, some six or eight weeks old, dressed in the finest linen, with rose-colored ribands. Its little head rested upon a soft blue silk cushion, and it was wrapt up in a blanket. The covering, as well as the little cap, was trimmed with the costliest Brabant lace.

We stood some moments gazing at it with silent wonder. At last Polly broke out into a comical laugh and cried: "What shall we do with it? This is no bishop's mitre." Jenny timidly touched the cheek of the sleeping babe with the tip of her finger, and in a tone full of pity, said: "Poor, dear little creature! thou hast no mother, or might as well have no mother! Great God! to cast off such a lovely, helpless being! Only see, father, only see, Polly, how peacefully and trustfully it sleeps, unconscious of its fate, as if it knew that it is lying in God's hand. Sleep on, thou poor, forsaken

one! Thy parents are perhaps too high in rank to care for thee, and too happy to permit thee to disturb their happiness. Sleep on, we will not cast thee out. They have brought thee to the right place. I will be thy mother."

As Jenny was speaking, two large tears fell from her eyes. I caught the pious, gentle-hearted creature to my breast, and said: "Be a mother to this little one! The step-children of fortune come to her step-children. God tries our faith—no, He does not try it, He knows it. Therefore is this forsaken little creature brought to us. We do not indeed know how we shall subsist from one day to another, but He knows, who has appointed us to be parents to this orphan."

Thus the matter was soon settled. The child continued to sleep sweetly on. In the meanwhile, we exhausted ourselves in conjectures about its parents, who were undoubtedly known to us, as the box was directed to me. Polly, alas! could tell us nothing more of the person who brought it than she already told. Now, while the little thing sleeps, and I run over my New Year's sermon upon "the Power of the Eternal Providence," my daughters are holding a council about the nursing of the poor stranger. Polly exhibits all the delight of a child. Jenny appears to be much moved. With me, it is as if I entered upon the New Year in the midst of miracles, and—it may be superstition, or it may be not—as if this little child were sent to be our guardian angel in our need. I cannot express the feelings of peace, the still happiness which I have.

Same day. Eve.—I came home greatly exhausted and weary with the sacred labors of the day. I had a long and rugged walk. But I was inspirited by a happy return home, by the cheerfulness of my daughters, by our pleasant little parlor. The table was ready laid for me, and on it stood a flask of wine, a New Year's present from an unknown benevolent hand.

The looks of the lovely little child in Jenny's arms refreshed me above all things. Polly showed me the beautiful little bed of our nursling, the dozen fine napkins, the dear little caps and night-clothes, which were in the box, and then a sealed packet of money directed to me, which they found at the feet of the child when it awoke, and they took it out.

Anxious to learn something of the parentage of our little unknown inmate, I opened the packet. It contained a roll of twenty guineas and a letter, as follows:

"Relying with entire confidence upon the piety and humanity of your Reverence, the unhappy parents of this dear child commend it to your care. Do not forsake it. We will testify our gratitude when we are at liberty to make ourselves known to you. Although at a distance, we shall keep a careful watch, and know everything that you do. The dear boy is named Alfred. He has been baptized. His board for the first quarter accompanies this. The same sum will be punctually remitted to you every three months. Take the child. We commend him to the tenderness of your daughter Jenny."

When I had read the letter, Polly leaped with joy, and cried: "There's the bishop's mitre!" Bountiful Heaven! how rich had we suddenly become! We read the letter a dozen times. We did not trust our eyes to look at the gold upon the table. What a New Year's present! From my heaviest cares for the future was I thus suddenly relieved. But in what a strange and mysterious way! In vain did I think over all the people I knew, in order to discover who it might be who had been forced by birth or rank to conceal the existence of their child, or who were able to make such a liberal compensation for a simple service of Christian charity. I tasked my recollection, but I could think of no one. And yet it was evident that these parents were well acquainted with me and mine.

Wonderful are the ways of Providence!"

J. AND W. GRIMM.

INVESTIGATION of the early language, poetry and laws of Germany led the brothers Grimm not only to the compilation of the scientific Grammar and ponderous Dictionary which astonished the learned world, but also to the collection and rehearsing of "Household Tales" which have since delighted the children of many lands. In spite of Continental wars and commotions, they spent most of their lives as librarians, usually in the same place. The elder, Jacob L. C. (1785-

1863), enjoyed robust health and lived for some years in Paris. The younger, Wilhelm C. (1786-1859), was weakened by illness in youth, and never recovered his full strength. When he married, his bachelor brother shared his house. To Wilhelm, chiefly, is due the writing of their "Household Tales," which first appeared in 1812, and was frequently enlarged.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

IN times past there lived a king and queen, who said to each other every day of their lives, "Would that we had a child!" and yet they had none. But it happened once that when the queen was bathing, there came a frog out of the water, and he squatted on the ground, and said to her,—

"Thy wish shall be fulfilled; before a year has gone by, thou shalt bring a daughter into the world."

And as the frog foretold, so it happened; and the queen bore a daughter so beautiful that the king could not contain himself for joy, and he ordained a great feast. Not only did he bid to it his relations, friends, and acquaintances, but also the wise women, that they might be kind and favorable to the child. There were thirteen of them in his kingdom, but, as he had only provided twelve golden plates for them to eat from, one of them had to be left out. However, the feast was celebrated with all splendor; and as it drew to an end, the wise women stood forward to present to the child their wonderful gifts: one bestowed virtue, one beauty, a third riches, and so on, whatever there is in the world to wish for. And when eleven of them had said their say, in came the uninvited thirteenth, burning to revenge herself, and, without greeting or showing respect, she cried with a loud voice,—"In the fifteenth year of her age the princess shall prick herself with a spindle and shall fall down dead."

Without speaking one more word she turned away and left the hall. Every one was terrified at her saying, when the twelfth came forward, for she had not yet bestowed her gift, and though she could not do away with the evil prophecy, yet she could soften it; so she said,—"The princess shall not die, but fall into a deep sleep for a hundred years."

Now, the king, being desirous of saving his child even

from this misfortune, gave commandment that all the spindles in his kingdom should be burnt up.

The maiden grew up, adorned with all the gifts of the wise women; and she was so lovely, modest, sweet, and kind and clever, that no one who saw could help loving her.

It happened one day, she being already fifteen years old, that the king and queen rode abroad, and the maiden was left behind alone in the castle. She wandered about into all the nooks and corners, and into all the chambers and parlors, as the fancy took her, till at last she came to an old tower. She climbed the narrow winding stair which led to a little door, with a rusty key sticking out of the lock; she turned the key, and the door opened, and there in the little room sat an old woman with a spindle, diligently spinning her flax.

"Good-day, mother," said the princess. "What are you doing?"

"I am spinning," answered the old woman, nodding her head.

"What thing is that that twirls round so briskly?" asked the maiden, and, taking the spindle into her hand, she began to spin; but no sooner had she touched it than the evil prophecy was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger with it. In that very moment she fell back on the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. And this sleep fell upon the whole castle; the king and queen, who had returned and were in the great hall, fell fast asleep, and with them the whole court. The horses in their stalls, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall, the very fire that flickered on the hearth, became still, and slept like the rest; and the meat on the spit ceased roasting, and the cook, who was going to pull the scullion's hair for some mistake he had made, let him go, and went to sleep. And the wind ceased, and not a leaf fell from the trees about the castle.

Then round about that place there grew a hedge of thorns thicker every year, until at last the whole castle was hidden from view, and nothing of it could be seen but the vane on the roof. And a rumor went abroad in all that country of the beautiful sleeping Rosamond, for so was the princess called; and from time to time many kings' sons came and tried to force their way through the hedge; but it was impossible for

them to do so, for the thorns held them fast together like strong hands, and the young men were caught by them, and, not being able to get free, there died a lamentable death.

Many a long year after there came a king's son into that country, and heard an old man tell how there should be a castle standing behind the hedge of thorns, and that there a beautiful enchanted princess named Rosamond had slept for a hundred years, and with her the king and queen and the whole court. The old man had been told by his grandfather that many kings' sons had sought to pass the thorn-hedge, but had been caught and pierced by the thorns and had died a miserable death. Then said the young man, "Nevertheless, I do not fear to try; I shall win through and see the lovely Rosamond." The good old man tried to dissuade him, but he would not listen to his words.

For now the hundred years were at an end, and the day had come when Rosamond should be awakened. When the prince drew near the hedge of thorns, it was changed to a hedge of beautiful large flowers, which parted and bent aside to let him pass, and then closed behind him in a thick hedge. When he reached the castle yard, he saw the horses and brindled hunting dogs lying asleep, and on the roof the pigeons were sitting with their heads under their wings. And when he came in-doors, the flies on the wall were asleep, the cook in the kitchen had her hand uplifted to strike the scullion, and the kitchen-maid had the black fowl on her lap ready to pluck. Then he mounted higher, and saw in the hall the whole court lying asleep, and above them, on their thrones, slept the king and the queen. And still he went farther, and all was so quiet that he could hear his own breathing; and at last he came to the tower, and went up the winding stair, and opened the door of the little room where Rosamond lay. And when he saw her looking so lovely in her sleep, he could not turn away his eyes; and presently he stooped and kissed her, and she awakened, and opened her eyes, and looked very kindly on him. And she rose, and they went forth together, and the king and the queen and the whole court waked up, and gazed on each other with great eyes of wonderment. And the horses in the yard got up and shook themselves, the hounds sprang up and wagged their tails, the pigeons on the

roof drew their heads from under their wings, looked round, and flew into the field, the flies on the wall crept on a little farther, the joint on the spit began to roast, the cook gave the scullion such a box on the ear that he roared out, and the maid went on plucking the fowl.

Then the wedding of the prince and Rosamond was held with all splendor, and they lived very happily together until their lives' end.

German Folk-Tales.

In these tales . . . all nature is alive; sun, moon, and stars are accessible, bestow gifts, or may, perhaps, even be woven in garments; in the mountains, dwarfs are digging for precious metals; in the sea there sleep the water sprites; birds, plants and stones talk and express their sympathy; even blood calls and speaks out. This innocent familiarity of the greatest and the smallest has an inexpressible sweetness, and we, for our part, would rather listen to the conversation between the stars and a poor child lost in the forest than to the music of the spheres. All that is beautiful, is golden and strewn with pearls; even golden people are to be found; the evil, on the other hand, is a dark power, a monstrous, man-eating giant. And yet it is overcome, for a good woman comes forward who knows how to avert the danger—and thus this epic always ends by opening up an endless joy.

BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

Of French descent, yet a thorough German in spirit was Baron Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué, the author of "Undine." His grandfather, originally a French Huguenot ensign, rose to be one of the favorite generals of Frederick the Great. Fouqué, born in 1777, became a cuirassier and fought in the disastrous Rhine campaign. He was wounded at Culm. Then he retired to the country and devoted himself to study and literary pursuits until the campaign of 1813 called forth all Prussia. He served as captain, and at the close of the campaign for his bravery he was made a major. Like Körner he devoted both "the lyre and the sword" to his country. His later life was spent alternately in Paris and on his estate at Neunhausen, and after 1830 at Halle. He died in 1843.

Fouqué first entered the literary world as a dramatist in 1801, under the pseudonym "Pellegrin." But he was attracted by the early Scandinavian legends, and in 1808 he issued "Sigurd" with his real name attached. Then came "The Magic Ring," "Theodulf the Icelander" and "Aslauga's Knight." He mingled with his romantic narratives praises of feudalism and antique life. He also strained after fantastic conceits, as in "Sintram and His Companions" and "The Two Captains." But his masterpiece is the charmingly-fanciful "Undine," the gentle water-nymph who could have won an immortal soul had she been able to win the love of a human being. She lives with two old fisher-folk as a beautiful maiden, and a knight comes to woo her. But a rival poisons Huldbrand's mind, he distrusts Undine, and the tender-hearted water-spirit vanishes again in the waves of the Danube.

UNDINE AND HULDBRAND.

The Knight Huldbrand had taken refuge from a storm in a cottage where dwelt an old couple with their adopted child Undine, who was really a water-sprite.

The old people saw with pleasure the familiarity of Undine and Huldbrand; they looked upon them as betrothed, or even as married, and living with them in their old age on their island, now torn off from the mainland. The loneliness of his situation strongly impressed also the young Huldbrand with the feeling that he was already Undine's bridegroom. It seemed to him as if, beyond those encompassing floods, there were no other world in existence, or at any rate as if he could never cross them, and again associate with the world of other men; and when at times his grazing steed raised his head and neighed to him, seemingly inquiring after his knightly achievements and reminding him of them, or when his coat-of-arms sternly shone upon him from the embroidery of his saddle and the caparisons of his horse, or when his sword happened to fall from the nail on which it was hanging in the cottage, and flashed on his eye as it slipped from the scabbard in its fall, he quieted the doubts of his mind by saying to himself, "Undine cannot be a fisherman's daughter. She is, in all probability, a native of some remote region, and a member of some illustrious family."

There was one thing, indeed, to which he had a strong aversion: this was to hear the old dame reproving Undine. The wild girl, it is true, commonly laughed at the reproof, making no attempt to conceal the extravagance of her mirth; but it appeared to him like touching his own honor; and still he found it impossible to blame the aged wife of the fisherman, since Undine always deserved at least ten times as many reproofs as she received; so he continued to feel in his heart an affectionate tenderness for the ancient mistress of the house, and his whole life flowed on in the calm stream of contentment.

There came, however, an interruption at last. The fisherman and the knight had been accustomed at dinner, and also in the evening when the wind roared without, as it rarely failed to do towards night, to enjoy together a flask of wine. But now their whole stock, which the fisherman had

from time to time brought with him from the city, was at last exhausted, and they were both quite out of humor at the circumstance. That day Undine laughed at them excessively, but they were not disposed to join in her jests with the same gaiety as usual. Toward evening she went out of the cottage, to escape, as she said, the sight of two such long and tiresome faces.

While it was yet twilight, some appearances of a tempest seemed to be again mustering in the sky, and the waves already heaved and roared around them: the knight and the fisherman sprang to the door in terror, to bring home the maiden, remembering the anguish of that night when Huldbrand had first entered the cottage. But Undine met them at the same moment, clapping her little hands in high glee.

"What will you give me," she cried, "to provide you with wine? or rather, you need not give me anything," she continued; "for I am already satisfied, if you look more cheerful, and are in better spirits, than throughout this last most wearisome day. Only come with me; the forest stream has driven ashore a cask; and I will be condemned to sleep through a whole week, if it is not a wine-cask."

The men followed her, and actually found, in a bushy cove of the shore, a cask, which inspired them with as much joy as if they were sure it contained the generous old wine for which they were thirsting. They first of all, and with as much expedition as possible, rolled it toward the cottage; for heavy clouds were again rising in the west, and they could discern the waves of the lake in the fading light lifting their white foaming heads, as if looking out for the rain, which threatened every instant to pour upon them. Undine helped the men as much as she was able; and as the shower, with a roar of wind, came suddenly sweeping on in rapid pursuit, she raised her finger with a merry menace toward the dark mass of clouds, and cried:

"You cloud, you cloud, have a care! beware how you wet us; we are some way from shelter yet!"

The old man reproved her for this sally, as a sinful presumption; but she laughed to herself softly, and no mischief came from her wild behavior. Nay more, what was beyond their expectation, they reached their comfortable hearth un-

wet, with their prize secured; but the cask had hardly been broached, and proved to contain wine of a remarkably fine flavor, when the rain first poured down unrestrained from the black cloud, the tempest raved through the tops of the trees, and swept far over the billows of the deep.

Having immediately filled several bottles from the cask, which promised them a supply for a long time, they drew round the glowing hearth; and, comfortably secured from the tempest, they sat tasting the flavor of their wine and bandying jests.

But the old fisherman suddenly became extremely grave, and said: "Ah, great God! here we sit, rejoicing over this rich gift, while he to whom it first belonged, and from whom it was wrested by the fury of the stream, must there also, it is more than probable, have lost his life."

"No such thing," said Undine, smiling, as she filled the knight's cup to the brim.

But he exclaimed: "By my unsullied honor, old father, if I knew where to find and rescue him, no fear of exposure to the night, nor any peril, should deter me from making the attempt. At least, I can promise you that if I again reach an inhabited country, I will find out the owner of this wine or his heirs, and make double and triple reimbursement."

The old man was gratified with this assurance; he gave the knight a nod of approbation, and now drained his cup with an easier conscience and more relish.

Undine, however, said to Huldbrand: "As to the repayment and your gold, you may do whatever you like. But what you said about your venturing out, and searching, and exposing yourself to danger, appears to me far from wise. I should cry my very eyes out, should you perish in such a wild attempt; and is it not true that you would prefer staying here with me and the good wine?"

"Most assuredly," answered Huldbrand, smiling.

"Then, you see," replied Undine, "you spoke unwisely. For charity begins at home; and why need we trouble ourselves about our neighbors?"

The mistress of the house turned away from her, sighing and shaking her head; while the fisherman forgot his wonted indulgence toward the graceful maiden, and thus rebuked her:

"That sounds exactly as if you had been brought up by heathens and Turks;" and he finished his reproof by adding, "May God forgive both me and you—unfeeling child!"

"Well, say what you will, that is what *I* think and feel." replied Undine, "whoever brought me up; and all your talking cannot help it."

"Silence!" exclaimed the fisherman, in a voice of stern rebuke; and she, who with all her wild spirit was extremely alive to fear, shrank from him, moved close up to Huldbrand, trembling, and said very softly:

"Are you also angry, dear friend?"

The knight pressed her soft hand, and tenderly stroked her locks. He was unable to utter a word, for his vexation, arising from the old man's severity toward Undine, closed his lips; and thus the two couple sat opposite to each other, at once heated with anger and in embarrassed silence.

In the midst of this stillness a low knocking at the door startled them all; for there are times when a slight circumstance, coming unexpectedly upon us, startles us like something supernatural. But there was the further source of alarm, that the enchanted forest lay so near them, and that their place of abode seemed at present inaccessible to any human being. While they were looking upon one another in doubt, the knocking was again heard, accompanied with a deep groan. The knight sprang to seize his sword. But the old man said, in a low whisper:

"If it be what I fear it is, no weapon of yours can protect us."

Undine in the meanwhile went to the door, and cried with the firm voice of fearless displeasure: "Spirits of the earth! if mischief be your aim, Kühleborn shall teach you better manners."

The terror of the rest was increased by this wild speech; they looked fearfully upon the girl, and Huldbrand was just recovering presence of mind enough to ask what she meant, when a voice reached them from without:

"I am no spirit of the earth, though a spirit still in its earthly body. You that are within the cottage there, if you fear God and would afford me assistance, open your door to me."

By the time these words were spoken, Undine had already opened it; and the lamp throwing a strong light upon the stormy night, they perceived an aged priest without, who stepped back in terror, when his eye fell on the unexpected sight of a little damsel of such exquisite beauty. Well might he think there must be magic in the wind and witchcraft at work where a form of such surpassing loveliness appeared at the door of so humble a dwelling. So he lifted up his voice in prayer:

"Let all good spirits praise the Lord God!"

"I am no spectre," said Undine, with a smile. "Do I look so very frightful? And you see that I do not shrink from holy words. I too have knowledge of God, and understand the duty of praising Him; every one, to be sure, has his own way of doing this, for so He has created us. Come in, father; you will find none but worthy people here."

The holy man came bowing in, and cast around a glance of scrutiny, wearing at the same time a very placid and venerable air. But water was dropping from every fold of his dark garments, from his long white beard and the white locks of his hair. The fisherman and the knight took him to another apartment, and furnished him with a change of raiment, while they gave his own clothes to the woman to dry. The aged stranger thanked them in a manner the most humble and courteous; but on the knight's offering him his splendid cloak to wrap round him, he could not be persuaded to take it, but chose instead an old grey coat that belonged to the fisherman.

They then returned to the common apartment. The mistress of the house immediately offered her great chair to the priest, and continued urging it upon him till she saw him fairly in possession of it. "You are old and exhausted," said she, "and are, moreover, a man of God."

Undine shoved under the stranger's feet her little stool, on which at all other times she used to sit near to Huldbrand, and showed herself most gentle and amiable towards the old man. Huldbrand whispered some raillery in her ear, but she replied, gravely:

"He is a minister of that Being who created us all; and holy things are not to be treated with lightness."

The knight and the fisherman now refreshed the priest

with food and wine; and when he had somewhat recovered his strength and spirits, he began to relate how he had the day before set out from his cloister, which was situated far off beyond the great lake, in order to visit the bishop, and acquaint him with the distress into which the cloister and its tributary villages had fallen, owing to the extraordinary floods. After a long and wearisome wandering, on account of the rise of the waters, he had been this day compelled toward evening to procure the aid of a couple of boatmen, and cross over an arm of the lake which had burst its usual boundary.

"But hardly," continued he, "had our small ferry-boat touched the waves, when that furious tempest burst forth which is still raging over our heads. It seemed as if the billows had been waiting our approach only to rush on us with a madness the more wild. The oars were wrested from the grasp of my men in an instant; and shivered by the resistless force, they drove farther and farther out before us upon the waves. Unable to direct our course, we yielded to the blind power of nature, and seemed to fly over the surges towards your distant shore, which we already saw looming through the mist and foam of the deep. Then it was at last that our boat turned short from its course, and rocked with a motion that became more and more wild and dizzy: I know not whether it was overset, or the violence of the motion threw me overboard. In my agony and struggle at the thought of a near and terrible death, the waves bore me onward, till I was cast ashore here beneath the trees of your island."

"Yes, an island!" cried the fisherman; "a short time ago it was only a point of land. But now, since the forest-stream and lake have become all but mad, it appears to be entirely changed."

"I observed something of it," replied the priest, "as I stole along the shore in the obscurity; and hearing nothing around me but a sort of wild uproar, I perceived at last that the noise came from a point exactly where a beaten footpath disappeared. I now caught the light in your cottage, and ventured hither, where I cannot sufficiently thank my heavenly Father that, after preserving me from the waters, He has also conducted me to such pious people as you are; and the more so, as it is difficult so say whether I shall ever behold any other persons in this world except you four."

"What mean you by those words?" asked the fisherman.

"Can you tell me, then, how long this commotion of the elements will last?" replied the priest. "I am old; the stream of my life may easily sink into the ground and vanish before the overflowing of that forest stream shall subside. And, indeed, it is not impossible that more and more of the foaming waters may rush in between you and yonder forest, until you are so far removed from the rest of the world that your small fishing canoe may be incapable of passing over, and the inhabitants of the main land entirely forget you in your old age amid the dissipation and diversions of life."

At this melancholy foreboding the old lady shrank back with a feeling of alarm, crossed herself, and cried, "God forbid!"

But the fisherman looked upon her with a smile, and said, "What a strange being is man! Suppose the worst to happen; our state would not be different; at any rate, your own would not, dear wife, from what it is at present. For have you, these many years, been farther from home than the border of the forest? And have you seen a single human being beside Undine and myself? It is now only a short time since the coming of the knight and the priest. They will remain with us, even if we do become a forgotten island; so, after all, you will be a gainer."

"I know not," replied the ancient dame; "it is a dismal thought, when brought fairly home to the mind, that we are forever separated from mankind, even though in fact we never do know nor see them."

"Then *you* will remain with us—then you will remain with us!" whispered Undine in a voice scarcely audible and half singing, while she nestled closer to Huldbrand's side. But he was immersed in the deep and strange musings of his own mind. The region, on the farther side of the forest-river, seemed, since the last words of the priest, to have been withdrawing farther and farther, in dim perspective, from his view; and the blooming island on which he lived grew green and smiled more freshly in his fancy. His bride glowed like the fairest rose, not of this obscure nook only, but even of the whole wide world; and the priest was now present.

Added to which, the mistress of the family was directing

an angry glance at Undine, because, even in the presence of the priest, she leant so fondly on the knight; and it seemed as if she was on the point of breaking out in harsh reproof. Then burst forth from the mouth of Huldbrand, as he turned to the priest, "Father, you here see before you an affianced pair; and if this maiden and these good old people have no objection, you shall unite us this very evening."

The aged couple were both exceedingly surprised. They had often, it is true, thought of this, but as yet they had never mentioned it; and now when the knight spoke, it came upon them like something wholly new and unexpected. Undine became suddenly grave, and looked down thoughtfully, while the priest made inquiries respecting the circumstances of their acquaintance, and asked the old people whether they gave their consent to the union. After a great number of questions and answers, the affair was arranged to the satisfaction of all; and the mistress of the house went to prepare the bridal apartment for the young couple, and also, with a view to grace the nuptial solemnity, to seek for two consecrated tapers, which she had for a long time kept for this occasion.

The knight in the meanwhile busied himself about his golden chain, for the purpose of disengaging two of its links, that he might make an exchange of rings with his bride. But when she saw his object she started from her trance of musing and exclaimed:

"Not so! my parents by no means sent me into the world so perfectly destitute; on the contrary, they foresaw, even at that early period, that such a night as this would come."

Thus speaking she went out of the room, and a moment after returned with two costly rings, of which she gave one to her bridegroom and kept the other for herself. The old fisherman was beyond measure astonished at this; and his wife, who was just re-entering the room, was even more surprised than he, that neither of them had ever seen these jewels in the child's possession.

"My parents," said Undine, "sewed these trinkets to that beautiful raiment which I wore the very day I came to you. They also charged me on no account whatever to mention them to any one before my wedding evening. At the time of my coming, therefore, I took them off in secret, and have kept them concealed to the present hour."

The priest now cut short all further questioning and wondering, while he lighted the consecrated tapers, placed them on a table, and ordered the bridal pair to stand opposite to him. He then pronounced the few solemn words of the ceremony, and made them one. The elder couple gave the younger their blessing; and the bride, gently trembling and thoughtful, leaned upon the knight.

The priest then spoke out: "You are strange people, after all; for why did you tell me that you were the only inhabitants of the island? so far is this from being true, I have seen, the whole time I was performing the ceremony, a tall, stately man, in a white mantle, standing opposite to me, looking in at the window. He must be still waiting before the door, if peradventure you would invite him to come in."

"God forbid!" cried the old lady, shrinking back; the fisherman shook his head, without opening his lips; and Huldbrand sprang to the window. It seemed to *him* that he could still discern a white streak, which soon disappeared in the gloom. He convinced the priest that he must have been mistaken in his impression; and they all sat down together round a bright and comfortable hearth.

HEINRICH HEINE.

THE greatest name in German literature after Goethe is that of Heinrich Heine. His was a spirit in sharpest contrast to the Hellenic serenity of the Olympian of Weimar. Heine was fire, flame and smoke,—lover, poet and satirist. With bewildering genius he turned from jest and sarcasm to earnest invocation, from verse to prose, from the depths of mockery to the heights of sentimental lyricism. Even in his most vulgar and boisterous cynicism the greatness of his spirit and intellectuality is nevertheless so manifest that he earned for himself the title of the German Aristophanes. "God's satire," he once exclaimed, "weighs heavily upon me. The great author of the Universe, the Aristophanes of Heaven, was bent on demonstrating with crushing force to me, the little earthly so-called German Aristophanes, how my weightiest sarcasms are only pitiful attempts at jesting in comparison with His, and how miserably I am beneath Him in humor, in colossal mockery." In fact, Heine was an almost hopelessly fated bundle of contradictions. He declared: "I am a Jew, I am a Christian. I am tragedy, I am comedy—Heraclitus and Democritus in one: a Greek, a Hebrew: an adorer of despotism as incarnate in Napoleon, and admirer of communism as embodied in Proudhon; a Latin, a Teuton; a beast, a devil, a god."

This "continuator of Goethe," as he has been styled by Matthew Arnold, was born at Düsseldorf, on December 13, 1799. In humorous sport he afterwards stated the date to be the first of January following, in order that he might call

himself "one of the first men of the century." Truly enough he was destined to be "the representative of a skeptical time of ferment." Born a Jew with the soul of a Hellene, he appreciated "Goethe with his clear Greek eye," but felt himself to be of a new political era, and more modern literary activity. Goethe's calmness could not but irritate this restless protestant against the whims of life. As Matthew Arnold has written:

> "The Spirit of the World,
> Beholding the absurdity of men,
> Their vaunts, their feats, let a sardonic smile
> For one brief moment wander o'er his lips,
> That smile was Heine."

The environments of his childhood and youth served to develop and accentuate Heine's turbulently kaleidoscopic character. The grandson of the "little Jew with a big beard" was sent to a Franciscan convent and Jesuit academy, learned to kiss the hands of the monks and breathed in that Catholic atmosphere in which Romanticism was then thriving. But his lessons of French philosophy, as well as the French Revolution, stirred his young heart with a new fire. When he kissed his little sweetheart, Sefchen, the executioner's pretty daughter, he did it (he has left it on record) "not merely out of tender inclination, but also out of contempt for the old social order and all its dark prejudices; and in that moment there blazed up in me the first flames of two passions to which the rest of my life was dedicated: love for fair women, and love for the French Revolution—for that modern Frankish furor with which I was seized in the battle with the mercenaries of the Middle Ages" (the old order in politics and the Romanticists in literature). In those days, too, the French rule in Düsseldorf was a blessing for the Jews, and as Heine puts it, "to the friends of freedom Napoleon appeared as a rescuer." In such soil were sown the germs of that hero-worship for Napoleon, which later found utterance in his "Buch le Grand." At the age of eleven he saw the great emperor in the flesh. "The picture," he added years afterward, "will never vanish from my memory. I see him still, high on horseback, with those eternal eyes in his marble im-

perator face, quiet as destiny, looking down on the guards marching by; and the old grenadiers looked up to him in awful submission,—stern accomplices, deathly proud: *Te, Caesar, morituri salutant.* (Those who are about to die salute thee, Cæsar.)"

This peculiar Napoleonic sentiment was perhaps at the bottom of Heine's lack of sympathy with Germany's War of Liberation. Regarding Napoleon as the incarnation of genius and of a new age, he thought mere nationalism to be "a contraction of the heart." He wrote his "Buch le Grand" to thunder against the jailers of ideas and suppressors of hallowed rights. He claimed "a very 'extraordinary professorship' in the University of high minds," and wished that not a laurel wreath, but a sword, be placed on his coffin, because "he was a brave soldier in humanity's War of Liberation."

In literature he began as a Romanticist and ended by giving that school its death-blow. In his history of the "Romantic School," he proclaimed himself "its abdicated fable-king. . . . a disfrocked Romanticist." And yet, with that characteristic self-struggle of his entire life, he records, "there came over me once more an endless longing for the Blue Flower in the Romantic dreamland, and I seized the enchanted lute and sang a song ('Atta Troll') in which I surrendered myself to all sweet exaggerations, all moonshine intoxication, all blooming nightingale folly. It was the last free wood-song of Romanticism, and I am its last poet."

Trained as a Catholic in his youth, Heine later came in Berlin under the unsettling influence of Hegel, but after his sad years of exile in the Philistinic atmosphere of London, and after his long years of torture on his "mattress grave" in Paris, he awoke at last to the truth of his inner self. "Often," he wrote to Campe, "a doubt quivers through me whether a man really is a two-legged god as Hegel told me twenty-five years ago. I am no more a divine biped. I am no more the high priest of the Germans after Goethe, no more the Great Heathen No. 2, a Hellene of jovial life and portly person, laughing cheerfully down on dismal Nazarenes. I am only a poor death-sick Jew."

Such was the forlorn Knight of the Rueful Countenance hidden behind Heine's laughing, sneering mask of

irony, sarcasm, and mockery of bitter jests and sublime parody. A hopeless love for his cousin Amalie, the rich banker Solomon's daughter, the Molly of his early verses, clouded his whole life. "A hopeless youthful love slumbers still in the heart of the poet," declared Gerard de Nerval, his friend, long afterward in Paris. "When he thinks of it, he may weep even now, or else he presses back his tears in rancor. Heine himself has confessed to me that, after he lost this living paradise, love remained only a trade (métier) for him." Abandoning himself to dissipation and ruining his constitution, he finally became almost blind and voiceless in Paris (his city of refuge) and was brought by a spine disease to a "mattress grave" on the floor of his little attic room. Here, in the height of his fame, he lay, paralyzed and almost sightless, nursed by the faithful Matilde whom he rewarded at last by the name as well as offices of wife. It was, as he described it, "a grave without rest, death without the privileges of the departed."

This romance of unhappy love and this tragedy of pain have served both to dignify his memory and to furnish a more tenderly human interpretation to his writings, often so full of bitterness and wrath. Even in the grasp of Death, the usually witty sufferer could not quite forget the cruelties of life. "I have them," he exclaimed while inditing his Memoirs. "Dead or alive they shall not escape me. Let whoever has insulted me guard himself from these lines. Heine dies not like any beast. The claws of the tiger will outlive the tiger himself."

It was this constant battle of emotions, this restless ocean-play of wit, humor, satire, tenderness, indignation and pathos, that make his prose and verse both aglow with brilliant human interest. His "Reisebilder" (Pictures of Travel) is a masterpiece of satiric wit. His "Lyric Intermezzo" is full of perfect lyrics, such as "In the wondrous month of May," "An ashtree stood alone," etc. His "Heimkehr," and "Nord-See," cycles of songs, breathe the mystery and greatness of the sea in the noblest Byronic style. The "Journey in the Hartz Mountains" is a mingling of all the chords of the emotions.

The loves of Heine may be treated in a paragraph,

although they themselves were innumerable. He was scarcely eleven years old when he fell violently in love with "little Veronica," whose death he has so touchingly related. Then came Josepha, the executioner's daughter, already alluded to as Sefchen the Red. Amalie Heine was married to Johan Friedlander, of Königsberg. Heine's love for her enshrined itself in the "Intermezzo." After this unhappy episode came "double, triple, multiple love." In Paris in 1823, however, he met Matilde, then eighteen years old, and a milliner's assistant at her aunt's shop. Heine actually bargained with the aunt for her, but she proved to be an angel to him in his latter years of suffering. Another woman who cast a ray over his final years was Mme. de Krienitz, whose literary pseudonym was Camille Selden.

Gautier described the Heine of thirty-five as "a German Apollo. . . . A slight curve altered, but did not destroy, the outline of his nose. . . . To the divine smile of the Musagete succeeded the sneer of the satyr."

Boyhood in Düsseldorf.

The Prince-Elector, Jan Wilhelm, must have been a brave gentleman, very fond of art and skillful himself. He founded the picture-gallery in Düsseldorf, and in the observatory there they show a very artistic piece of woodwork which he himself had carved in his leisure hours, of which latter he had every day four-and-twenty. In those days princes were not the persecuted wretches which they now are: the crown grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew their night-caps over it and slept peacefully, and their people slumbered peacefully at their feet; and when they awoke in the morning they said, "Good morning, father!" and he replied, "Good morning, dear children!"

But there came a sudden change over all this. One morning when we awoke in Düsseldorf and wished to say, "Good morning, father," the father had traveled away, and in the whole town there was nothing but dumb sorrow. Everywhere there was a funeral-like expression, and people slipped silently to the market and read the long paper on the door of the Town Hall. It was bad weather, yet the lean tailor Kilian

stood in his nankeen jacket, which he generally wore only at home, and his blue woolen stockings hung down so that his little bare legs peeped out in a troubled way, and his thin lips quivered as he murmured the placard. An old invalid soldier from the Palatine read it rather louder, and at some words a clear tear ran down his white, honorable old moustache. I stood near him, crying too, and asked why we were crying. And he replied, "The Prince-Elector has abdicated." And then he read further, and at the words, "for the long manifested fidelity of my subjects," "and hereby release you from allegiance," he wept still more. It is a strange sight to see, when an old man, in faded uniform and scarred veteran's face, suddenly bursts into tears. While we read, the Prince-Electoral coat-of-arms was being taken down from the Town Hall, and everything began to appear as anxiously dreary as though we were waiting for an eclipse of the sun. The town councillors went about at an abdicating, wearisome gait; even the omnipotent beadle looked as though he had no more commands to give, and stood calmly indifferent, although the crazy Aloysius stood upon one leg and chattered the names of French generals with foolish grimaces, while tipsy, crooked Gumpertz rolled around in the gutter, singing *Ça ira! Ça ira!*

But I went home crying and lamenting, "The Prince-Elector has abdicated." My mother might do what she would, I knew what I knew, and went crying to bed, and in the night dreamed that the world had come to an end—the fair flower-gardens and green meadows of the world were taken up and rolled away like carpets from the floor; the beadle climbed up on a high ladder and took down the sun, and the tailor Kilian stood by and said to himself, "I must go home and dress myself neatly, for I am dead, and am to be buried this afternoon." And it grew darker and darker—a few stars glimmered on high, and even these fell down like yellow leaves in autumn; men gradually vanished, and I, poor child, wandered around in anguish, until before the willow fence of a deserted farm-house I saw a man digging up the earth with a spade, and near him an ugly, spiteful-looking woman, who held something in her apron like a human head, but it was the moon, and she laid it carefully in the

open grave; and behind me stood the Palatine soldier sobbing and spelling, "The Prince-Elector has abdicated."

When I awoke, the sun shone as usual through the window; there was a sound of drums in the street; and as I entered our sitting-room and wished my father, who sat in his white dressing-gown, Good morning, I heard the little light-footed barber, as he made up his hair, narrate very minutely that homage would that morning be offered at the Town Hall to the Archduke Joachim. I heard too that the new ruler was of excellent family, that he had married the sister of the Emperor Napoleon, and was really a very respectable man; that he wore his beautiful black hair in curls; that he would shortly enter the town, and would certainly please all the ladies. Meanwhile the drumming in the streets continued, and I stood before the house-door and looked at the French troops marching—those joyous and famous people who swept over the world—singing and playing, the merry, serious faces of the Grenadiers, the bear-skin shakoes, the tri-colored cockades, the glittering bayonets, the *voltigeurs* full of vivacity and *point d' honneur,* and the giant-like, silver-laced drum major, who cast his *baton* with the gilded head as high as the first story, and his eyes to the second, where pretty girls gazed from the windows. I was so glad that soldiers were to be quartered in our house—my mother was not glad—and I hastened to the market Place. There everything looked changed; it was as though the world had been new white-washed. A new coat-of-arms was placed on the Town Hall; its iron balconies were hung with embroidered velvet drapery, French grenadiers stood as sentinels, the old town councillors had put on new faces and Sunday coats, and looked at each other French fashion, and said, *"Bon jour!"* Ladies peeped from every window, inquisitive citizens and soldiers filled the square, and I, with other boys, climbed on the shining Prince-Elector's great bronze horse, and looked down on the motley crowd.

Neighbor Peter and Long Conrad nearly broke their necks on this occasion, and that would have been well, for the one afterwards ran away from his parents, enlisted as a soldier, deserted, and was finally shot in Mayence; while the other, having made geographical researches in strange pock-

ets, became a working member of a public tread-mill institute! But having broken the iron bands which bound him to his fatherland, he passed safely beyond sea, and eventually died in London, in consequence of wearing a much too long cravat, one end of which happened to be firmly attached to something, just as a royal official removed a plank from beneath his feet.

Long Conrad told us that there was no school to-day on account of the homage. We had to wait a long time till this was over. At last the balcony of the Council House was filled with gay gentlemen, flags and trumpets; and our burgomaster, in his celebrated red coat, delivered an oration, which stretched out like india-rubber, or like a nightcap into which one has thrown a stone—only that it was not the stone of wisdom—and I could distinctly understand many of his phrases; for instance, that "We are now to be made happy" —and at the last words the trumpets and drums sounded, and the flags waved, and the people cried Hurrah!—and as I, myself, cried Hurrah! I held fast to the old Prince-Elector. And that was necessary, for I began to grow giddy; it seemed to me that the people were standing on their heads while the world whizzed round, and the Prince-Elector, with his long wig, nodded and whispered, "Hold fast to me:" and not till the cannon re-echoed along the wall did I become sobered, and climb slowly down from the great bronze horse.

As I went home I saw crazy Aloysius again dancing on one leg while he chattered the names of French generals, and crooked Gumpertz was rolling in the gutter drunk and growling *Ça ira, Ça ira*—and I said to my mother that we were all to be made happy, and so there was no school to-day.

The next day the world was again all in order, and we had school as before, and things were got by heart as before—the Roman kings, chronology—the *nomina* in *im*, the *verba irregularia*—Greek, Hebrew, geography, German, mental arithmetic—Lord! my head is still giddy with it!—all must be learned by heart. And much of it was eventually to my advantage. For had I not learned the Roman kings by heart it would subsequently have been a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Niebuhr had or had not proved that they never really existed. And had I not learned chronology how

could I ever in later years have found out any one in Berlin, where one house is as like another as drops of water, or as grenadiers, and where it is impossible to find a friend unless you have the number of his house in your head? Therefore I associated with every friend some historical event which had happened in a year corresponding to the number of his house, so that the one recalled the other, and some curious point in history always occurred to me whenever I met an acquaintance. For instance, when I met my tailor I at once thought of the battle of Marathon; if I saw the well-dressed banker, Christian Gumpel, I thought of the destruction of Jerusalem; if a Portuguese friend, deeply in debt, of the flight of Mahomet; if the University Judge, a man whose probity is well known, of the death of Haman; and if Wadzeck, I was at once reminded of Cleopatra. *Ach, lieber Himmel!* the poor creature is dead now; our tears are dry, and we may say of her with Hamlet, "Take her for all in all; she was a hag—we oft shall look upon her like again!" As I said, chronology is necessary. I know men who have nothing in their heads but a few years, yet who know exactly where to look for the right houses, and are, moreover, regular professors. But oh! the trouble I had at school with dates!—and it went even worse with arithmetic. I understood *subtraction* best, and for this I had a very practical rule—"Four from three won't go, I must borrow one;" but I advise every one, in such a case, to borrow a few extra shillings, for one never knows.

THE LORELEI.

I KNOW not whence it rises,
  This thought so full of woe,
But a tale of times departed
  Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
  And calmly flows the Rhine;
The mountain-peaks are sparkling
  In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
  The fairest of the fair;
With gold in her garment glittering,
  And she combs her golden hair;

With a golden comb she combs it;
  And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
  And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
  With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
  His gaze is fixed above,

Till over the boat and boatman
  The Rhine's deep waters run:
And this, with her magic singing,
  The Lorelei has done!

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

(Translated by Henry W. Longfellow.)

THE sea hath its pearls,
  The heaven hath its stars,
But my heart, my heart,
  My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven,
  Yet greater is my heart,
And fairer than pearls and stars
  Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
  Come unto my great heart,
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven,
  Are melting away with love.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

(Translated by Rev. James Freeman Clarke.)

I.

THE mother stood at the window;
In the chamber lay her son:
"Arise, arise, dear William,
And see the crowd march on."
"I am so sick, my mother,
I cannot hear or see:
I think of my dead Gretchen,
And my heart is sad in me."

"Then we will go to Kevlaar,
With book and rosary,
And there God's gracious mother
Will heal thy heart for thee."

The banners flutter gaily,
The church bells ring aloud;
Past proud Cologne it marches,
The singing, praying crowd.
The son he leads his mother,
And all go marching on:
"All hail to thee, Maria!"
They sing with solemn tone.

II.

God's mother sits at Kevlaar,
With jewels in her hair;
To-day she wears her diamonds,
For many guests are there.
The sick with votive offerings
Have come from many lands,
To hang upon her altar
Their waxen feet and hands.
For when one offers a waxen hand,
His hand is cured of its wound;
And when one offers a waxen foot,
His foot at once is sound.

Many who came on crutches
  Go running and dancing away,
And those whose fingers were stiff as sticks
  On the violin can play.
Out of a waxen candle,
  The mother formed a heart:
"Give this to Holy Mary,
  And she will cure thy smart!"
Sadly he took the image,
  Went sadly to the shrine,
And words with tears commingled,
  He cried, "O Maid divine,
O Queen of heaven and angels,
  Receive my bitter moan.
I dwell with my poor mother
  In a street of fair Cologne,
Where, in three hundred churches,
  Men go to sing and pray;
And near to us lived Gretchen,
  And she is dead to-day!
I bring this waxen image,
  The image of my heart;
Heal thou my bitter sorrow,
  And cure my deadly smart!
Do this and every morning,
  Evening, and all day long,
Hail to thee, Blessed Mary,
  Shall be my prayer and song!"

III.

The sick son and his mother
  Slept in a little room,
Then came the Blessed Virgin,
  Soft-stepping through the gloom.
She bent above the sick man,
  And on his heart she laid
Her gentle hand; then, smiling,
  Passed like a mist the maid.
The mother in her slumber
  Had seen the whole event,

Then wakened, for the frightened dogs
  Howled, as the Virgin went.
He lay stretched out before her,
  Her son—and he was dead;
And on his thin and pallid cheek
  The morning sun burnt red,
The mother knew not how she felt;
  But bent in peace her head:
"God bless thee! Holy Mother!"
  Were all the words she said.

THE TWO GRENADIERS.

(Translated by Rev. W. H. Furness, D.D.)

To France were traveling two grenadiers,
  From prison in Russia returning,
And when they came to the German frontiers,
  They hung down their heads in mourning.

There came the heart-breaking news to their ears
  That France was by fortune forsaken;
Scattered and slain were her brave grenadiers,
  And Napoleon—Napoleon was taken.

Then wept together those two grenadiers
  O'er their country's departed glory;
"Woe's me," cried one, in the midst of his tears,
  "My old wound,—how it burns at the story!"

The other said: "The end has come,
  What avails any longer living?
Yet have I wife and child at home,
  For an absent father grieving."

"Who cares for wife? Who cares for child?
  Dearer thoughts in my bosom awaken;
Go beg, wife and child, when with hunger wild,
  For Napoleon—Napoleon is taken!

"Oh, grant me, brother, my only prayer,
When death my eyes is closing:
Take me to France and bury me there;
In France be my ashes reposing.

"This cross of the Legion of Honor bright,
Let it lie near my heart, upon me;
Give me my musket in my hand,
And gird my sabre on me.

"So will I lie, and arise no more,
My watch like a sentinel keeping,
Till I hear the cannon's thundering roar,
And the squadrons above me sweeping.

"Then the Emperor comes! and his banners wave,
With their eagles o'er him bending;
And I will come forth, all in arms, from my grave,
Napoleon, Napoleon attending!"

Only Kiss and Swear No Oath.

Oh! only kiss and swear no oath,
What women swear to trust I'm loth!
Thy words are sweet, yet sweeter is,
When I have taken it, thy kiss.
The one I have and know it's true—
Words are but breath and vapor too.

Oh! swear, my loved one, ever swear—
Thy simplest words oaths' force shall bear.
I lay me gently on thy breast,
And quite believe that I am blessed,
And I believe, my sweet, that me
Thou lov'st beyond eternity.

ENFANT PERDU.

(Translated by Lord Houghton.)

IN Freedom's War, of "Thirty Years" and more,
  A lonely outpost have I held—in vain!
With no triumphant hope or prize in store,
  Without a thought to see my home again.

I watched both day and night: I could not sleep
  Like my well-tented comrades far behind.
Though near enough to let their snoring keep
  A friend awake, if e'er to doze inclined.

And thus, when solitude my spirits shook,
  Or fear—for all but fools know fear sometimes,—
To rouse myself and them, I piped and took
  A gay revenge in all my wanton rhymes.

Yes! there I stood, my musket always ready,
  And when some sneaking rascal showed his head,
My eye was vigilant, my aim was steady,
  And gave his brains an extra dose of lead.

But war and justice have far different laws,
  And worthless acts are often done right well;
The rascals' shots were better than their cause,
  And I was hit—and hit again, and fell!

That outpost is abandoned: while the one
  Lies in the dust, the rest in troops depart;
Unconquered—I have done what could be done,
  With sword unbroken, and with broken heart.

THE DEVIL.

(Translated by Alfred Baskerville.)

I CALLED the Devil and he came,
  To view him with wonder I began.
He is not ugly, and is not lame,
  Far from it, he is a charming man,

A man in the vigor still of his years,
A man of the world and polite he appears.
His talent is as diplomatist great,
He speaks right well upon Church and State.
No wonder he's pale, and wrinkled his brow,
Since Sanscrit and Hegel he studies now;
His favorite poet is Fouqué still.
  In criticism he does no more,
  He hath abandoned for evermore,
To his grandam Hecate the critic's quill.
He was glad my studies in law to view,
'Twas once his favorite study, too.
My friendship could not be, he said,
Too dear for him, then nodded his head,
And asked if we had not once before,
  At the Spanish ambassador's, seen each other;
And when I looked at his face once more,
  I found we already knew one another.

FRIEDRICK MAX MÜLLER.

Friedrick Max Müller (1823-1900) was born in Dessau. His father was a lyric poet. The son was educated in various schools of Germany but soon evinced a liking for Sanskrit, which subject he studied for years in India. He became professor of Philology at Oxford and made England his home for the greater portion of his later life. He was the recipient of many academic honors which he received with a characteristic modesty.

Max Müller possessed the rare faculty of making dull subjects absorbing to the one who knew little about them—a most fortunate gift for a teacher. His *Chips from a German Workshop* is best known of his writings. A long sojourn in India allowed him to acquire an insight into the history and life of that country, and he wrote several volumes upon the Vedic literature and other subjects pertaining to India.

School-Days at Leipzig.

It was certainly a poor kind of armour in which I set out from Dessau. My mother, devoted as she was to me, had

judged rightly that it was best for me to be with other boys and under the supervision of a man. I had been somewhat spoiled by her passionate love, and also by her passionate severity in correcting the ordinary naughtiness of a boy. So having risen from form to form in the school at Dessau, I was sent, at the age of twelve, to Leipzig, to live in the house of Professor Carus and attend the famous Nicolai-Schule with his son, who was of the same age as myself and who likewise wanted a companion. It was thought that there would be a certain emulation between us, and so, no doubt, there was, though we always remained the best of friends. The house in which we lived stood in a garden and was really an orthopædic institution for girls. There were about twenty or thirty of these young girls living in the house or spending the day there, and their joyous company was very pleasant. Of course the names and faces of my young friends have, with one or two exceptions, vanished from my memory, but I was surprised when a few years ago (1895) I was staying with Madame Salis-Schwabe at her delightful place on the Menai Straits, and discovered that we had known each other more than fifty years before in the house of Professor Carus at Leipzig. Though we had met from time to time, we never knew of our early meeting at Leipzig, till in comparing notes we discovered how we had spent a whole year in the same house and among the same friends. Hers has been a life full of work and entirely devoted to others. To the very end of her days she was spending her large income in founding schools on the system recommended by Froebel, not only in England, but in Italy. She died at Naples in 1896, while visiting a large school that had been founded by her with the assistance of the Italian Government. Her own house in Wales was full of treasures of art, and full of memorials of her many friends, such as Bunsen, Renan, Mole, Ary Scheffer, and many more. How far her charity went may be judged by her being willing to part with some of the most precious of Ary Scheffer's pictures, in order to keep her schools well endowed, and able to last after her death, which she felt to be imminent.

Public schools are nearly all day schools in Germany. The boys live at home, mostly in their own families, but they

spend six hours every day at school, and it is a mistake to imagine that they are not attached to it, that they have no games together, and that they do not grow up manly or independent. Most schools have playgrounds, and in summer swimming is a favorite amusement for all the boys. There were two good public schools at Leipzig, the Nicolai School and the Thomas School. There was plenty of *esprit de corps* in them, and often when the boys met it showed itself not only in words but in blows, and the discussions over the merits of their schools were often continued in later life. I was very fortunate in being sent to the Nicolai School, under Dr. Nobbe as head master. He was at the same time professor at the University of Leipzig, and is well known in England also as the editor of Cicero. He was very proud that school counted Leibniz among its former pupils. He was a classical scholar of the old school. During the last three years of our school life we had to write plenty of Latin and Greek verse, and were taught to speak Latin. The speaking of Latin came readily enough, but the verses never attained a very high level. Besides Nobbe we had Forbiger, well known by his books on ancient geography, and Palm, editor of the same Greek Dictionary which, in the hands of Dr. Liddell, has reached its highest perfection. Then there was Funkhänel, known beyond Germany by his edition of the Orations of Demosthenes, and his studies on Greek orators. We were indeed well off for masters, and most of them seemed to enjoy their work and to be fond of the boys. Our head master was very popular. He was a man of the old German type, powerfully built, with a large square head, very much like Luther, and, strange to say, when in 1839 a great Luther festival was celebrated all over Germany, he published a book in which he proved that he was a direct descendant of Luther.

The school was carried on very much on the old plan of teaching chiefly classics, but teaching them thoroughly. Modern languages, mathematics, and physical science had a poor chance, though they clamoured for recognition. Latin and Greek verse were considered far more important. In the two highest forms we had to speak Latin, and such as it was it seemed to us much easier than to speak French. Hebrew was also taught as an optional subject during the last four years,

and the little I know of Hebrew dates chiefly from my school-days. Schoolboys soon find out what their masters think of the value of the different subjects taught at school, and they are apt to treat not only the subjects themselves but the teachers also according to that standard. Hence our modern language and our physical science masters had a hard time of it. They could not keep their classes in order, and it was by no means unusual for many of the boys simply to stay away from their lessons. The old mathematical master, before beginning his lesson, used to rub his spectacles, and after looking round the half empty classroom, mutter in a plaintive voice: "I see again many boys who are not here to-day." When the same old master began to lecture on physical science, he told the boys to bring a frog to be placed under a glass from which the air had been extracted by an air-pump. Of course every one of the twenty or thirty boys brought two or three frogs, and when the experiment was to be made all these frogs were hopping about the lecture-room, and the whole army of boys were hopping after them over chairs and tables to catch them. No wonder that during this tumult the master did not succeed with his experiment, and when at last the glass bowl was lifted up and we were asked to see the frog, great was the joy of all the boys when the frog hopped out and escaped from the hands of the executioner. Such was the wrath excited by these new-fangled lectures among the boys that they actually committed the vandalism of using one of the forms as a battering-ram against the enclosure in which the physical science apparatus was kept, and destroyed some of the precious instruments supplied by Government. Severe punishments followed, but they did not serve to make physical science more popular.

We certainly did very well in Greek and Latin, and read a number of classical texts, not only critically at school, but also cursorily at home, having to give a weekly account of what we had thus read by ourselves. I liked my classics, and yet I could not help feeling that there was a certain exaggeration in the way in which every one of them was spoken of by our teachers, nay, that as compared to German poets and prose writers they were somewhat overpraised. Still, it would have been very conceited not to admire what our masters

admired, and as in duty bound we went in the usual raptures about Homer and Sophocles, about Horace and Cicero. Many things which in later life we learn to admire in the classics could hardly appeal to the taste of boys. The directness, the simplicity and originality of the ancient, as compared with modern writers, cannot be appreciated by them, and I well remember being struck with what we disrespectful boys called the cheekiness of Horace expecting immortality (*anon omnis Moriar*) for little poems which we were told were chiefly written after Greek patterns. We had to admit that there were fewer false quantities in his Latin verses than in our own, but in other respects we could not see that his odes were so infinitely superior to ours. His hope of immortality has certainly been fulfilled beyond what could have been his own expectations. With so little ancient history known to him, his idea of the immortality of poetry must have been far more modest in his time than in our own. He may have known the past glories of the Persian Empire, but as to ancient literature, there was nothing for him to know, whether in Persia, in Babylonia, in Assyria, or even in Egypt, least of all in India. Literary fame existed for him in Greece only, and in the Roman Empire, and his own ambition could therefore hardly have extended beyond these limits. The exaggeration in the panegyrics passed on everything Greek or Latin dates from the classical scholars of the Middle Ages, who knew nothing that could be compared to the classics, and who were loud in praising what they possessed the monopoly of selling. Successive generations of scholars followed suit, so that even in our time it seemed high treason to compare Goethe with Horace, or Schiller with Sophocles. Of late, however, the danger is rather that the reaction should go too far and lead to a promiscuous depreciation even of such real giants as Lucretius or Plato. The fact is that we have learnt from them and imitated them, till in some cases the imitations have equalled or even excelled the originals, while now the taste for classical correctness has been wellnigh supplanted by an appetite for what is called realistic, original, and extravagant.

With all that has been said or written against making classical studies the most important element in a liberal education, or rather against retaining them in their time-honoured

position, nothing has yet been suggested to take their place. For after all, it is not simply in order to learn two languages that we devote so large a share of our time to the study of Greek and Latin; it is in order to learn to understand the old world on which our modern world is founded; it is in order to think the old thoughts, which are the feeders of our own intellectual life, that we become in our youth the pupils of Greeks and Romans. In order to know what we are, we have to learn how we have come to be what we are. Our very languages form an unbroken chain between us and Cicero and Aristotle, and in order to use many of our words intelligently, we must know the soil from which they sprang, and the atmosphere in which they grew up and developed.

I enjoyed my work at school very much, and I seem to have passed rapidly from class to class. I frequently received prizes both in money and in books, but I see a warning attached to some of them that I ought not to be conceited, which probably meant no more than that I should not show when I was pleased with my successes. At least I do not know what I could have been conceited about. What I feel about my learning at school is that it was entirely passive. I acquired knowledge such as it was presented to me. I did not doubt whatever my teachers taught me. I did not, as far as I can recollect, work up any subject by myself. I find only one paper of mine of that early time, and, curiously enough, it was on mythology; but it contains no inkling of comparative mythology, but simply a chronological arrangement of the sources from which we draw our knowledge of Greek mythology. I see also from some old papers that I began to write poetry, and that twice or thrice I was chosen at great festivities to recite poems written by myself. In the year 1839 three hundred years had passed since Luther had preached at Leipzig in the Church of St. Nicolai, and the tercentenary of this event was celebrated all over Germany. My poem was selected for recitation at a large meeting of the friends of our school and the notables of the town, and I had to recite it, not without fear and trembling. I was then but sixteen years of age.

In the next year, 1840, Leipzig celebrated the invention of printing in 1440. It was on this occasion that Mendelssohn wrote his famous *Hymn of Praise*. I formed part of the

chorus, and I well remember the magnificent effect which the music produced in the Church of St. Thomas. . . .

While at school at Leipzig I had but little opportunity of travelling, for my mother was always anxious to have me home during the holidays, and I was equally anxious to be with her and to see my relations at Dessau. Generally I went in a wretched carriage from Leipzig to Dessau. It was only seven German miles (about thirty-five English miles), but it took a whole day to get there; and during part of the journey, when we had to cross the deep and desert-like sands, walking on foot was much more expeditious than sitting inside the carriage. But then we paid only one thaler for the whole journey, and sometimes, in order to save that, I walked on foot the whole way. That also took me a whole day; but when I tried it the first time, being then quite young and delicate in health, I had to give in about an hour before I came to Dessau, my legs refusing to go further, and my muscles being cramped and stiff from exertion, I had to sit down by the road. During one vacation I remember exploring the valley of the Mulde with some other boys. We travelled for about a fortnight from village to village, and lived in the simplest way. A more ambitious journey I took in 1841 with a friend of mine, Baron von Hagedorn. He was a curious and somewhat mysterious character. He had been brought up by a great-aunt of mine, to whom he was entrusted as a baby. No one knew his parents, but they must have been rich, for he possessed a large fortune. He had a country place near Munich, and he spent the greater part of the year in travelling about, and amusing himself. He had been brought up with my mother and other members of our family, and he took a very kind interest in me. I see from my letters that in 1841 he took me from Dessau to Coethen, Brunswick, and Magdeburg. At Brunswick we saw the picture gallery, the churches, and the tomb of Schill, one of the German volunteers in the War of Independence against France. We also explored Hildesheim, saw the rose-tree planted, as we were told, by Charlemagne; then proceeded to Göttingen, and saw its famous library. We passed through Minden, where the Fulda and Werra join, and arrived late at Cassel. From Cassel we

explored Wilhelmshöhe, the beautiful park where thirty years later Napoleon III was kept as a prisoner.

Hagedorn, with all his love of mystery and occasional exaggeration, was certainly a good friend to me. He often gave me good advice, and was more of a father to me than a mere friend. He was a man of the world; and he forgot that I never meant to be a man of the world, and therefore his advice was not always what I wanted. He was also a great friend of my cousin, who was married to a Prince of Dessau, and they had agreed among themselves that I should go to the Oriental Academy at Vienna, learn Oriental languages, and then enter the diplomatic service. As there were no children from the Prince's marriage, I was to be adopted by him, and, as if the princely fortune was not enough to tempt me, I was told that even a wife had been chosen for me, and that I should have a new name and title, after being adopted by the Prince. To other young men this might seem irresistible. I at once said no. It seemed to interfere with my studies, with my ideal of a career in life; in fact, though everything was presented to me by my cousin as on a silver tray, I shook my head and remained true to my first love, Sanskrit and all the rest. Hagedorn could not understand this; he thought a brilliant life preferable to that of a professor. Not so I. He little knew where true happiness was to be found, and he was often in a very melancholy mood. He did not live long, but I shall never forget how much I owed him. When I went to Paris he allowed me to live in his rooms. They were, it is true, *au cinquieme,* but they were in the best quarter of Paris, in the Rue Royale St. Honoré, opposite the Madeleine, and very prettily furnished. This kept me from living in dusty lodgings in the Quartier Latin, and the five flights of stairs may have strengthened my lungs. I well remember what it was when at the foot of the staircase I saw that I had forgotten my handkerchief and had to toil up again. But in those days one did not know what it meant to be tired. Whether my friends grumbled, I cannot tell, but I myself pitied some of them who were old and gouty when they arrived at my door out of breath.

EARLY SPAIN

Iberia, or Spain, comprises the peninsula which juts out from the southwestern portion of Europe. Furthest west of the three southern peninsulas, it is so separated by natural barriers that in early times its history was not closely connected with that of the continent. On the side of France the Pyrenees slope gradually, but on the Spanish side the mountains are so steep that the inhabitants have always been protected from sudden invasions.

In prehistoric times a race known as the Iberians dwelt in this region. It has been surmised that they may have migrated thither when Africa and Europe were still joined together. Certain it is that in some respects they resembled tribes of northern Africa. Lack of union was apparent from the first. The settlement, or pueblo, constituted the political world. To be sure, this lack of unity may have resulted largely from the physical formation of the land, which made communication difficult. However, early people have always been slow to band themselves together.

Somewhat later the Celts, a tall, fair-haired race, crossed the mountains and, finding the peninsula already occupied, they pressed on until they reached what is now Portugal. The Celts were still in a low state of civilization. Such cultivating of the fields as was done fell to the share of the women, while the men fought or followed the chase. They carried on a rude sort of barter, exchanging their long lances and short swords for wine.

Gradually the two races—Celts and Iberians—intermingled and in time it became impossible to distinguish between them. When history throws some light upon them they had formed themselves into several tribes, often unlike in manners and customs. The Asturians lived in the mountainous district of the northwest. They were an industrious people, whose mode of life changed but little with the course of centuries. To the east dwelt the Cantabarians, in a region rich in iron and

other metals. Not far distant were the Basques, more purely Iberian. Their language, difficult for others to master, is still used by many thousands of Spaniards and resembles the Mongol language rather than any used in Europe. The Galicians occupied the sea-coast on the northwest and lived upon fish, caught in abundance off the shores. Most progressive were the Lusitanians, who had appropriated present Portugal.

The teachings of the Druids held sway among some of these tribes—at least this is inferred from evidences in the form of curiously shaped stones still remaining in certain localities, resembling those of England known to have been used for Druid sacrifice.

The Mediterranean was the great commercial sea of antiquity. Bands of pirates found it easy to subsist upon the spoils of the deep, and very early the northeastern coast was peopled by a race supposed to have sprung from a band of men who preyed upon the vessels that frequented this part of the sea. They were known as the Catalonians.

The Phoenicians, as has been repeatedly noted, were the carriers of the ancient world. In search for tin they ventured as far west as the mines of Cornwall; when amber became a valued commodity, their ships are known to have touched upon the coasts of Denmark and Sweden in quest for it. Seeking more shells from which to make their famous purple dye, they explored the whole Mediterranean shore. Passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, they founded a colony at Cadiz for the purpose of developing trade with the natives. It was profitable indeed to exchange inexpensive trinkets for silver and gold. Kinsmen joined this colony, for, in truth, the region offered many advantages. There were fertile valleys supplying pasturage for flocks; cattle and sheep were raised with profit, and a fine quality of wool was produced. Scarlet dye was manufactured from the sap of the dwarf oak. In the bay of Cadiz tunny fish were caught. The earth yielded quicksilver, gold and copper; the sea afforded pearls and coral.

As a result of commercial contact, the Phoenicians carried the civilization of the east to this western land. Wherever they went they spread the alphabet; they taught the people of Spain to refine and manufacture their metals into useful

weapons and implements; they also showed them how to prepare their wool and dye it.

Nor were the Phoenicians the only ones to press westward. In course of their colonization, the Hellenes planted colonies in the northeastern portion of Spain—at Rosas, the Balearic Isles, Denia, and Sagunto. Their arrival was peaceful. Driven from home for political reasons, they settled all around the great sea. Gradually their ideas and culture were transmitted to the Celt-Iberians.

Eager to explore the whole country, the Phoenicians encountered opposition on the part of interior tribes. These were ever ready to war against each other, but they soon realized that they must unite against a foreign power or be engulfed. They attacked the settlements of the Phoenicians. Too weak to put them down, the colonists appealed in vain to their own country. Then they turned to their kinspeople who dwelt in Carthage.

The Carthaginians had originally been exiles from Tyre, who, dissatisfied with home conditions, went out to found a new home. They had built up a wide trade and looked eagerly for a chance to gain a foothold in the west. For this reason an aggressive action on the part of native tribes against Phoenician colonists was quickly decided upon. They hastened to the assistance of the traders and drove back the Celt-Iberians—wisely making them allies. They then appropriated for themselves the settlements of the Phoenicians, and in this way established their power in Spain. For two and one-half centuries they made use of the various resources offered by the peninsula, not interfering with the natives so long as they supplied the required number of soldiers to them.

When the great commercial struggle between Rome and Carthage began, Carthage was drawing her chief supply of soldiers from Spain. After the first Punic war, Hamilcar, the Carthaginian general, realized that a few years fighting in Spain would be a fitting preparation for the inevitable renewal of the war with Rome. For this reason he began the subjugation of the peninsula. Horses and men were here to be procured and mines could be made to yield abundantly. Southern Spain was already friendly to Carthage and the

tribes in the interior made no great resistance. In the north there was sturdy fighting to be done, and here was the Carthaginian army trained for excellent service.

For nine years Hamilcar conducted the campaign in Spain. Finally he was killed in battle and his son-in-law, Hasdrubal, took the command, accomplishing much toward the formation of a Carthaginian empire. When twenty-six, Hamilcar's own son, the great Hannibal, inherited the rule of Spain. He had been brought up among the Celt-Iberians and knew them well.

Feeling that the time was ripe for sudden attack upon Roman territory, thus precipitating the war, he attacked Saguntum—a Greek colony which sympathized with the Romans. It was a strong and wealthy city, but shortly fell to the Carthaginian leader. The citizens of Saguntum appealed to Rome, but the real situation was not properly understood at the Roman capital and aid was not sent. In the end the inhabitants were destroyed and their possessions laid waste. Victorious here, Hannibal pressed on toward Rome.

With the downfall of Carthage at the close of the Punic wars, Spain fell to the share of Rome. At once measures were taken to unify and improve the country. The tribes of northern Spain were still uncivilized, while those of the south and east had been materially affected by Greek, Phoenician and Carthaginian. Agriculture had advanced, cattle were raised, coins had long been in circulation and the best galleys to be seen along the Mediterranean shores were made in the towns of Southern Spain.

Heretofore Spain had been composed of many tribes. Now for the first time Rome brought to them the idea of a state. The whole peninsula was divided into two proconsulships: Citerior, or Hither Spain, and Ulterior, or Farther Spain. Garrisons were stationed around Saguntum, Rarraco, and several other places. This led to an infusion of Roman blood into the already mixed population of Spain.

The natives suffered under the early provincial management of Roman praetors. They came hither to amass as much wealth as possible to spend later in the capital. Until the time of Augustus, the provincial government of Rome was notoriously corrupt, the praetors and pro-consuls receiv-

ing no stipulated salary but being allowed to make as much as they could off the defenseless people.

Viriatus, a shepherd of Lusitania, arose as their champion and many gathered to his support. For ten years he held out against the armies of Rome, overcoming in one instance the whole army sent to capture him. He acted more generously toward them than did the Romans toward those whom they conquered. Finally someone was bribed to assassinate him, and in this way the revolt was put down. After the siege of Numancia, the one city which held out but which was forced to yield to Rome, the conflict ended. Later disturbances in the peninsula were but echoes of civil wars in Italy.

Sertorius became the champion of those sons born of Roman fathers and Spanish mothers. When he was found to have been acting from personal motives the people rose up against him. One of his chief accomplishments for the welfare of the land was the establishment of a school at Osca. Here Latin and Greek teachers were employed and the Romanizing of Spain was thus facilitated.

Caesar did much to subjugate hostile tribes during his Gallic wars. However, for many years the peninsula remained a constant problem to the Roman senate. Many of the tribes were poor, so that the spoils of war amounted to little. For this reason fighting in Spain was never popular with the soldiers. Again, the very contour of the land made it next to impossible to reduce it to order. Broken by numberless ranges, a hostile element could retreat gradually behind natural barriers and avoid regular battles.

Following his policy of peace, Augustus did much to appease the wounded feelings of the Spaniard. He built cities in the lowlands and required the mountaineers to come thither to live. He established military posts which developed into cities—such as Saragossa (Caesar Augustus), Merida (Emerita Augusta), and others. Italy demanded an unlimited supply of grain, hence its production was encouraged in the provinces.

Protracted peace gave opportunity for the further organization of the country. Three provinces were now made of the peninsula: (1) Betica (Andalusia), was a peaceful district, already under Roman influence and civilization; (2)

Lusitania, in the west; (3) Tarraconensis, in the east. Towns were classed according to their size. The larger ones were called *municipalities,* and were required to pay a tax to Rome. The smaller towns constituted another class, and such settlements as were made up of pure or mixed Romans were admitted to Roman citizenship. The laws for all were made in Rome, the internal government being the same for all. In Spain the Latin language became more and more universal, and from this province came several of the Latin writers—Seneca, Lucan, and Martial among them.

Even while the beneficial effects of Augustus' peace policy were manifesting themselves, the greed of praetors and the avarice of tax collectors brought Spain to a serious crisis. Large returns came into the peninsula in exchange for grain. Much of this money was expended for the construction of circuses, roads, aqueducts and bridges, remains of which can still be seen. The taxes became so heavy, however, that the peasants abandoned their farms and the land fell to the share of Roman officials. Many of the people sank into slavery and the prosperity of the whole region began to decline.

After the fall of Rome, Spain fell an easy prey to the Germanic hordes that poured into southern Europe. The Vandals made their way to Africa through the peninsula, devastating as they went. In time the land became the possession of the Visigoths, who had acquired some degree of civilization before coming thither. However, the Spaniards had previously taken on Christianity and the Visigoths were Arians. This brought a chord of dissension immediately. The matter was settled eventually by the renouncing of Arianism and the religious unity restored.

In many ways the rule of the Visigoths was beneficial to Spain. An infusion of new blood in a land weakened by Roman misrule and dissipation was needed. The natives were more kindly treated than had been the case before. About 650 A. D. the Gothic and the Roman laws were combined into a single code called the "Lex Visigothorum". This is the most direct inheritance of Roman law in use in any country.

Little literature was produced during these years of unrest and transition, but the *Encyclopedia,* composed by Isadore

of Seville, deserves notice. For centuries it remained one of the compends of general knowledge. Isadore of Seville, a bishop, wrote this book in order that his monks might not have to consult pagan works. It consisted of twenty books and embraced all learning of the Middle Ages. The derivation of words was given great attention, but as a rule they were mere guesses; any two words that sounded somewhat alike were identified.

Roderick was the last king of the Visigothic kingdom in Spain. Many stories cluster around his name. Nearer and nearer approached the power of the Moors and there were dissatisfied elements ready to join with any opposition. The Jews had been cruelly persecuted by the Visigoths and had been practically driven from the peninsula. They allied themselves with the Moors and under Moorish domination enjoyed peace and prosperity.

SPANISH LITERATURE

IN Spanish literature the sixteenth century is recognized as the Classic Age. The union of Aragon and Castile, the expulsion of the Moors, and the discovery of America, excited and gratified the stronger national spirit and overcame local jealousies. A common culture was diffused throughout the Peninsula, and various local schools of poetry sprang up. The Italian influence introduced by Boscan and Garcilaso de la Vega was thoroughly naturalized, and its products no longer wore a foreign air. Some lyric poets adhered to the older style, but most varied the forms of verse according to the subject treated. But while the poets were more numerous, there were few that rose above a general level of excellence.

It was in prose that the national genius manifested its new powers. On the one hand was the pastoral romance, partly derived from Italy, and partly an easy development of the pastoral songs and ballads already familiar. There are examples of these later pastorals from the hands of Lope de Vega and his greater contemporary Cervantes. On the other hand there arose an entirely original form of fiction in the *picaresque* or rogue novel, which has ever since been characteristic of Spain. The first example is "The Life of Lazarillo de Tormes," which sets forth the adventures of a rogue in the service of various masters. This is usually

attributed to Don Diego de Mendoza, otherwise known as a diplomatist and historian. It was followed by Aleman's "Guzman de Alfarache," which aimed to be more eloquent, but fell short of the satirical vigor of the first. Besides numerous romances of the same style there soon appeared novels of adventure, in which Cervantes led the way with his "Exemplary Novels."

But so great is the merit as well as the fame of the masterpiece of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra that it has thrown into the shade all the other productions of his time. His "Adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha" represents to the world the highest performance of the Spanish literary genius. The way had been prepared for its production by his previous labors, but in this he effected a unity of character and design which raised his achievement to an unimagined loftiness as a work of art. It has usually been considered a satire on chivalry or on the over-wrought romances of chivalry, as he himself states in his Preface, but it is more truly a satire on that exaggerated pride of birth and caste, which is not yet extinct in the Spanish grandee. It is a true patriot's warning against the evils which have reduced the proudest nation in Christendom to a state of degradation. While the people have acknowledged the truth of the picture, they have been far from profiting by its palpable lesson. The instant popularity of the work led a bold forger to attempt to secure part of the author's profit by adding a sequel, but when Cervantes returned to this task after ten years' interval, the master's hand was easily discerned, and the fraudulent imitation was condemned. Later novelists generally contented themselves with imitating the great master's less noted novels of manners and adventures. The drama, which also attained prominence in this period, will be treated separately.

LUIS PONCE DE LEON.

HIGH among Spanish religious lyric poets stands the sweet singer Luis Ponce de Leon. He was born in 1528, and entered the University of Salamanca at the age of fourteen. He distinguished himself as a student, became a monk, and

finally professor in the university where he was bred, rising rapidly until he obtained the chair of Sacred Literature. His great learning brought on him a multitude of enemies, by whom he was charged with having translated the Song of Solomon into his native Castilian, and with having said that the Latin Vulgate was capable of improvement. In consequence of these accusations the Inquisition laid upon him its iron hand and he was confined for five years in a dark dungeon at Valladolid. Being released, rebuked and admonished, he returned to his professor's chair; and began his lecture with the words: "We were saying yesterday ——." But he never recovered from the cruelties which he had suffered, and though he was made Provincial Vicar of Salamanca, he died in 1591, a victim of the Church which he revered and adored.

His prose is eloquent and his translations are of great value; but Luis de Leon was above everything else a poet and the head of lyric poetry in Spain. His poems cover not more than a hundred pages, but every line is imperishable. His secular odes are dear to the nation's heart, but his sacred hymns and sonnets are precious to all in the wide world who love the exquisite rhythmic expression of religious devotion, trust, and tenderness.

The Life of the Blessed.

Region of life and light!
Land of the good whose earthly toils are o'er!
Nor frost nor heat may blight
Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore!

There, without crook or sling,
Walks the Good Shepherd; blossoms white and red
Round his meek temples cling;
And, to sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath his eye is fed.

He guides, and near him they
Follow delighted; for he makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses blow,
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

He leads them to the height
Named of the infinite and long-sought Good,
And fountains of delight;
And where his feet have stood,
Springs up, along the way, their tender food.

And when, in the mid skies,
The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,
Reposing as he lies,
With all his flock around,
He witches the still air with numerous sound.

From his sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies, of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
In destiny of goodness to fulfill.

Might but a little part,
A wandering breath, of that high melody
Descend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, O Love! in thee

Ah! then my soul should know,
Beloved! where thou liest at noon of day.;
And from this place of woe
Released, should take its way
To mingle with thy flock, and never stray.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

THE author of "Don Quixote" shines afar as the glory of Spanish literature. His creation of the immortal knight has given him world-wide fame, and his other novels and dramas were sufficient to give him an honorable place among Spanish authors.

Miguel de Cervantes was born at Acala de Henares, and there baptized on the 9th of October, 1547. He assumed the name Saavedra to distinguish himself from other members of the family. In his twenty-second year Cervantes went to Rome in the service of Cardinal Aquaviva, which he left to enlist in the wars against the Turks. A wound received in the battle of Lepanto cost the rash youth the use of his left arm, but Cervantes never ceased to boast of the part he had played in the greatest victory of the age. His comrades honored his bravery by nicknaming him "the cripple of Lepanto," and though in hospital a long time, he served another four years with his regiment. In his twenty-ninth year

Cervantes was captured with his ship by Algerian corsairs, and he was given as slave to a renegade Greek, Deli Mami. Later he became the chattel of one Hassan Pasha, with twenty-five thousand Christian fellow-slaves, who endured endless cruelties. Cervantes made many attempts to escape, and that his life was not forfeited is explained by his possession of letters from important personages, which induced his captors to demand a higher ransom. After five years' durance he was liberated on payment of a sum which impoverished his family. His ten years' absence from Spain enriched his experience, but not his purse. He was reported to the Inquisition as a probable heretic or pervert to Mohammedanism, but pulled through the ordeal safely. After another spell of army service as a private Cervantes roamed into Portugal, where he consorted with a lady of rank, the mother of his only daughter, Isabel, who solaced him in his declining years and then took the veil. She remained in his house after his marriage, in 1584, to a lady who bore him no children.

The crippled veteran became an author. His plays and other writings sustained the household in genteel poverty, diversified by not infrequent visits of the sheriff's officer. In 1590 he petitioned the king for a small office in America. Instead he was made a tax-collector, and soon found himself in jail on a three months' sentence for inability to produce a sum of money which he had foolishly entrusted to the keeping of a friend of the wrong sort. After this he was collecting rents in the little town of Argamasilla, in the district of La Mancha, when he got into some unknown trouble with the local authorities, who imprisoned him in the cellar of a house which still exists and is preserved as a memorial. Within its walls has recently been printed a costly edition of Cervantes' works. It was here, in these depressing conditions, that he composed and wrote the "History of the Ingenious Knight." It appeared in 1605, and became instantly famous. Written when he had turned fifty, the story is enriched by his large knowledge of life in many phases, unequalled as a kindly satire upon the weaknesses of human nature, and as a faithful panorama of Spanish character. It is needless to indicate the features of a work so universally familiar. If Cervantes

administered the *coup de grace* to the conventional romance of chivalry, it must be perceived that it was already moribnnd. He does not portray his knight as a paragon of virtue nor as wholly insane; nor has the picture a tinge of satire aimed at honest but weak endeavor to be good and do good. Cervantes well knew the queerly mixed motives that animate the good and the bad. He knew the ups and downs of life, and in penning the history of his hero's body and mind as a mirror for all other men whatsoever, he seems to have chuckled to himself as he plunges the best-intentioned of mortals into mishaps and woes enough to make a warm purgatory for the wickedest. Such is life. This is why everybody reads Don Quixote, and this is how it is that while all enjoy it few agree as to its grand aim or lesson. There could be no higher tribute to any book.

The second part was published by Cervantes ten years after the first, to which a spurious supplement had been written. As the work of a man near seventy it is a marvel of vigor and brightness, and fitly rounds off a production of supreme and unpretentious genius. His circumstances had improved, and when he died, only five days before Shakespeare breathed his last, Spain lost her greatest writer, as England lost her still greater genius.

THE KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA.

DOWN in a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to recollect, there lived, not long ago, one of those gentlemen who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old buckler, a lean horse, and a coursing greyhound. Soup, composed of somewhat more mutton than beef, the fragments served up cold on most nights, lentils on Fridays, collops and eggs on Saturdays, and a pigeon by way of addition on Sundays, consumed three-fourths of his income; the remainder of it supplied him with a cloak of fine cloth, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same for holidays, and a suit of the best homespun. in which he arrayed himself on week-days. His family consisted of a housekeeper above forty, a niece not quite twenty, and a lad who served him both in the field and at home, who could saddle the horse or handle the pruning-

hook. The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years; he was of a strong constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage, a very early riser, and a lover of the chase. Some pretend to say that his surname was Quixada ["jaws"], or Quesada, for on this point his historians differ; though, from very probable conjectures, we may conclude that his name was Quixana. This is, however of little importance to our history; let it suffice that, in relating it, we do not swerve a jot from the truth.

Be it known, then, that the afore-mentioned gentleman, in his leisure moments, which comprised the greater part of the year, gave himself up with so much ardor to the perusal of books of chivalry, that he almost wholly neglected the exercise of the chase, and even the regulation of his domestic affairs; indeed, so extravagant was his zeal in this pursuit, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of knight-errantry, collecting as many as he could possibly obtain. Among them all, none pleased him so much as those written by the famous Feliciano de Silva, whose brilliant prose and intricate style were, in his opinion, infinitely precious; especially those amorous speeches and challenges in which they so abound, such as: "The reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason so enfeebles my reason, that with reason I complain of your beauty." And again: "The high heavens that, with your divinity, divinely fortify you with the stars, rendering you meritorious of the merit merited by your greatness." These and similar rhapsodies distracted the poor gentleman, for he labored to comprehend and unravel their meaning, which was more than Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise from the dead expressly for that purpose. He was not quite satisfied as to the wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he could not help thinking that, however skillful the surgeons were who healed them, his face and whole body must have been covered with seams and scars. Nevertheless he commended his author for concluding his book with the promise of that interminable adventure; and he often felt an inclination to seize the pen himself and conclude it, literally as it is there promised; this he would doubtless have done, and not without success, had

he not been diverted from it by meditations of greater moment, on which his mind was incessantly employed.

He often debated with the curate of the village, a man of learning and a graduate of Siguenza, which of the two was the best knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis de Gaul; but Master Nicholas, barber of the same place, declared that none ever came up to the Knight of the Sun: if, indeed, any one could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, for he had a genius suited to everything: he was no effeminate knight, no whimperer, like his brother; and in point of courage he was by no means his inferior. In short, he became so infatuated with this kind of study, that he passed whole days and nights over these books; and thus, with little sleeping and much reading, his brains were dried up and his intellect deranged. His imagination was full of all that he had read—of enchantments, contests, battles, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tortures, and impossible absurdities; and so firmly was he persuaded of the truth of the whole tissue of visionary fiction, that, in his mind, no history in the world was more authentic. The Cid Ruy Diaz, he asserted, was a very good knight, but not to be compared with the knight of the Flaming Sword, who, with a single back-stroke, cleft asunder two fierce and monstrous giants. He was better pleased with Bernardo del Carpio, because, at Roncesvalles, he slew Roland the Enchanted, by availing himself of the stratagem employed by Hercules upon Antæus, whom he squeezed to death within his arms. He spoke very favorably of the giant Morgante, for, although of that monstrous brood who are always proud and insolent, he alone was courteous and well-bred. Above all he admired Rinaldo de Montalvan, particularly when he saw him sallying forth from his castle to plunder all he encountered, and when, moreover, he seized upon that image of Mahomet which, according to history, was of massive gold. But he would have given his housekeeper, and even his niece into the bargain, for a fair opportunity of kicking the traitor Galalon [Ganelon].

In fine, his judgment being completely obscured, he was seized with one of the strangest fancies that ever entered the head of any madman: this was, a belief that it behooved

him, as well for the advancement of his glory as the service of his country, to become a knight-errant, and traverse the world, armed and mounted, in quest of adventures, and to practice all that had been performed by knights-errant of whom he had read; redressing every species of grievance, and exposing himself to dangers which, being surmounted, might secure to him eternal glory and renown. The poor gentleman imagined himself at least crowned Emperor of Trebisond, by the valor of his arm; and thus wrapped in these agreeable delusions, and borne away by the extraordinary pleasure he found in them, he hastened to put his designs into execution.

The first thing he did was to scour up some rusty armor, which had been his great-grandfather's, and had lain many years neglected in a corner. This he cleaned and adjusted as well as he could; but he found one grand defect: the helmet was incomplete, having only the morion; this deficiency, however, he ingeniously supplied, by making a kind of visor of pasteboard, which, being fixed to the morion, gave the appearance of an entire helmet. It is true indeed that, in order to prove its strength, he drew his sword, and gave it two strokes, the first of which instantly demolished the labor of a week; but not altogether approving of the facility with which it was destroyed, and in order to secure himself against a similar misfortune, he made another visor; having fenced this in the inside with small bars of iron, he felt assured of its strength, and, without making any more experiments, held it to be a most excellent helmet.

In the next place he visited his steed; and although this animal had more blemishes than the horse of Gonela, which "*tantum pellis et ossa fuit*" [was only skin and bones], yet, in his eyes, neither the Bucephalus of Alexander nor the Cid's Babieca could be compared with him. Four days was he deliberating upon what name he should give him; for, as he said to himself, it would be very improper that a horse so excellent, appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without an appropriate name; he therefore endeavored to find one that should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and also what he now was;

nothing could, indeed, be more reasonable than that, when the master changed his state, the horse should likewise change his name, and assume one pompous and high-sounding, as became the new order he now professed. So after having devised, altered, lengthened, curtailed, rejected, and again framed in his imagination a variety of names, he finally determined upon Rozinante, a name, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous, and full of meaning; importing that he had been only a *rozin*, a drudge-horse, *before* his present condition, and that now he was *before* all the *rozins* in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to fix upon one for himself. This consideration employed him eight more days, when at length he determined to call himself Don Quixote; whence some of the historians of this most true history have concluded that his name was certainly Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. Then recollecting that the valorous Amadis, not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, styling himself Amadis de Gaul, so he, like a good knight, also added the name of his province, and called himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; whereby, in his opinion, he fully proclaimed his lineage and country, which at the same time, he honored by taking its name.

His armor being now furbished, his helmet made perfect, his horse and himself provided with names, he found nothing wanting but a lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without the tender passion was a tree without leaves and fruit—a body without a soul. "If," said he, "for my sins, or rather, through my good fortune, I encounter some giant —an ordinary occurrence to knights-errant—and overthrow him at the first onset, or cleave him in twain, or, in short, vanquish him and force him to surrender, must I not have some lady to whom I may send him as a present? that when he enters into the presence of my charming mistress he may throw himself upon his knees before her, and in a submissive, humble voice, say, 'Madam, in me you behold the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island Malendrania, who, being vanquished in single combat by the never-enough-to-be-

praised Don Quixote de la Mancha, am by him commanded to present myself before you, to be disposed of according to the will and pleasure of your highness.'" How happy was our good knight after this harangue! How much more so when he found a mistress! It is said that in a neighboring village, a good-looking peasant girl resided, of whom he had formerly been enamored, although it does not appear that she ever knew or cared about it; and this was the lady whom he chose to nominate mistress of his heart. He then sought a name for her, which, without entirely departing from her own, should incline and approach towards that of a princess or great lady, and determined upon Dulcinea del Toboso (for she was a native of that village), a name, he thought, harmonious, uncommon, and expressive—like all the others which he had adopted.

MAMBRINO'S HELMET.

DON QUIXOTE discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered as if it had been of gold; and scarcely had he seen it when, turning to Sancho, he said, "I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences; especially that which says, 'Where one door is shut another is opened.' I say this because, if fortune last night shut the door against what we sought, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now opens wide another, for a better and more certain adventure; in which if I am deceived, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my ignorance of fulling-mills or to the darkness of night. This I say because, if I mistake not, there comes one towards us who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet, concerning which thou mayest remember I swore the oath." "Take care, sir, what you say, and more what you do," said Sancho; "for I would not wish for other fulling-mills, to finish the milling and mashing of our senses." "The devil take thee!" replied Don Quixote: "what has a hemet to do with fulling-mills?" "I know not," answered Sancho; "but, in faith, if I might talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I could give

such reasons that your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say." "How can I be mistaken in what I say, thou scrupulous traitor?" said Don Quixote. "Tell me, seest thou not yon knight coming towards us on a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?" "What I see and perceive," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a gray ass like mine, with something on his head that glitters." "Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote. "Retire, and leave me alone to deal with him, and thou shalt see how, in order to save time, I shall conclude this adventure without speaking a word, and the helmet I have so much desired remain my own." "I shall take care to get out of the way," replied Sancho; "but Heaven grant, I say again, that it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure." "I have already told thee, Sancho, not to mention those fulling-mills, nor even think of them," said Don Quixote: "if thou dost—I say no more, but I vow to mill thy soul for thee!" Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow, which had struck him all of a heap.

Now the truth of the matter concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight which Don Quixote saw, was this. There were two villages in that neighborhood, one of them so small that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both; therefore the barber of the larger served also the less, wherein one customer now wanted to be let blood, and another to be shaved, to perform which the barber was now on his way, carrying with him his brass basin; and it so happened that while upon the road it began to rain, and to save his hat, which was a new one, he clapped the basin on his head, which being lately scoured, was seen glittering at the distance of half a league; and he rode on a gray ass, as Sancho had affirmed. Thus Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-gray stead, and his basin for a golden helmet; for whatever he saw was quickly adapted to his knightly extravagances; and when the poor knight drew near, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rozinante's best speed, and couched his lance, intending to run him through and through; but, when close upon him, without checking the fury of his

career, he cried out, "Defend thyself, caitiff! or instantly surrender what is justly my due." The barber, so unexpectedly seeing this phantom advancing upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance than to slip down from the ass; and no sooner had he touched the ground than, leaping up nimbler than a roebuck, he scampered over the plain with such speed that the wind could not overtake him. The basin he left on the ground, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, observing that the pagan had acted discreetly, and in imitation of the beaver, which, when closely pursued by the hunters, tears off with his teeth that which it knows by instinct to be the object of pursuit.

Sancho, taking up the helmet and holding it, said, "Before Heaven, the basin is a special one, and is well worth a piece of eight, if it is worth a farthing." He then gave it to his master, who immediately placed it upon his head, turning it round in search of the vizor; but not finding it he said, "Doubtless the pagan for whom this famous helmet was originally forged must have had a prodigious head—the worst of it is that one-half is wanting." When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing, which, however, he instantly checked on recollecting his master's late choler. "What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "I am laughing," answered he, "to think what a huge head the pagan had who owned that helmet, which is for all the world just like a barber's basin." "Knowest thou, Sancho, what I conceive to be the case? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident must have fallen into the possession of one who, ignorant of its true value as a helmet, and seeing it to be of the purest gold, hath inconsiderately melted down the one-half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as thou sayest, doth indeed look like a barber's basin; but to me, who know what it really is, its transformation is of no importance, for I will have it so repaired in the first town where there is a smith, that it shall not be surpassed nor even equalled by that which the god of smiths himself made and forged for the god of battles. In the meantime I will wear it as I best can, for something is better than nothing, and it will be sufficient to

defend me from stones." "It will so," said Sancho, "if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chaps, and broke the cruse of that most blessed liquor which made me vomit up my inside." "The loss of that balsam gives me no concern," said Don Quixote: "for knowest thou, Sancho, I have the recipe by heart?" "So have I too," answered Sancho; "but if ever I make or try it again while I live, may I be fixed and rooted to this place. Besides, I do not intend to put myself in the way of requiring it; for I mean to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding anybody. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing, for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps; and if they do come, there is nothing to be done but wink, hold one's breath, and submit to go whither fortune and the blanket shall please." "Thou art no good Christian, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "since thou dost not forget an injury once done thee; but know, it is inherent in generous and noble minds to disregard trifles. What leg of thine is lamed, or what rib or head broken, that thou canst not forget that jest?—for, properly considered, it was a mere jest and pastime, otherwise, I should long ago have returned thither, and done more mischief in revenging thy quarrel than the Greeks did for the carrying off of Helen, who, had she lived in these times, or my Dulcinea in those, would never have been so famous for beauty as she is!" and here he heaved a sigh, and sent it to the clouds.

"Let it pass, then, for a jest," said Sancho, "but I know of what kind the jests and the earnest were, and I know also they will no more slip out of my memory than off my shoulders. But, setting this aside, tell me, sir, what shall we do with this dapple-gray steed which looks so much like a gray ass, and which that caitiff whom your worship overthrew has left behind here to shift for itself? For, by his scouring off so hastily, he does not think of ever returning for him: and, by my beard, the beast is a special one." "It is not my custom," said Don Quixote, "to plunder those whom I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from the vanquished their horses, and leave them on foot, unless

the victor had lost his own in the conflict; in such a case it is lawful to take that of the enemy, as fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or ass, or whatever thou wilt have it to be, for when we are gone, his owner will return for him." "God knows whether it were best for me to take him," replied Sancho, "or at least to exchange him for mine, which, methinks, is not so good. Verily, the laws of chivalry are very strict if they do not even allow the swapping of one ass for another; but I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I were so inclined?" "I am not very clear as to that point," answered Don Quixote; "and, being a doubtful case, until better information can be had, I think thou mayest make the exchange, if thou art in extreme want of them." "So extreme," replied Sancho, "that I could not want them more if they were for my own proper person." Thus authorized, he proceeded to an exchange of caparisons, and made his own beast three parts in four the better for his new furniture. This done, they breakfasted on the remains of the plunder from the sumpter-mule, and drank of the water belonging to the fulling-mills, but without turning their faces towards them—such was the abhorrence in which they were held, because of the effect they had produced. Being thus refreshed and comforted both in body and mind, they mounted; and, without determining upon what road to follow, according to the established custom of knights-errant, they went on as Rozinante's will directed, which was a guide to his master and also to Dapple, who always followed, in love and good-fellowship, wherever he led the way.

The Distressed Damsel.

They were now interrupted by the voice of Sancho Panza, who, not finding them where he left them, began to call out loudly; they went instantly to meet him, and were eager in their inquiries after Don Quixote. He told them that he had found him stripped to his shirt, feeble, wan, and half-dead with hunger, sighing for his lady Dulcinea; and though he had informed him that it was her express desire that he

should leave that place and repair to Toboso, where she expected him, his answer was, that he "positively would not appear before her beauty until he had performed exploits that might render him worthy of her favor:" If his master, he added, persisted in that humor, he would run a risk of never becoming an emperor, as in honor bound; nor even an archbishop, which was the least he could be: so they must consider what was to be done to get him away. The licentiate begged him not to give himself any uneasiness on that account, for they should certainly contrive to get him out of his present retreat.

The priest then informed Cardenio and Dorothea of their plan for Don Quixote's cure, or at least for decoying him to his own house. Upon this Dorothea said she would undertake to act the distressed damsel better than the barber, especially as she had apparel with which she could perform it to the life; and they might have reliance upon her, as she had read many works of chivalry, and was well acquainted with the style in which distressed damsels were wont to beg their boons of knights-errant. "Let us, then, hasten to put our design into execution," exclaimed the curate, "since fortune seems to favor all our views."

Dorothea immediately took from her bundle a petticoat of very rich stuff, and a mantle of fine green silk, and out of a casket a necklace and other jewels, with which she quickly adorned herself, in such a manner that she had all the appearance of a rich and noble lady. They were charmed with her beauty, grace and elegance. But her greatest admirer was Sancho Panza, who thought that in all his life he had never seen so beautiful a creature, and he earnestly desired the priest to tell him who this beautiful lady was, and what she was looking for in those parts. "This beautiful lady, friend Sancho," answered the priest, "is, to say the least of her, heiress, in the direct male line, of the great kingdom of Micomicon; and she comes in quest of your master, to beg a boon of him, which is, to redress a wrong or injury done her by a wicked giant: for it is the fame of your master's prowess which is spread over all Guinea, that has brought this princess to seek him." "Now, a happy seeking

and a happy finding!" quoth Sancho Panza; "especially if my master is so fortunate as to redress that injury, and right that wrong, by killing the rascally giant you mention: and kill him he certainly will, if he encounters him, unless he be a goblin, for my master hath no power at all over goblins. But one thing I must again beg of your worship, Signor Licentiate, and that is, to prevent my master from taking it into his head to be an archbishop, and advise him to marry this princess out of hand; for then, not being qualified to receive archiepiscopal orders, he will come with ease to his kingdom, and I to the end of my wishes; for I have considered the matter well, and find by my account it will not suit me for my master to be an archbishop, as I am unfit for the Church, being a married man; and for me to be now going about to procure dispensations for holding Church living, having, as I have, a wife and children, would be an endless piece of work. So that, sir, the whole business rests upon my master's marrying this lady out of hand—not knowing her grace, I cannot call her by name." "The Princess Micomiconia is her name," said the priest, "for as her kingdom is named Micomicon, of course she must be called so." "To be sure," answered Sancho, "for I have known many take their title and surname from their birthplace, as Pedro de Alcala, John de Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid; and for aught I know it may be the custom in Guinea for queens to take the names of their kingdoms." "It is certainly so," said the priest; "and as to your master marrying this princess, I will promote it to the utmost of my power." With this assurance Sancho was no less satisfied than the priest was amazed at his simplicity in thus entering into the extravagant fancies of his master.

Dorothea had now mounted the priest's mule, and the barber had fitted on the ox-tail beard. They desired Sancho to conduct them to Don Quixote, cautioning him not to say that he knew the licentiate or the barber, since on that depended all his fortune. Neither the priest nor Cardenio would go with them: the latter, that he might not remind Don Quixote of the dispute which he had had with him; and the priest, because his presence was not then necessary; the others, there-

fore, went on before, while they followed slowly on foot. The priest would have instructed Dorothea in her part; but she would not trouble him, assuring him that she would perform it precisely according to the rules and precepts of chivalry.

Having proceeded about three-quarters of a league, they discovered Don Quixote in a wild, rocky recess, at that time clothed, but not armed. Dorothea now whipped on her palfrey, attended by the well-bearded squire; and having approached the knight, the squire leaped from his mule to assist his lady, who, lightly dismounting, went and threw herself at Don Quixote's feet, where, in spite of his efforts to raise her, she remained kneeling, as she thus addressed him:

"I will never arise from this place, O valorous and redoubted knight, until your goodness and courtesy vouchsafe me a boon which will redound to the honor and glory of your person, and to the lasting benefit of the most disconsolate and aggrieved damsel the sun has ever beheld. And if the valor of your puissant arm correspond with the report of your immortal fame, you are bound to protect an unhappy wight, who, attracted by the odor of your renown, is come from distant regions to seek at your hands a remedy for her misfortunes."

"It is impossible for me to answer you, fair lady," said Don Quixote, "while you remain in that posture." "I will not arise, signor," answered the afflicted damsel, "until your courtesy shall vouchsafe the boon I ask." "I do vouchsafe and grant it to you," answered Don Quixote, "provided my compliance be of no detriment to my king, my country, or to her who keeps the key of my heart and liberty." "It will not be to the prejudice of either of these, dear sir," replied the afflicted damsel. Sancho, now approaching his master, whispered softly in his ear, "Your worship may very safely grant the boon she asks, for it is a mere trifle—only to kill a great lubberly giant; and she who begs it is the mighty Princess Micomiconia, Queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, in Ethiopia." "Whosoever the lady may be," answered Don Quixote, "I shall act as my duty and my conscience dictate, in conformity to the rules of my profession;" then addressing himself to the damsel, he said, "Fairest lady, arise; for I vouchsafe you whatever boon you ask." "My

request, then, is," said the damsel, "that your magnanimity will go whither I shall conduct you, and that you will promise not to engage in any other adventure until you have avenged me on a traitor who, against all right, human and divine, has usurped my kingdom." "I grant your request," answered Don Quixote; "and therefore, lady, dispel that melancholy which oppresses you, and let your fainting hopes recover fresh life and strength; for, by the help of Heaven and my powerful arm, you shall soon be restored to your kingdom and seated on the throne of your ancient and high estate, in despite

of all the miscreants who would oppose it; and therefore we will instantly proceed to action, for there is always danger in delay." The distressed damsel would fain have kissed his hands; but Don Quixote, who was in every respect a most gallant and courteous knight, would by no means consent to it, but, making her arise, embraced her with much politeness and respect, and ordered Sancho to look after Rozinante's girth, and to assist him to arm. Sancho took down the armor from a tree, where it hung like a trophy; and having got Rozinante ready, quickly armed his master, who then cried, "In God's name, let us hasten to succor this great lady."

The barber was still upon his knees, and under much difficulty to forbear laughing, and keep his beard from falling—an accident which might have occasioned the miscarriage of their ingenious stratagem; but seeing that the boon was already granted, and that Don Quixote was prepared to fulfill his engagement, he got up and took his lady by the other hand, when they both assisted to place her upon the mule, and then mounted themselves. Sancho alone remained on foot, which renewed his grief for the loss of his Dapple; but he bore it cheerfully, reflecting that his master was now in the right road, and just upon the point of becoming an emperor; for he made no doubt but that he was to marry that princess, and be at least King of Micomicon. One thing only troubled him, which was, that his kingdom being in the land of negroes, his subjects would all be blacks; but presently recollecting a special remedy, he said to himself, "What care I, if my subjects be blacks?—what have I to do but to ship them off to Spain, where I may sell them for ready money, with which money I may buy some title or office, on which I may live at ease all the days of my life? See whether I have not brains enough to manage matters, and sell thirty or ten thousand slaves in the turn of a hand! Before Heaven, I will make them fly, little and big; and let them be ever so black, I will turn them into white and yellow boys. Let me alone to lick my own fingers." After these reflections, he went on in such good spirits that he forgot the fatigue of traveling on foot.

The Convalescent Knight.

During a whole month the priest and the barber refrained from seeing Don Quixote, lest they should revive in his mind the remembrance of things past. However, they paid frequent visits to his niece and housekeeper, charging them to take great care of him, and to give him good nourishing diet, as that would be salutary to his heart and his brain, whence all the mischief proceeded. The good women assured them of their continual care of the patient, and said they occasionally observed in him symptoms of returning reason. The priest and the barber were greatly pleased to hear this,

and congratulated themselves on the success of the scheme they had adopted of bringing him home enchanted in the ox-wagon, as it is related in the last chapter of the First Part of this no less great than accurate history. They resolved, therefore, to visit him and make trial of his amendment: at the same time, thinking it scarcely possible that his cure could be complete, they agreed not to touch upon the subject of knight-errantry, lest they might open a wound which must yet be so tender.

They found him sitting on his bed, clad in a waistcoat of green baize, with a red Toledo cap on his head, and so lean and shrivelled that he looked like a mummy. He received them with much politeness, and when they inquired after his health, he answered them in a very sensible manner, and with much elegance of expression. In the course of their conversation they touched upon matters of state and forms of government, correcting this abuse and condemning that, reforming one custom and exploding another; each of the three setting himself up for a perfect legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or a spick-and-span new Solon; and, by their joint efforts, they seemed to have clapped the commonwealth into a forge, and hammered it into quite a new shape. Don Quixote delivered himself with so much good sense upon every subject they had touched upon, that the two examiners were inclined to think that he was now really in full possession of all his mental faculties. The niece and the housekeeper were present at the conversation, and hearing from their master such proofs of a sound mind, thought they could never sufficiently thank Heaven.

The priest, changing his former purpose of not touching upon matters of chivalry, was now resolved to put the question of his amendment fairly to the test; he therefore mentioned, among other things, some intelligence lately brought from court, that the Turk was advancing with a powerful fleet, and that, his object being unknown, it was impossible to say where the storm would burst; that all Christendom was in great alarm, and that the king had already provided for the security of Naples, Sicily, and the island of Malta. To this Don Quixote replied, "His majesty has acted with

great prudence in providing in time for the defence of his dominions, that he may not be taken by surprise; but, if my counsel might be taken, I would advise him to a measure which probably never yet entered into his majesty's mind." On hearing this, the priest said within himself, "Heaven defend thee, poor Don Quixote! for methinks thou art about to fall from the summit of thy madness into the depth of folly!"

The barber, who had made the same reflection, now asked Don Quixote what the measure was which he thought would be so advantageous, though, in all probability, it was like the impertinent advice usually given to princes. "Mine, Master Shaver," answered Don Quixote, "shall not be impertinent, but to the purpose." "I mean no offence," replied the barber; "only experience has shown that all or most of the projects so offered to his majesty are either impracticable, absurd, or prejudicial to himself or his kingdom." "True," answered Don Quixote; "but mine is neither impracticable nor absurd, but the most easy, the most just, and also the most reasonable and expeditious that ever entered the mind of a projector." "Signor Don Quixote," quoth the priest, "you keep us too long in suspense." "I do not choose," replied Don Quixote, "that it should be told here now, that another may carry it by daybreak to the lords of the privy-council, and thereby intercept the reward which is due only to me." "I give you my word," said the barber, "here and before Heaven, that I will not reveal what your worship shall say, either to king, or to rook, or to any mortal man—an oath which I learned from the romance of 'The Priest,' where he gives the king information of the thief that robbed him of the hundred pistoles and his ambling mule." "I know not the history," said Don Quixote; "but I presume the oath is a good one, because I am persuaded Master Barber is an honest man." "Though he were not," said the priest, "I will pledge myself for him, and engage, under any penalty you please, that he shall be as silent as the dumb on this affair." "And who will be bound for your reverence, Master Priest?" said Don Quixote. "My profession," answered the priest, "which enjoins secrecy as an indispensable duty."

"Body of me!" cried Don Quixote; "has his majesty anything to do but to issue a proclamation ordering all the knights-errant who are now wandering about Spain to repair on an appointed day to court? If not more than half a dozen came, there might be one of that number able, with his single arm, to destroy the whole power of the Turk. Pray, gentlemen, be attentive, and listen to me. Is it anything new for a single knight-errant to defeat an army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had all but one throat or were made of pastry? How many examples of such prowess does history supply! If, in an evil hour for me (I will not say for any other), the famous Don Belianis, or some one of the numerous race of Amadis de Gaul, were in being at this day to confront the Turk, in good faith I would not farm his winnings! But God will protect his people, and provide some one, if not as strong as the knights-errant of old, at least not inferior to them in courage. Heaven knows my meaning. I say no more!" "Alas!" exclaimed the niece at this instant; "may I perish if my uncle has not a mind to turn knight-errant again!" Whereupon Don Quixote said, "A knight-errant I will live and die; and let the Turk come, down or up, when he pleases, and with all the forces he can raise—once more I say, Heaven knows my meaning!"

"Gentlemen," said the barber, "give me leave to tell you a short story of what happened once in Seville; for it comes so pat to the purpose that I cannot help giving it to you." Don Quixote and the priest signified their consent, and the others being willing to hear, he began thus:

"A certain man, being deranged in his intellects, was placed by his relations in the madhouse of Seville. He had taken his degrees in the canon law at Ossuna; but, had it been at Salamanca, many are of opinion he would nevertheless have been mad. This graduate, after some years' confinement, took it into his head that he was quite in his right senses, and therefore wrote to the archbishop, beseeching him, with great earnestness and apparently with much reason, that he would be pleased to deliver him from that miserable state of confinement in which he lived, since, through the mercy of God, he had regained his senses; adding that his

relations, in order to enjoy part of his estate, kept him still there, and, in spite of the clearest evidence, would insist upon his being mad as long as he lived. The archbishop, prevailed upon by the many sensible epistles he received from him, sent one of his chaplains to the keeper of the madhouse to inquire into the truth of what the licentiate had alleged, and also to talk with him, and if it appeared that he was in his senses, to set him at liberty. The chaplain accordingly went to the rector, who assured him that the man was still insane; for though he sometimes talked very sensibly, it was seldom for any length of time without betraying his derangement, as he would certainly find on conversing with him. The chaplain determined to make the trial, and during the conversation of more than an hour, could perceive no symptom of incoherence in his discourse; on the contrary, he spoke with so much sedateness and judgment that the chaplain could not entertain a doubt of the sanity of his intellects. Among other things, he assured him that the keeper was bribed by his relations to persist in reporting him to be deranged; so that his large estate was his great misfortune, to enjoy which his enemies had recourse to fraud, and pretended to doubt of the mercy of Heaven in restoring him from the condition of a brute to that of a man. In short, he talked so plausibly that he made the rector appear venal and corrupt, his relations unnatural, and himself so discreet that the chaplain determined to take him immediately to the archbishop, that he might be satisfied he had done right. With this resolution the good chaplain desired the keeper of the house to restore to him the clothes which he wore when he was first put under his care. The keeper again desired him to beware what he did, since he might be assured that the licentiate was still insane; but the chaplain was not to be moved either by his cautions or entreaties; and as he acted by order of the archbishop, the keeper was compelled to obey him. The licentiate put on his new clothes, and now finding himself rid of his lunatic attire, and habited like a rational creature, he entreated the chaplain, for charity's sake, to permit him to take leave of his late companions in affliction.

"Being desirous of seeing the lunatics who were confined

in that house, the chaplain, with several other persons, followed him upstairs, and heard him accost a man who lay stretched in a cell, outrageously mad, though just then composed and quiet. 'Brother,' said he to him, 'have you any commands for me? For I am going to return to my own house, God having been pleased, of His infinite goodness and mercy, without any desert of mine, to restore me to my senses. I am now sound and well, for with God nothing is impossible: put your whole trust and confidence in Him, and He will doubtless restore you also. I will take care to send you some choice food; and fail not to eat it, for I have reason to believe, from my own experience, that all our distraction proceeds from empty stomachs and brains filled with wind. Take heart, then, my friend, take heart; for despondence under misfortune impairs our health and hastens our death.'

"This discourse was overheard by another madman, the tenant of an opposite cell, who, rising from an old mat, whereon he had been lying stark naked, asked who it was that talked of going away restored to his senses. 'It is I, brother, that am going,' answered the licentiate; 'for, thanks to Heaven, my stay here is no longer necessary.' 'Take heed, friend, what you say,' replied the maniac; 'let not the the devil delude you: stir not a foot, but keep where you are, and you will spare yourself the trouble of being brought back.' 'I know,' answered the other, 'that I am perfectly well, and shall have no more occasion to visit the station-churches.' 'You well, truly?' said the madman; 'we shall soon see that. Farewell! but I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that for this single offence of setting thee at large, and pronouncing thee to be in thy sound senses, I am determined to inflict such a single punishment on this city, that the memory thereof shall endure forever and ever. And knowest thou not, pitiful fellow, that I have the power to do it? I, who am the thundering Jove, and grasp in my hands the flaming bolts with which I might instantly destroy the world!—but, remitting that punishment, I will chastise their folly by closing the flood-gates of heaven, so that no rain shall fall upon this city or the surrounding country for three years, reckoning from this very

day and hour on which my vengeance is denounced. You at liberty !—you recovered, and in your right senses, and I here a madman, distempered, and in bonds !—I will no more rain than I will hang myself.'

"This rhapsody was heard by all present; and our licentiate, turning to the chaplain, 'My good sir,' said he, seizing both his hands, 'regard not his foolish threats, but be perfectly easy; for should he, being Jupiter, withhold his rain, I, who am Neptune, the god of water, can dispense as much as I please, and whenever there shall be occasion.' To which the chaplain answered, 'Nevertheless, Signor Neptune, it would not be well at present to provoke Signor Jupiter; therefore, I beseech you, remain where you are, and when we have more leisure and a better opportunity, we will return for you.' The rector and the rest of the party laughed, and put the chaplain quite out of countenance. In short the licentiate was immediately disrobed, and he remained in confinement; and there is an end of my story."

"This, then, Master Barber," said Don Quixote, "is the story which was so much to the purpose that you could not forbear telling it? Ah, Signor Cut-beard! Signor Cut-beard! he must be blind indeed who cannot see through a sieve! Is it possible you should be ignorant that comparisons of all kinds, whether as to sense, courage, beauty or rank, are always offensive? I, Master Barber, am not Neptune, god of the waters, nor do I set myself up for a wise man; all I aim at is to convince the world of its error in not reviving those happy times when the order of knight-errantry flourished. But this our degenerate age deserves not to enjoy so great a blessing as that which was the boast of former ages, when knights-errant took upon themselves the defence of kingdoms, the protection of orphans, the relief of damsels, the chastisement of the haughty, and the reward of the humble. The knights of these times rustle in damask and brocade, rather than in coats of mail. Where is the knight now who will lie in the open field, exposed to the rigor of the heavens, in complete armor from head to foot? or leaning on his lance, take a short nap without quitting his stirrups, like the knights-errant of old times? You have no one now who,

issuing out of a forest, ascends some mountain, and thence traverses a barren and desert shore of the sea, commonly stormy and tempestuous; and, finding on the beach a small skiff, without oars, sail, mast or tackle of any kind, he boldly throws himself into it, committing himself to the implacable billows of the deep ocean, which now mount him up to the skies, and then cast him down to the abyss; and he, opposing his courage to the irresistible hurricane, suddenly finds himself above three thousand leagues from the place where he embarked; and, leaping on the remote and unknown shore, encounters accidents worthy to be recorded, not on parchment, but on brass.

"But in these days, sloth triumphs over activity, idleness over labor, vice over virtue, arrogance over bravery, and the theory over the practice of arms, which only existed and flourished with knights-errant in those ages of gold. For, tell me, I pray, where was there so much valor and virtue to be found as in Amadis de Gaul? Who was more discreet than Palmerin of England? Who more affable and obliging than Tirante the White? Who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? Who gave or received more cuts and slashes than Don Belianis? Who was more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? Who more enterprising than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? Who more sincere than Esplandian? Who more daring than Don Ciriongilio of Thrace? Who more brave than Rodomonte? Who more prudent than King Sobrino? Who more intrepid than Rinaldo? Who more invincible than Orlando? And who more gallant and courteous than Ruggierio, from whom, according to Turpin's Cosmography, the present dukes of Ferrara are descended? All these and others that I could name, Master Priest, were knights-errant, and the light of chivalry; and such as these are the men I would advise his majesty to employ. He then would be well served, a vast expense would be spared, and the Turk might go tear his beard for very madness. So now I will stay at home, since the chaplain does not fetch me out; and if Jupiter is determined to withhold his rain, here am I, who will rain whenever I think proper—Goodman Basin will see that I understand him."

SANCHO PANZA AND THE DUCHESS.

SANCHO PANZA did not take his afternoon sleep, but in compliance with his promise went immediately after his dinner to see the duchess, who, being delighted to hear him talk, desired him to sit down by her on a stool, although Sancho, out of pure good manners, would have declined it; but the duchess told him that he must be seated as a governor and talk as a squire, since in both those capacities he deserved the very seat of the famous champion Cid Ruy Diaz. Sancho therefore submitted, and placed himself close by the duchess, while all her

damsels and duennas drew near and stood in silent attention to hear the conversation. "Now that we are alone," said the duchess, "where nobody can overhear us, I wish Signor Governor would satisfy me as to certain doubts that have arisen from the printed history of the great Don Quixote: one of which is that as honest Sancho never saw Dulcinea—I mean the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso—nor delivered to her the letter of Don Quixote, which was left in the pocket-book in the Sierra Morena, I would be glad to know how he could presume to feign an answer to that letter, or assert that he found her win-

nowing wheat, which he must have known to be altogether false, and much to the prejudice of the peerless Dulcinea's character, as well as inconsistent with the duty and fidelity of a trusty squire."

At these words, without making any reply, Sancho got up from his stool, and with his body bent, and the tip of his forefinger on his lips, he stepped softly round the room, lifting up the hangings; this done, he sat himself down again, and said, "Now, madam, that I am sure nobody but the company present can hear us, I will answer, without fear, to all you ask of me. The first thing I tell you is that I take my master, Don Quixote, for a downright madman; and though sometimes he will talk in a way which, to my thinking, and in the opinion of all who hear him, is so much to the purpose that Satan himself could not speak better, yet, for all that, I believe him to be really and truly mad. Now, this being so, as in my mind it is, nothing is more easy than to make him believe anything, though it has neither head nor tail; like that affair of the answer to the letter, and another matter of some six or eight days' standing, which is not yet in print—I mean the enchantment of my mistress, Donna Dulcinea, for you must know I made him believe she was enchanted, though it was no more true than that the moon is a horn lantern."

The duchess desired him to tell her the particulars of that enchantment or jest; and Sancho recounted the whole exactly as it had passed, very much to the entertainment of his hearers. "From what honest Sancho has told me," said the duchess, "a certain scruple troubles me, and something whispers in my ear, saying, 'Since Don Quixote de la Mancha is such a lunatic and simpleton, surely Sancho Panza, his squire, who knows it, and yet follows and serves him, relying on his vain promises, must be more mad than his master! Now, this being the case, it will surely turn to bad account, lady duchess, if to such a Sancho Panza thou givest an island to govern; for how should he who rules himself so ill be able to govern others?'"

"Faith, madam," quoth Sancho, "that same scruple is an honest scruple, and need not speak in a whisper, but plain

out, or as it lists, for I know it says true, and had been wise, I should long since have left my master; but such is my lot, or such my evil-errantry, I cannot help it—follow him I must: we are both of the same town, I have eaten his bread, I love him, and he returns my love; he gave me his ass-colts; above all, I am faithful, so that nothing in the world can part us but the sexton's spade and shovel; and if your highness does not choose to give me the government you promised, God made me without it, and perhaps it may be all the better for my conscience if I do not get it; for, fool as I am, I understand the proverb, 'The pismire had wings to her sorrow;' and perhaps it may be easier for Sancho the squire to get to heaven than for Sancho the governor. They make as good bread here as in France, and by night all cats are gray; unhappy he who has not breakfasted at three; and no stomach is a span bigger than another, and may be filled, as they say, with straw or with hay. Of the little birds in the air, God himself takes care; and four yards of coarse cloth of Cuenza are warmer than as many of fine Segovia serge; and in traveling from this world to the next the road is no wider for the prince than the peasant. The Pope's body takes up no more room than that of the sexton, though a loftier person; for in the grave we must pack close together, whether we like it or not; so good night to all. And let me tell you again that if your highness will not give me the island because I am a fool, I will be wise enough not to care a fig for it. I have heard say the devil lurks behind the cross: all is not gold that glitters. From the plough-tail Bamba was raised to the throne of Spain, and from his riches and revels was Roderigo cast down to be devoured by serpents, if ancient ballads tell the truth."

"And how should they lie?" said the duenna Rodriguez, who was among the attendants. "I remember one that relates to a king named Roderigo, who was shut up all alive in a tomb full of toads, snakes and lizards; and how, after two days' imprisonment his voice was heard from the tomb, crying in a dolorous tone, 'Now they gnaw me, now they gnaw me, in the part by which I sinned the most!' And, according to this, the gentleman has much reason to say he would rather

be a poor laborer than a king, to be devoured by such vermin."

The duchess was highly amused with Sancho's proverbs and philosophy, as well as the simplicity of her duenna. "My good knight Sancho knows full well," said she, "that the promise of a knight is held so sacred by him that he will perform it even at the expense of life. The duke, my lord and husband, though he is not of the errant order, is nevertheless a knight, and therefore will infallibly keep his word as to the promised government. Let Sancho, then, be of good cheer; for in spite of the envy and malice of the world, before he is aware of it he may find himself seated in the state chair of his island and territory, in full possession of a government for which he would refuse one of brocade three stories high. What I charge him is to take heed how he govern his vassals, and forget not that they are well born and of approved loyalty." "As to the matter of governing," answered Sancho, "let me alone for that. I am naturally charitable and good to the poor, and 'None shall dare the loaf to steal from him that sifts and kneads the meal.' By my beads! they shall put no false dice upon me. An old dog is not to be coaxed with a crust, and I know how to snuff my eyes and keep the cobwebs from them; for I can tell where the shoe pinches. All this I say to assure your highness that the good shall have me hand and heart, while the bad shall find neither one nor t'other. And as to governing well, the main point, in my mind, is to make a good beginning; and that being done, who knows but that by the time I have been fifteen days a governor, my fingers may get so nimble in the office that they will manage it better than the drudgery I was bred to in the field?"

"You are in the right, Sancho," quoth the duchess, "for everything needs time; men are not scholars at their birth, and bishops are made of men, not of stones. But to return to the subject we were just now upon, concerning the transformation of the Lady Dulcinea. I have reason to think that Sancho's artifice to deceive his master, and make him believe the peasant girl to be Dulcinea enchanted, was, in fact, all a contrivance of some one of the magicians who persecute Don

Quixote; for, really and in truth, I know from very good authority that the country wench who so lightly sprung from her ass was verily Dulcinea del Toboso herself, and that my good Sancho, in thinking he had deceived his master, was himself much more deceived; and there is no more doubt of this than of any other things that we never saw. For Signor Sancho Panza must know that here also we have our enchanters, who favor us and tell us faithfully all that passes in the world: and believe me, Sancho, the jumping wench was really Dulcinea, and is as certainly enchanted as the mother that bore her; and when we least expect it, we shall see her again in her own true shape: then will Sancho discover that it was he who has been imposed upon, and not his master."

"Well," quoth Sancho Panza, "if my lady be enchanted, so much the worse for her. I do not think myself bound to quarrel with my master's enemies, for they must needs be many and very wicked ones, too. Still I must say, and it cannot be denied, that she I saw was a country wench; a country wench at least I took her to be, and such I thought her; and if that same lass really happened to be Dulcinea, I am not to be called to account for it, nor ought it to be laid at my door. Sancho, truly, would have enough to do if he must answer for all, and at every turn to be told that Sancho said it, Sancho did it, Sancho came back, Sancho returned; as if Sancho were any body they pleased, and not that very Sancho Panza handed about in print all the world over, as Sampson Carrasco told me, who, at least, has been bachelorized at Salamanca; and such persons cannot lie, unless they have a mind to do so, or when it may turn to good account; so that there is no reason to meddle or make with me, since I have a good name, and, as I have heard my master say, a good name is better than bags of gold. Case me but in that same government, and you shall see wonders, for a good squire will make a good governor."

"Sancho speaks like an oracle," quoth the duchess; "but, as it grows late, go, Sancho, and repose yourself, and we will talk of these matters again hereafter, and orders shall speedily be given about casing you, as you call it, in the government."

Song from Don Quixote.

If woman's glass, why should we try
  Whether she can be broke, or no?
Great hazards in the trial lie,
  Because perchance she may be so.

Who that is wise such brittle ware
  Would careless dash upon the floor,
Which broken nothing can repair,
  Nor solder to its form restore?

In this opinion all are found,
  And reason vouches what I say,—
Wherever Danaës abound,
  There golden showers will make their way.

Love, Friendship and War.

This scene from the tragedy of "Numancia" exhibits Cervantes' skill in the classic drama. It relates to the siege of Numantia by the Romans under Scipio.

Morandro. Why so swiftly art thou flying?
  Go not, Lira,—let me still
  Taste what may my spirit fill
With glad life, even while I'm dying.
Lira, let mine eyes awhile
  Gaze upon thy loveliness;
  Since so deep is my distress,
Thus it would its pangs beguile.
O sweetest Lyre, that soundest so,
  Forever in my phantasy,
  With such delicious harmony,
It turns to glory all my woe!
What now? What stand'st thou mutely thinking?
  Thou of my thought the only treasure!
Lira. I'm thinking how thy dream of pleasure,
And mine, so fast away is sinking:
It will not fall beneath the hand
Of him who wastes our native land;
For long or e'er the war be o'er,
My hapless life will be no more.
Mor. Joy of my soul, what hast thou said?

Lira. That I am worn with hunger so,
That quickly will the o'erpowering woe
For ever break my vital thread.
What bridal rapture dost thou dream
From one at such a sad extreme?
For, trust me, ere an hour be past,
I fear I shall have breathed my last.
My brother fainted yesterday,
By wasting hunger overborne;
And then my mother, all outworn
By hunger, slowly sunk away.
And if my health can struggle yet
With hunger's cruel power, in truth
It is because my stronger youth
Its wasting force hath better met.
But now so many a day hath passed,
Since aught I've had its powers to strengthen,
It can no more the conflict lengthen,
But it must faint and fail at last.

Mor. Lira, dry thy weeping eyes;
But, ah! let mine, my love, the more
Their overflowing rivers pour,
Wailing thy wretched agonies.
But though thou still art held in strife
With hunger thus incessantly,
Of hunger still thou shalt not die,
So long as I retain my life.
I offer here, from yon high wall,
To leap o'er ditch and battlement:
Thy death one instant to prevent,
I fear not on mine own to fall:
The bread the Roman eateth now
I'll snatch away, and bear to thee;
For, Oh, 'tis worse than death to see,
Lady, thy dreadful state of woe!

Lira. Thou speakest like a lover:—still,
Morandro, surely, 'twere not good
That I should find a joy in food
For which thy life-blood thou may'st spill.
But little will that succor be,
Whate'er of booty thou canst make;
While thou a surer way dost take

To lose thyself, than win for me.
Enjoy thou still thy youthful prime,
  In fresh and blooming years elate:
  My life is nothing to the state,—
Thine, everything at such a time.
Its noblest bulwark thou canst be
  Against the fierce and crafty foe:
  What can the feeble prowess do
Of such a wretched maid as me?

Mor. Vainly thou laborest for my stay!
  Lira, in vain thou hold'st me still!
  Thither, like some glad sign, my will
Invites and hurries me away.
But thou the while with earnest prayer
  Beseech the gods to send me home
  With spoil, that may delay thy doom
Of misery, and my despair.

Lira. My dearest friend, thou shalt not go!
  Morandro,—lo! even now before
  Mine eyes, ensanguined with thy gore,
I see the falchion of the foe.
Seek not this desperate deed of war!
  Joy of my life, Morandro, stay!
  If peril waits thy onward way,
Return will be more perilous far.
Thy rashness could I but repress,
  I call the Heavens to witness here
  That for the loss of thee I fear,—
I reck not of mine own distress.
But if, dear friend, it still must be,
  Thou still wilt run thy fatal race,
  Take as a pledge this fond embrace,
And feel that I am still with thee.

Mor. Be Heaven thy close companion still,
  Lira!—Behold Leoncio near!

Lira. Without the dreadful loss I fear,
May'st thou thy frantic wish fulfil! [*Exit Lira.*

Leoncio. A fearful offer hast thou made, Morandro,—
And clearly hast thou shown, the enamored heart
Knows not of cowardice. Though of thy virtue
And most rare valor there might well be hope,
I fear the unhappy Fates will still be jealous.

Attentively I heard the sad extremity
To which thy Lira said she was reduced,—
Unworthy, truly, of her lofty worth!—
And heard thy noble promise to deliver her
From her o'erpowering grief, and cast thyself
With bold assault upon the Roman army;
And I, good friend, would bear thee company,
In thy so noble and perilous exploit,
With all my feeble powers to succor thee.

Mor. O my soul's half! O most adventurous friendship,
Still undivided even in toil and danger,
As in most glad prosperity!—Leoncio,
Do thou enjoy thy precious life,—remain
Within the city,—for I will not be
The murderer of thy green and tender years.
Alone I'm fixed to go,—alone I hope
Here to return, with spoil well merited
By my inviolate faith and love sincere.

Leon. Since thou hast known, Morandro, all my wishes
Blended with thine in good or evil fortune,
Thou know'st that fear of death will ne'er divide us,—
Nor aught, if aught there be, more terrible.
With thee I'm fixed to go,—and home with thee
Shall I return, if Heaven hath not ordained
That I remain and perish, rescuing thee.

Mor. O stay, my friend, and I will bless the hour!
For should I lose my life in this adventure
Of darkest peril, then wilt thou be able
To be a comfort to my woful mother,
And to my spouse, so fervently beloved.

Leon. In truth, my friend, thou art most bountiful,
To think, when thou art dead, of my remaining
In such calm quiet and tranquillity,
That I should fill the place of comforter
To thy sad mother and most wretched wife!
Since that thy death most surely will be mine,
I'm fixed to follow thee at this dark time
Of doubt and peril,—thus it must be, friend!
Morandro, speak no word of my remaining.

Mor. Then, since I cannot shake thy steadfast purpose
Of sallying with me,—at the dead dark night
We'll issue.

OTHER forms of literature of this period have already been considered. But it is necessary to give special attention to the Drama, as in some respects the most important production of Spanish intellectual activity. Some relics of the Roman Drama survived in a decadent form in Southern Europe long after the dismemberment of the Roman Empire. The Christian Church opposed its influence, as debasing, but finally recognizing that the dramatic instinct is inherent in human nature, granted it indulgence and diverted its expression to religious purposes. The change of attitude was due to the rise of the religious orders.

In the twelfth century we find bands of player monks roving through the dominions of the Pope for the purpose of giving rude representations of Bible stories to take the place of stories of chivalry. The plays were acted, sometimes in cathedrals and convents, at the high festivals of Christmas or Easter, and sometimes in the public squares of the cities. They were called *Autos Sacramentales*, and were the same as the Miracle-Plays in England. In Spain the only restrictions seem to have been: That they should be played in a town and under the authority of a bishop or archbishop, rather than in a village or smaller place; that no money should be taken for the performance; and that it should be given and received in a spirit of earnest devotion.

The secular drama arose in Spain in the memorable year 1492. All that can be said of it, prior to that time, is that public opinion was being gradually formed by such works as "The Dialogue between an Old Man and Love" and the dramatic novel "Celestina." The first dramatist was Juan del Encina, a graduate of Salamanca, and a famous poet and musician. The most noted of his successors was Lope de Rueda, a gold-beater by trade, but who became a dramatic *autor*, that is a writer of plays, who was at the same time an actor and manager. He travelled successfully with his company through the principal cities of Southern Spain, and has the unique distinction of having been admired and praised by Cervantes, who gives the following account of the state of the drama in his time:

"In the time of this celebrated Spanish actor, the whole apparatus of an *autor* was contained in a sack, and consisted of four white sheep-skins trimmed with gilt leather, together with four false beards and wigs, and four shepherd's crooks, more or less. . . . There were no figures to come popping up from the centre of the earth, or the space beneath the stage. The stage itself was composed of four benches, forming a square, with four or six planks placed upon them, so as to be raised about four hand's-breadths from the ground. Much less did clouds containing angels or spirits come down from the sky. The back scene of the theatre consisted of an old blanket which could be pulled by cords to one side or the other, and this formed the green-room, behind which stood the musicians singing some old ballad, without even a guitar to accompany them. . . . After Lope de Rueda came Naharro, a native of Toledo, who was famous in the part of cowardly bully. He somewhat raised the standard of theatrical adornment, exchanging the sack, which used to contain the dresses, for chests and trunks. He brought out the musicians, who formerly sang behind the blanket, to the public gaze; he also abolished the beards of the comic actors, for, up to that time, nobody played without a false beard, and he made them all play without preliminary adjustment; except those who had to represent old men or other parts which required a change of features. He it was who introduced machinery, clouds,

thunder and lightning, duels, and battles, but all this had not yet come to the pitch of perfection which it has reached nowadays."

While there were, of course, from time to time actors of brilliant reputation in the enjoyment of high consideration and favor, just as it is to-day, the profession was brought into ill repute by the fact that so many of its members were men of low and evil lives. Dancing had been a favorite amusement in Spain from the earliest times and no play, not even a sacred *auto* was considered to be complete without its accompanying songs and dances.

Secular dramas were played in the yards of inns or in open quadrangles of the city reserved for the purpose and generally owned by religious or charitable organizations. Two fees were collected, in the latter places, one at the door for the manager, the other inside for the sick and the indigent. The poorer part of the audience sat on rude benches or stood in the open spaces of the quadrangle, while the rich took possession of the houses on the four sides and lounged at the windows as in the boxes of a theatre. Later magnificent auditoriums were built in the palaces in and near Madrid and Calderon and others were made masters of the palace theatre and wrote dramas for the pleasure of the king. Philip V. married an Italian princess unaccustomed to the spectacle of open-air performances, whose crowds could be scattered at any moment by an afternoon shower, and through her influence a play-house was built. The two best theatres in Madrid were afterwards erected on the site of the most famous of the old quadrangles.

Religious plays were produced in all large cities at the great festivals with a prodigality and success that roused the multitude to a frenzy of delight and enthusiasm. Actors left their quadrangles and palace theatres and played in the public squares in the service of the Church. Thus a species of sacred amusement, which had been almost forgotten in the rest of Europe, formed, with its variations, one of the most extraordinary expressions of Spanish life and character.

Cervantes wrote thirty dramas which do not shine beside his immortal Don Quixote. Calderon wished to be remem-

bered by the *autos* which have given him the name of being the religious dramatist of all time. But the real master of Spanish drama was Lope de Vega. He it was who gave it its final form, and who by his brilliancy, his charm, his naturalness and the inexhaustible diversity of his plots and situations raised it not only to a national, but to a European reputation and importance. Later authors wrote at the command of kings and for court favor. Lope, although he was the idol alike of prince and peasant, appealed to the masses and roused in them a passion for the theatre unprecedented in the history of the modern world. This feeling found expression in the demand for strolling players who should give his dramas in every corner of his native land. England, France, and Italy borrowed freely from the splendid resources of his imagination; and many a modern play, if it could be traced to its origin, would be found based in plot, incident, or suggestion, on some work of this "wonder of mankind." It may be added, in this connection, that the "Cid" of Corneille was taken from a Spanish drama of De Castro's; and that the "Don Juan" of Byron, Molière, and Corneille, as well as the "Don Giovanni" of Mozart, is founded on a play by Molina called "The Mocker of Seville." In such and similar ways did the art of Spain influence the world. Over thirty thousand plays were written in that country between 1500 and 1800. But in fashionable society translations from the French gradually usurped the place of Lope de Vega and his school. The populace, refusing to countenance the change, amused themselves with low burlesques whose principal attractions were unseemly songs and scandalous dances. The secular drama was always intensely national. It often came under the ban of the Church, but sometimes saved itself from condemnation by the simple expedient of changing the name of a locality to Babylon or Antioch or some other place mentioned in the Bible; after which the play went on to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned.

SPANISH ACTORS.

THE troupes of actors who wandered through Spain were described in 1603 by Augustin de Rojas, who was one of their number. They were distinguished by slang names according to their importance in the profession. The Carambaleo, which occupied a middle rank, is thus described.

Carambaleo consists of one woman who sings and five men who weep; their baggage comprises one play, two *autos*, three or four *entremeses*, and a bundle of clothes which a spider might carry; sometimes they carry the woman on their backs, sometimes in a chair; they give representations at homesteads for a loaf of bread, a bunch of grapes, and a cabbage stew; in villages they charge six farthings, or a piece of sausage, a hank of flax, or whatever else may happen to be offered, counting everything as fish that comes to their net. In hamlets they stay four or six days; they hire a bed for the woman, and, if the landlady takes a fancy to any of them she gives him a sackful of straw and a blanket, and he sleeps in the kitchen. In winter the straw-loft is their constant abode. At midday they eat their *olla* of beef and six platefuls of broth apiece; they all sit at the same table, or sometimes on the bed; the woman portions out the dinner, gives each his due share of bread, and measures out to each the wine and water; each one wipes his hands and mouth with whatever comes handy, for they have only one napkin between the lot, and the table-cloth is so scanty that it falls short by several inches of covering the table.

LOPE DE VEGA CARPIO.

If versatility of talents and marvellous industry count for four-fifths of what is called genius, then must the crown rest on the brow of Lope Felix de Vega Carpio. To have written fifteen hundred plays, seven hundred farces and twenty volumes of miscellaneous literature, including eleven formidable epics, several novels, and sonnets innumerable, fairly entitle the hero of the achievement to claim greatness for his work. He is declared to be "the most voluminous writer of ancient or modern times." His name takes front rank in several classifications of the national literature of Spain.

Lope de Vega was born in November, 1562, in Madrid. Early left an orphan and poor, he managed to push his way, probably with the assistance of friends, through the college of his native city and the academy of Alcalà. He married young, and in a few years his wife died. He wounded an opponent in a duel, and was in consequence imprisoned and exiled. Returning to Madrid at the end of two years, he sailed with the Armada, and was one of the few survivors of that ill-fated expedition. He married again, but again lost his wife. He was bereaved of his sons, and an illegitimate daughter, to whom he was tenderly attached, became a nun.

He entered the priesthood in 1609, and was afterwards a familiar of the Inquisition, assisting cheerfully at the burning of a poor Franciscan monk who was convicted of heresy. Far

from sinking into repose in the calm environments of the church, it was then that dramas of every sort poured torrent-like from his pen. They were often, with different names and under various disguises, merely the passionate records of his own stormy life, experiences through which he had passed and had found bitter or sweet. He died in August, 1635, being nearly seventy-three years of age. His closing years were clouded with misfortunes and melancholy, yet the grandees of Spain felt it an honor to take part in his funeral. Two volumes were needed to hold the laudatory poems of his countrymen, who declared him the greatest of all poets of every age and land.

Posterity credits Lope de Vega with being the founder of the popular national drama, "the cloak and sword play," with gallantry for its animating feature. The mass of his stage writings are classified as tragedies, legendary plays, heroic, historical and sacred; comedies of intrigue, of manners, and the *picaresque* or rogue plays; and *autos sacramentales* or religious pieces. The method he employs is to involve the main plot in a series of tangles, with counter-plot, under-plot and extraneous incident to a degree too bewildering for readers. Whatever the class from which a specimen may be taken, it will be an *olla podrida* of topics, characters, adventures and speeches, dignified, buffoonish, heroic, maudlin, indecent, so mixed up that though the story is clear, the dramatic unities are utterly disregarded. Lope boasted that he sacrificed the rules of art for the sake of winning popular applause. "I write according to the method which was invented by those who became candidates for popular favor, for as it is the mob that pays for the play, it is but right to gratify it by speaking in the uncultured language which it understands." He claimed to have created the *gracioso* character, the comic fellow, usually servant to the hero, whom he amusingly parodies, a character that has won a permanent place on the national stage. While his style is celebrated for its fire and extravagance, and yet again for its simple sincerity, there are, scattered all through his plays, passages of incredible grossness. His direct aim was popularity, and he succeeded. During the forty years in which he lived and wrote an ador-

ing populace refused to tolerate the works of any other author. Even Cervantes remained poor, while Lope amassed wealth, which he scattered in charity, while also indulging his taste for luxury. Lope dedicated his tragedy of "Mary Stuart" to Pope Urban VIII., who in return made him a doctor of theology and an honorary officer of the Papal Court. The lasting power of the genius of Lope de Vega is shown in the fact that he is the master of the theatre in Spain to-day.

THE WATER-CARRIER.

THE following outline of a play which still holds the stage in Spain is given by Mr. Butler Clarke, and will serve as a fair example of the best style of Lope de Vega.

The scene opens in Merida, where Donna Maria de Guzman, a lady of great beauty, is wooed by a host of admirers, all of whom she rejects somewhat disdainfully. One of these suitors, enraged at the treatment he has received, inflicts a blow upon her father. This outrage, according to all the rules of the Spanish stage, demands a bloody reprisal, and Donna Maria herself undertakes the part of avenger of her father's honor. She murders her father's brutal assailant in prison, and in order to escape the consequences of her act, sets out in humble disguise for Madrid. On her way thither she meets with an *Indiano*, or Spanish American, in whose household she takes service. Her simple dress does not conceal her attractions. While carrying her pitcher to the fountain she is seen by Don Juan, the stereotyped gallant or lover, who, becoming enamored of her, rejects for her sake the overtures of Donna Anna, a lady of great attractions. This lady has another suitor, a nobleman, but she loves Don Juan in spite of his coolness, and her jealousy makes her desirous of seeing the water-carrier, her successful rival. In order to gratify her wish, she contrives to bring Donna Maria to her house. The newcomer takes advantage of the opportunity afforded by the marriage of a fellow-servant to dress herself in the costume which befits her real station and best shows off her charms. Thus attired she is irresistible; Don Juan proposes marriage to her and is accepted, in spite of the protests

of Donna Anna. The reason for disguise is now at an end; Donna Maria declares her rank and parentage, and is at last happily married.

Recklessness of human life is characteristic of the Spanish stage; in this popular drama the unfortunate, hot-tempered suitor is murdered, not that his death may form the catastrophe of the piece, but incidentally that it may give his murderess an opportunity of obtaining the disguise on which the necessary dramatic situations depend. Donna Maria's crime provokes no moral reprobation, nor is it meant to do so; a lady so careful of the family honor is likely to make the best of wives, and her conduct is considered natural, if not praiseworthy.

SANCHO ORTIZ.

ACCORDING to Spanish notions loyalty to the king overrides all other obligations, natural or social. At the sovereign's command, the subject must renounce his nearest and dearest relations. In the "Estrella de Sevilla" Sancho Ortiz is thus called to provoke a quarrel with the brother of his betrothed and slay him.

I. *The King and Sancho Ortiz.*

Ortiz. I kiss thy feet.
King. Rise, Sancho! rise, and know
I wrong thee much to let thee stoop so low.
Ortiz. My liege, confounded with thy grace I stand;
Unskilled in speech, no words can I command
To tell the thanks I feel.
King. Why, what in me
To daunt thy noble spirit canst thou see?
Ortiz. Courage and majesty that strikes with awe;
My sovereign lord; the fountain of the law;
In fine, God's image, which I come to obey,
Never so honored as I feel to-day.
King. Much I applaud thy wisdom, much thy zeal;
And now, to try thy courage, will reveal
That which you covet so to learn,—the cause
That thus my soldier to the presence draws.
Much it imports the safety of my reign
A man should die,—in secret should be slain;
This must some friend perform; search Seville through,
None can I find to trust so fit as you.

Ortiz. Guilty he needs must be.
King. He is.
Ortiz. Then why,
My sovereign liege, in secret should he die?
If public law demands the culprit's head,
In public let the culprit's blood be shed.
Shall Justice's sword, which strikes in face of day,
Stoop to dark deeds,—a man in secret slay?
The world will think, who kills by means unknown
No guilt avenges, but implies his own.
If slight his fault, I dare for mercy pray.
King. Sancho, attend;—you came not here to-day
An advocate to plead a traitor's cause,
But to perform my will, to execute my laws,
To slay a man;—and why the culprit bleed
Matters not thee, it is thy monarch's deed;
If base, thy monarch the dishonor bears.
But say,—to draw against my life who dares,
Deserves he death?
Ortiz. Oh, yes! a thousand times.
King. Then strike without remorse: these are the wretch's crimes.
Ortiz. So let him die; for sentence Ortiz pleads:
Were he my brother, by this arm he bleeds.
King. Give me thy hand.
Ortiz. With that my heart I pledge.
King. So, while he heeds not, shall thy rapier's edge
Reach his proud heart.
Ortiz. My liege! my sovereign lord!
Sancho's my name, I wear a soldier's sword.
Would you with treacherous acts, and deeds of shame,
Taint such a calling, tarnish such a name?
Shall I,—shall I, to shrink from open strife,
Like some base coward, point the assassin's knife?
No,—face to face his foe must Ortiz meet,
Or in the crowded mart, or public street,—
Defy and combat him in open light.
Curse the mean wretch who slays, but does not fight!
Naught can excuse the vile assassin's blow;
Happy, compared with him, his murdered foe,—
With him who, living, lives but to proclaim,
To all he meets, his cowardice and shame.

King. E'en as thou wilt; but in this paper read,
Signed by the king, the warrant of the deed.

[*Sancho reads the paper aloud, which promises the king's protection, if he is brought into any jeopardy in consequence of killing the person alluded to, and is signed, "Yo el Rey," I the king.*]

King. Act as you may, my name shall set you free.
Ortiz. Does, then, my liege so meanly deem of me?
I know his power, which can the earth control,—
Know his unshaken faith, and steadfast soul.
Shall seals, shall parchments, then, to me afford
A surer warrant than my sovereign's word?
To guard my actions, as to guide my hand,
I ask no surety but my king's command.
Perish such deeds! [*Tears the paper*]—they serve but to record
Some doubt, some question, of a monarch's word.
What need of bonds? By honor bound are we;
I to avenge thy wrongs, and thou to rescue me.
One price I ask,—the maid I name for bride.
King. Were she the richest and the best allied
In Spain, I grant her.
Ortiz. So throughout the world,
May oceans view thy conquering flag unfurled!
King. Nor shall thy actions pass without a meed.
This note informs thee, Ortiz, who must bleed.
But, reading, be not startled at a name;
Great is his prowess; Seville speaks his fame.
Ortiz. I'll put that prowess to the proof ere long.
King. None know but I that you avenge my wrong;
So force must guide your arm, but prudence check your tongue. [*Exit.*

II. *Bustos Tabera and Sancho Ortiz.*

Tabera. In meeting thus, my fortune do I greet.
Ortiz (*aside*). Alas! I curse the chance that makes us meet.
You come to make a friend, a brother, blest,
And I, to plunge a dagger in thy breast.
Tabera. Brother, the hour of long-sought bliss is come.
Ortiz. (aside) My hour of grief, of all my woes the doom!

O God! did man e'er bear such weight of ill?
Him whom I love next heaven my sword must kill;
And with the very blow that stabs my friend,
My love is lost, and all my visions end.
Tabera. The deeds are drawn; to tell the news I came;
They only wait for Sancho Ortiz' name.
Ortiz (*aloud*). Once, it is true, by fickle fancy led,
Tabera's sister Ortiz fain would wed;
But now, though drawn the strict agreements stand,
I scorn the offer, and reject her hand.
Tabera. Know'st thou to whom, or what thou speak'st?
Ortiz. I know
To whom I speak, and therefore speak I so.
Tabera. How, knowing me, can words of insult dwell
On Ortiz' tongue?
Ortiz. Because he knows thee well.
Tabera. And knows he aught but generous pride of blood,
And honor such as prompts the brave and good?
Virtue and genuine honor are the same:
Pride, uninspired by her, usurps the name.
But yet, though slow of anger to a friend,
Thy words my virtue as my pride offend.
Ortiz. Not more offended can thy virtue be,
Than I so long to talk with one like thee.
Tabera. Is 't come to this? and dost thou brand my fame
With aught that bears not honor's sacred name?
Prove, then, this sword, which dares thy rage defy,—
My foe a villain, and his charge a lie. [*They draw and fight.*
Ortiz. What can the swords of traitorous villains prove?
Pardon me, sacred friendship! pardon, love!
My king impels; I madden as I fight,
And frenzy lends my arm resistless might.
Tabera. Enough, nor further press thy blow,—I bleed,—
My hour is come! [*Tabera falls.*
Ortiz. Then am I mad indeed!
Yes, when I struck thy death, my sense was gone;
Restored, I from thy arm implore my own.
Sheathe in this breast,—for pity, sheathe thy sword,
And to my troubled soul an instant flight afford.
Tabera. My motives Fate denies the time to tell;—
Wed thou my sister, Ortiz, and——farewell! [*Dies.*

Ortiz. Come, then, destructive, unrelenting blade,
Despatch the life thy work has wretched made!
Come, while Tabera's gore is reeking yet,
With a fresh wound to close the bloody debt!
[*Enter Farfan and Pedro, Alcaldes mayores.*
Pedro. Wretch! stay that weapon, raised thyself to kill!
Ortiz. 'Twas raised against a life yet dearer still.
[*Enter Arias.*
Arias. What's this disorder?
Ortiz. The disorder's plain:
I've killed a brother, like another Cain,—
Ruthless and fierce, a guiltless Abel slain.
Here, here he lies,—survey each mangled limb;
And as he died for me, so let me die for him.
Arias. Why, what is this?
Ortiz. What is it, do you ask?
'Tis a kept promise, an accomplished task;
'Tis honor in a fiery trial proved,—
Honor, that slew the man he dearly loved.
Yes, tell the king, that, for our plighted words,
We sons of Seville bear them on our swords;
Tell him for them we do our stars defy;
For them our laws expire, our brothers die.
Pedro. He's killed Tabera.
Arias. Rash, flagitious deed!
Ortiz. Then seize me,—bind me,—let his murderer bleed!
Where are we? Do not law and reason say,
Ruffians shall die, and blood shall blood repay?
But marked you how the mighty crime was done?
No hate was here; 'twas love, and love alone;
And love, that did the crime, shall for the crime atone.
Bustos I slew: I now for Bustos plead,
And beg of justice—that his murderer bleed.
Thy friend that tribute to thy memory pays!
Arias. The man is mad, and knows not what he says.
Pedro. Then to Triana's tower the culprit lead,—
Lest, at the noise of such a lawless deed,
Seville should rise, and some new tumult breed.
Ortiz. Yet I would raise my brother from the ground,
Clasp his cold limbs, and kiss the sacred wound,
And wash the noble blood that streams his corpse around.

So I'll his Atlas be; nor would repine,
The life I've taken to redeem with mine.
Pedro. 'Tis madness, this.
Ortiz. When I from friendship swerved,
Against my pleasure I the laws observed;
That's a king's part,—in that I'm king alone;
But in this act, alas! I am not one;
The riddle's easy, when the clew is found;
But 'tis not mine the riddle to expound.
'Tis true I slew him,—I not that deny;
I own I slew him,—but I say not why:
That why—let others, if they like it, plead;
Enough for me that I confess the deed. [*Exit guarded.*

III. *Estrella and Theodora.*

Estrella. So quick my toilet was, I scarce can guess
How set my garments and how looks my dress.
Give me the glass.
Theodora. All glass is needless here;
Look on thyself,—no mirror is so clear;
Nor can in mimic forms reflected shine
Such matchless charms and beauty bright as thine.
[*Holds the looking-glass.*
Estr. Whence can such crimson colors fire my cheek?
Theo. Thy joy, and yet thy modesty, they speak.
Yes, to thy face contending passions rush,
Thy bliss betraying with a maiden blush.
Estr. 'Tis true he comes; the youth my heart approves.
Comes fraught with joy, and led by smiling Loves.
He claims my hand; I hear his soft caress,
See his soul's bliss come beaming from his eye.
O partial stars! unlooked-for happiness!
Can it be true?—is this my destiny?
Theo. Hark! some one rings!—but, lo! with envy smit,
One mirror into thousand mirrors split!
Estr. Is't broken?
Theo. Yes.
Estr. And sure with reason too;
Since soon, without its aid, I hope to view
Another self: with him before my eyes,
I need no glass, and can its use despise.
[*Enter Clarindo.*

Clarindo. All, lady, all is merriment and cheer,
And the plumed hats announce the wedding near.
I gave the letter, and received a ring.
Estr. Take, too, this diamond for the news you bring.
Clarindo. Alas! the precious gem is split in two!
Is it for grief?
Estr. Oh, no, Clarindo! no!
It burst for joy,—the very gems have caught
My heart's content, my gayety of thought.
Thrice happy day, and kind, indulgent sky!
Can it be true?—is this my destiny?
Theo. Hark! steps below!
Clarindo. And now the noise draws near.
Estr. My joy o'ercomes me!—
[*Enter Alcaldes with the dead body of Tabera.*
Gracious God! what's here?
Pedro. Grief, naught but grief, was made for man below:
Life is itself one troubled sea of woe.
Lady, Tabera 's slain!
Estr. O sad, O cruel blow!
Pedro. One comfort still,—in chains his murderer lies:
To-morrow, judged by law, the guilty Ortiz dies.
Estr. Hence, fiends! I'll hear no more,—your tidings bear
The blasts of hell, the warrant of despair!
My brother's slain! by Sancho's arm he fell!
What! are there tongues the dismal tale to tell?
Can I, too, know it, and the blow survive?
Oh, I am stone, to hear that sound and live!
If ever pity dwelt in human breast,—
Kill, murder, stab me!
Pedro. With such grief oppressed,
Well may she rave.
Estr. O sentence fraught with pain!
My brother dead! by Sancho Ortiz slain! [*Going.*
That cruel stroke has rent three hearts in one;
Then leave a wretch who's hopeless and undone.
Pedro. Ah! who can wonder at her wild despair?—
Follow her steps.
Farfan. Alas! ill-fated fair!
Clarindo. Lady, one instant——
Estr. Would you have me stay
For him, the wretch, that did my brother slay?

My love, my hopes, my all forever gone,—
Perish life, too,—for life is hateful grown!
Inhuman stars! unheard-of misery!
Can it be so?—is this my destiny?

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THIS sonnet, translated by Longfellow, shows the ardent piety of much of Lope de Vega's work.

Shepherd! who with thine amorous, sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,
Who mad'st thy crook from the accurséd tree,
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long!
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
Hear, Shepherd! thou who for thy flock art dying,
Oh, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
Oh, wait! to thee my weary soul is crying,
Wait for me! Yet why ask it when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou'rt waiting still for me?

LUIS DE GONGORA.

THIS writer, noted for his influence on Spanish literature, was born at Cordova in 1561, and was educated in Salamanca. His inclination for poetry having conquered his desire for the profession of law, he settled in his native city and began to write. His early productions, mostly lyric, were exquisitely simple and graceful, but they failed to give him the fame and fortune which he expected. Removing to Valladolid in middle life, he tried to push himself at court, but never rose higher than the position of titular chaplain to the king. He then deliberately conceived and adopted a style which he thought would attract attention. It was similar to that of the Euphuists in England and the Pleiades in France, and was called the *cultos* or *cultismo*, signifying the polite style. The peculiarities of this method consisted in these four things: its sentences were opposed to the order of the Spanish

language; many of the words used were classical, or obsolete Castilian, or ordinary ones tortured from their usual signification; a new punctuation was required; finally, works written in this manner were so heaped with metaphors, conceits and absurdities as to form not genuine literature, but a set of literary riddles.

But Gongora gained his point. He became the founder of a new and pestilent school, and his imitators and followers joyfully proclaimed the superior dignity of this tedious, involved and unintelligible style. So fashionable did it become that such authors as Queredo and Lope de Vega, while they ridiculed its pretensions, were at times unquestionably affected by its follies. Gongorism, as it was called, gradually died out, but not until it had sowed its mischief broadcast over the land, and destroyed the simplicity of at least an entire generation. Gongora himself did not profit by his absurdities, but died at the age of sixty-six, just as he seemed about to reap the reward of his pernicious notoriety.

Commentaries on his works were necessary from the first, and these continued to be published until there were ten times as many notes as there were texts to be elucidated. For instance, in 1613 Luis de Bavia wrote a volume containing the history of three popes, and Gongora composed an unintelligible and commendatory sonnet to be prefixed to the book. The sonnet contained the conventional fourteen lines, but it took no less than fifteen pages of commentary to explain its beauty and meaning to a reverent and admiring world.

SONG OF CATHARINE OF ARAGON.

OH, take a lesson, flowers, from me,
  How in a dawn all charms decay,—
Less than my shadow doomed to be,
  Who was a wonder yesterday!

I, with the early twilight born,
  Found, ere the evening shades, a bier;
And I should die in darkness lorn,
  But that the moon is shining here:
  So must ye die,—though ye appear

So fair,—and night your curtain be.
Oh, take a lesson, flowers, from me!

My fleeting being was consoled,
  When the carnation met my view;
One hurrying day my doom has told,—
  Heaven gave that lovely flower but two;
Ephemeral monarch of the wold,—
  I clad in gloom,—in scarlet he.
  Oh, take a lesson, flowers, from me!

The jasmine, sweetest flower of flowers,
  The soonest is its radiance fled;
It scarce perfumes as many hours
  As there are star-beams round its head:
  If living amber fragrance shed,
The jasmine, sure, its shrine must be.
Oh, take a lesson, flowers, from me!

The bloody-warrior fragrance gives;
  It towers unblushing, proud and gay;
More days than other flowers it lives,—
  It blooms through all the days of May:
  I'd rather like a shade decay,
Than such a gaudy being be.
Oh, take a lesson, flowers, from me.

LET THE WORLD LAUGH.

Let me go warm and merry still,—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let others muse on earthly things,—
The fall of thrones, the fate of kings,
  And those whose fame the world doth fill;
Whilst muffins sit enthroned in trays,
And orange-punch in winter sways
The merry sceptre of my days;
  And let the world laugh, an' it will.

He that the royal purple wears
From golden plate a thousand cares
  Doth swallow as a gilded pill:

On feasts like these I turn my back,
Whilst puddings in my roasting-jack
Beside the chimney hiss and crack;—
  And let the world laugh, an' it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,
And January's sleets and snows
  Are spread o'er every vale and hill,
With one to tell a merry tale
O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,
I sit and care not for the gale;—
  And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands,
For silver mines and golden sands;
  Whilst I beside some shadowy rill,
Just where its bubbling fountain swells,
Do sit and gather stones and shells,
And hear the tale the blackbird tells;—
  And let the world laugh, an' it will.

For Hero's sake the Grecian lover
The stormy Hellespont swam over:
  I cross without the fear of ill,
The wooden bridge that slow bestrides
The Madrigal's enchanting sides,
Or barefoot wade through Yepes' tides;—
  And let the world laugh, an' it will.

But since the Fates so cruel prove,
That Pyramus should die of love,
  And love should gentle Thisbe kill;
My Thisbe be an apple-tart,
The sword I plunge into her heart,
The tooth that bites the crust apart;—
  And let the world laugh, an' it will.

FRANCISCO DE OCANA.

THIS poet lived about the end of the sixteenth century, and wrote on sacred subjects. The *Cancionero* containing his pieces was published at Alcalá, in 1603.

OPEN THE DOOR.

O PORTER, ope the door to me!
  I'm shivering in the cold and rain:
  Take pity on the stranger's pain!
I and this poor old man have come
  Tired wanderers from a foreign shore,
And here we stray without a home.
  His weariness o'erwhelms me more
  Than my own woe. Oh, ope your door
To shelter us from cold and rain!—
Take pity on the stranger's pain!

The night is dark, and dull, and cold;
  No inn is open on the road;
The dreary midnight bell hath tolled,
  And not a straggler walks abroad:
We naught but solitude behold,
Pelted by driving hail and rain,—
Take pity on the stranger's pain!

Be kind, be generous, friend! thy door
  Throw open for the love of Heaven;
We are but two,—but two,—no more,—
  I and my poor old husband, driven
For refuge here; and we implore
A shelter. Shall we ask in vain?—
Take pity on the stranger's pain!

Here give us welcome: thou wilt be
  Rewarded by God's grace, which can
Shower unexpected joys; though he
  May be an old, defenceless man,
Yet God has recompense for thee;
Thou may'st a noble guerdon gain:—
Take pity on the strangers' pain.

Let us not tarry longer,—ope!
  We're chilled with cold,—so ope, I pray!
Ope to the wanderers now, and hope
  They well thy kindness may repay;
Time and eternity give scope
For recompense. The wind and rain
Beat on,—relieve the strangers' pain!

FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO.

CONTEMPORARY with Lope de Vega and Cervantes was the satirist Quevedo. Born in Madrid, in 1580, he went to the University of Alcalá, where he distinguished himself in every branch of knowledge then taught. On his return to Madrid he was drawn into a sudden duel with a strange antagonist, in the defense of an unknown woman of respectable appearance, who was insulted in his presence while at prayers in church. He killed his opponent, who proved to be a nobleman of high rank, and was obliged to flee.

Taking refuge at the Court of Sicily, then a dependency of Spain, he rose, by degrees, to the important position of Minister of Finance, and received honors and emoluments from the king himself on the occasion of being sent home, at least twice, as plenipotentiary from the vice-regal court. On the overthrow of his patron, the Duke of Ossuna, Governor of Sicily, Quevedo was exiled to his own estates and remained a prisoner there for two years and a half without any offence being laid to his charge. Henceforth he devoted himself to letters, but was presently accused of having written some satirical verses offensive to the king. Without trial or inquiry he was thrown into prison and languished there

nearly four years. He died in 1645, wearied and broken with unmerited persecution and the disappointments of a most unfortunate life.

He wrote poetry, dramas, translations, and essays on nearly every subject, and the number and variety of the latter might be described under the title of one of them, which is called "On all Things and Many More." These writings by no means, however, constitute his fame. That must always rest on his Satires, for like Juvenal he was the scourger of his nation and his age. He knew and lashed the grossness of the multitude, the follies and vices of the nobility, the injustice of courts, the corruption of Church and State. These satires are original, fierce and reckless, often coarse, often intemperately bitter, but with passages of rare and melancholy beauty. Quevedo was sometimes influenced by that contemporary affectation called *cultismo* or the polite style, which he always despised yet occasionally adopted.

Strangely enough Quevedo's bold, and sometimes blasphemous denunciations escaped the censure of the Inquisition, while the blameless De Leon pined in its dungeons for having translated the Song of Solomon into the vernacular.

ROME.

AMIDST these scenes, O pilgrim, seek'st thou Rome?
  Vain is thy search,—the pomp of Rome is fled;
Her silent Aventine is glory's tomb,
  Her walls, her shrines, but relics of the dead.
That hill, where Cæsars dwelt in other days,
  Forsaken, mourns, where once it towered sublime:
Each mouldering medal now far less displays
  The triumphs won by Latium than by Time
Tiber alone survives; the passing wave,
That bathed her towers, now murmurs by her grave,
  Wailing, with plaintive sounds, her fallen fanes.
Rome! of thine ancient grandeur all is past,
That seemed for years eternal framed to last;
  Naught but the wave, a fugitive, remains.

My Fortune.

Since, then, my planet has looked on,
  With such a dark and scowling eye,
My fortune, if my ink were gone,
  Might lend my pen as black a dye.

No lucky or unlucky turn
  Did fortune ever seem to play,
But ere I'd time to laugh or mourn,
  'Twas sure to turn the other way.

Ye childless great, who want an heir,
  Leave all your vast domains to me,
And Heaven will bless you with a fair,
  Alas! and numerous progeny.

They bear my effigy about
  The village, as a charm of power;
If clothed, to bring the sunshine out,—
  If naked, to call down the shower.

When friends request my company,
  No feasts and banquets meet my eye;
To holy mass they carry me,
  And ask me alms, and bid good-bye.

Should bravos chance to lie *perdu*
  To break some happy lover's head,
I am their man, while he in view
  His beauty serenades in bed.

A loosened tile is sure to fall
  In contact with my head below,
Just as I doff my hat;—'mong all
  The crowd, a stone still lays me low.

The doctor's remedies alone
  Ne'er reach the cause for which they're given;
And if I ask my friends a loan,
  They wish the poet's soul in heaven:

So far from granting aught, 'tis I
  Who lend my patience to their spleen.

Mine is each fool's loquacity,
  Each ancient dame will be my queen.

The poor man's eye, amidst the crowd,
  Still turns its asking looks on mine;
Jostled by all the rich and proud,
  No path is clear, whate'er my line.

Where'er I go I miss my way;
  I lose, still lose, at every game;
No friend I ever had would stay,
  No foe but still remained the same.

I get no water out at sea,
  Nothing but water at my inn;
My pleasures, like my wine, must be
  Still mixed with what should *not* be in.

THE SPANISH BOARDING-SCHOOL.

IN his "Life of Paul of Segovia" Quevedo followed in the footsteps of Mendoza and Aleman. Hunger is the key-note of these stories of beggars. In his account of the boarding-school Quevedo anticipated Dickens' Dotheboys Hall. Pablo or Paul was the son of a barber, and had been selected to be the attendant of a gentleman's son.

Don Alonzo determined to send his son to a boarding-school, both to wean him from his tender treatment at home, and also to ease himself of that care. He was informed there was a master of arts in Segovia, whose name was Cabra, and who made it his business to educate gentlemen's sons; thither accordingly he sent his son, and me to wait upon him. It was the first Sunday after Lent we were brought into the house of famine. It is impossible to convey a just idea of the penury of such a place. The master was himself a skeleton, a mere shotten herring, or like a long cane with a little head upon it. He was red-haired, and no more need be said to those who know the proverb, "that neither cat nor dog of that color are good;" his eyes almost sunk into his head, as if he looked through a perspective glass, or the deep windows in a linen-draper's shop; his nose turned up and was somewhat flat, the bridge being almost carried away by an inundation of cold rheum, for he never incurred any worse

disorder because it would cost money. His beard had lost its color from fear of his mouth, which being so near, seemed to threaten to eat it out of mere hunger; his teeth had many of them deserted him from want of employment; his neck was as long as a crane's, with the gullet sticking out so far, that it seemed as if compelled by necessity to start out for sustenance; his arms withered; his hands like a bundle of twigs, each of them, hanging downwards, looking like a fork or a pair of compasses with long slender legs. His voice was weak and hollow; his beard shaggy, for he never shaved in order to save soap and razor; besides, it was odious, he said, to feel the barber's hands all over his face, and he would rather die than endure it; but he let one of the boys cut his hair. In fair weather he wore a threadbare cap, an inch thick in grease and dirt, made of a thing that was once cloth, and lined with scurf and dandruff. His cassock, some said, was really miraculous, for no man knew what color it was of; some, seeing no hair on it, concluded it was made of frog's skins; others that it was a mere shadow; near at hand it looked somewhat black, and at a distance bluish. He wore no girdle, cuffs, or band, so that his long hair and scanty short cassock made him look like the messenger of death. Each shoe might have served for an ordinary coffin. As for his chamber, there was not so much as a cobweb in it, the spiders being all starved to death. He put spells upon the mice, for fear they should gnaw some scraps of bread he treasured up. His bed was on the floor, and he always lay upon one side, from fear of wearing out the sheets; in short, he was the superlative degree of the word avarice, and the very *ne plus ultra* of want.

Into this prodigy's hands I fell, and lived under him along with Don Diego. On the night we came he showed us our room, and made us a short speech,—not longer out of sheer love of economy of words. He told us how we were to behave. The next morning we were engaged till dinner time; we went to it; the masters dined first and the servants waited. The dining-room was as big as a half-peck; five gentlemen ate in it at one table; I observed that all those who were before us in the house looked like so many pictures of death on the white horse. Master Cabra said grace, then

sat down, and they ate a meal which had neither beginning nor end. They brought the broth in wooden dishes, but it was so clear that a man might have seen to the bottom had it been ten fathoms deep. I observed how eagerly they all dived down after a single pea that was in every dish. Every sip he gave, Cabra cried: "By my troth, there is no dainty like boiled meat and broth. Let the world say what it will, all the rest is mere gluttony and extravagance; this is good for the health, while it sharpens the wits." "A curse on thee and thy wit," thought I, and at the same time I saw a servant, like a walking ghost, bring in a dish of meat, which looked as if he had picked it off his own bones. Among it was one poor stray turnip, at sight of which the master exclaimed: "What, have we turnips to-day? No partridge is in my opinion to compare to them. Eat heartily, for I love to see you eat." He gave every one such a wretched bit of mutton, that it stuck to their nails and in their teeth so that not a shred of it could reach their stomachs. Cabra looked on, and repeated, "Eat heartily, for it is a pleasure to me to see what good stomachs you have." Now just think what a comfort this was for them that were pining with hunger. When dinner was over, there remained some scraps of bread on the table, and a few bits of skin and bones, and the master said: "Let this be left for the servants; they must dine as well as we." "Perdition seize thee, ruthless wretch," thought I, "and may what thou hast eaten stick in thy gizzard for evermore! what a consternation you have thrown my stomach into!" He next returned thanks, saying, "Come, let us make way for the servants, and you go and exercise until two o'clock, lest your dinner should be too heavy for you." I could no longer forbear laughing aloud for my life, on which he grew very angry, and bade me conduct myself like a modest youth, quoting two or three mouldy old proverbs, and then took himself off. I seized by force upon two scraps of bread, and bolted them down along with one piece of skin. The others began to mutter, for they were too weak to speak aloud; on which in came Cabra once more, observing, "Come, come, eat quietly together; since God provides for you, be thankful; there is enough for all." Now,

I declare it solemnly, there was one of these servants, a Biscayan, named Surre, who had so completely forgotten the way to his mouth, that he put a smal bit of crust that was given him into his eye, as if happy that he was thus saved the trouble of swallowing. I asked for a drink; the rest who had hardly broken fast never thought of it, and they gave me a cup with some water, which I no sooner put to my lips, before the sharp-set lad I spoke of snatched it away, as if I had been Tantalus, and that the flitting river he stands in up to the chin. I got up from table with a sigh, perceiving for truth that I was in a house where they drank to a good appetite, but would not permit it to pledge.

Thus we passed on till night. Don Diego asked me what he should do to persuade himself that he had dined, for his stomach could not be made to submit, and only grumbled when he alluded to the subject. The house, in short, was a hospital of dizzy heads, proceeding from empty insides,—a different kind of dizziness from that incurred by surfeits.

Supper time came. It was still shorter than the dinner, and consisted of a little roasted goat instead of mutton. Our starving master Cabra said: "It is very wholesome and beneficial to eat light suppers, that the stomach may not be overwhelmed;" and then he quoted some cursed physician. He extolled spare diet, alleging that it prevented uneasy dreams, though he knew that in his house it was impossible to dream of any thing but eating. Our master and we supped, so to say, but in reality none of us supped. On going to bed, neither Diego nor I could sleep a wink, for he lay contriving how to complain to his father, that he might be removed, and I advising him so to do; and at last I said to him: "Pray, Sir, are you sure we are alive? for to tell you the truth, I have a strong fancy we were slain in the battle with the herb-women, and are now souls suffering in purgatory, in which case it will be to no purpose to talk of your father's fetching us away, unless he has our souls prayed out of this state of punishment." Having spent the whole night in this discourse, we got a little nap towards morning, till it was time to rise.

Six o'clock struck, Cabra called, and we all went to school,

but when I went to dress me, my doublet was two handfuls too big, and my breeches, which before were close, now hung as loose as if they had been none of my own. In fact, when I was ordered to decline some nouns, such was my hunger, that I ate half of my words, for want of more substantial diet.

Cabra set us our lesson, and we conned it; and so we went on in the same course of life, only that our master added bacon in the boiling of his pot, because going abroad one day he was told, that to boil meat without bacon betokened a scandalous race, descended either from Moors or Jews. For this reason he provided a small tin case, all full of holes, like a nutmeg-grater, which he opened, and put in a bit of bacon that filled it; then shutting the box close, hung it with a string in the pot that some relish might come through the holes, and the bacon remain for the next day. Afterwards he thought this too great an expense, and for the future only dipped the bacon into the pot.

It is easy to guess what a life we led with this sort of diet and usage. Don Diego and I were in such a miserable condition, that since we could find no relief as to eating, we contrived at last not to rise so early in the morning; and for this end we pretended that we were sick, but not feverish because that cheat we thought would be easily discovered. The headache and toothache were inconsiderable distempers; at last we said we had the gripes, believing that rather than be at expense, our master would apply no remedy. The devil ordered worse than we expected; for Cabra had an old receipt, which descended to him by inheritance from his father, who was an apothecary. As soon as he was told our ailment, he prepared a dose, and sending for an old aunt of his, threescore and ten years of age, he ordered her to give each of us a good potion. She began with Don Diego; the poor wretch shrunk up, and the old jade being blind, and her hands shaking, instead of giving him it inwardly, let it fly betwixt his shirt and his back; so that it became an outward ornament, which should have served for a lining within. The young man cried out; in came Cabra, and seeing what had happened, ordered that I should be served next, and they would come again to Don Diego. I was dressing myself very hastily, but all would

not do, for Cabra and others held me whilst the old woman gave it me; but I, to requite her kindness, returned it all into her face. Cabra was in a rage with me, and said he would turn me out of his house, for he plainly saw it was all a cheat; but alas! I was not so fortunate. We complained to Don Alonzo, and Cabra made him believe we did it out of idleness, because we would not mind our book. Thus all our hopes and entreaties came to nothing; our master took the old woman into the house, to dress the meat and look after the boarders, turning away his man, because he spied some crumbs of bread on his coat upon a Friday morning.

In this misery we continued till the next Lent, at the beginning of which one of our companions fell sick; Cabra, to save charges, delayed sending for a physician till the patient was just giving up the ghost, and desired to prepare for another world; then he called a young quack, who felt his pulse, and said hunger had been beforehand with him, and prevented his killing that man. These were his last words; the poor lad died, and was buried meanly, because he was a stranger. This struck a terror into all that lived in the house; the dismal story flew all about the town, and came at last to Don Alonzo Coronel's ears, who, having no other son, began to be convinced of Cabra's inhumanity, and to give credit to the words of two mere shadows, for we were no better at that time. He came to take us from the boarding-school, and asked for us, though we stood before him; till at length, seeing us with some difficulty, and in so deplorable a condition, he gave our starveling master some hard words. We were carried away in two chairs, taking leave of our famished companions, who followed us with their eyes and wishes, lamenting like those who remain slaves at Algiers, when their other associates are ransomed.

TOMAS DE YRIARTE.

THE most noted fabulist of Spain is Tomas de Yriarte. He was born September 18, 1750, on the island of Teneriffe, but was educated at Madrid by his uncle, Juan de Yriarte, noted for his learning and for his collection of Spanish proverbs. The nephew in due time became general archivist to the Supreme Council. But his literary fame depends upon his versified "Fables," first published in 1782. In this department he was evidently an imitator of La Fontaine, and appears to have had no Spanish predecessor. Yriarte, by his graceful expression and delicate fancy, has become one of the best known Spanish writers. A century later, Fernan Caballero obtained a similar reputation.

THE BEAR, THE MONKEY, AND THE PIG.

WITH a half-taught bear was strolling,
  Poor and lone, a Piedmontese,
And the brute, to serve his master
  Strove to dance, though ill at ease.

Meeting with an agile monkey,—
" Do you think I dance with grace?"
Asked the bear. " Oh, no, 'tis clumsy,"
  Said the ape with proud grimace.

" Friend, I see you do not flatter,"
  Somewhat daunted, said the bear:
" Yet is not my movement graceful?
  Light my step, genteel my air?"

As it chanced, a pig was present;
  Loud he grunted out, " Well done!
Sure such power and grace of movement
  Ne'er was seen beneath the sun!"

Bruin, hearing this eulogium,
  Twinkled modestly his eye,
And expressed his own conclusion
  To the critic of the sty.

"When the ape condemned my dancing,
Somewhat did his words appall;
But your praise is proof o'erwhelming,
That I cannot dance at all."

Authors, learn a wholesome lesson,
Judge your merits by this rule:
Bad—if skillful men approve not,
Worse—if lauded by a fool.

THE ASS AND THE FLUTE.

CALL it tame or witty, This little romance
Occurred to the author As it were by chance.

Into a meadow Once casting a glance,
I saw an ass grazing— Just by mere chance.

A flute was there laid, Which a peasant of France
Had left on the grass— And this was by chance.

To smell this new toy The ass made advance,
And breathed through the lip-hole— This, too, was by chance.

The breath found its way And the ass looked askance,
For the flute gave a sound— It was by mere chance.

"Bravo!" cried the donkey,—"Who now will dispute
That I'm a musician!— I play on the flute!"

Thus sometimes 'tis seen, In life's mazy dance,
That a booby succeeds For once by mere chance.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE'S LIBRARY.

(Translated by Robert Rockliff.)

A COUNTRY squire, of greater wealth than wit
(For fools are often blessed with fortune's smile),
Had built a splendid house, and furnished it
In splendid style.

"One thing is wanted," said a friend; "for though
The rooms are fine, the furniture profuse,
You lack a library, dear sir, for show,
If not for use."

"'Tis true; but, zounds!" replied the squire with glee,
"The lumber room in yonder northern wing
(I wonder I ne'er thought of it) will be
The very thing.

"I'll have it fitted up without delay
With shelves and presses of the newest mode,
And rarest wood, befitting every way,
A squire's abode.

"And when the whole is ready, I'll despatch
My coachman—a most knowing fellow—down
To buy me, by admeasurement, a batch
Of books in town."

But ere the library was half supplied
With all its pomp of cabinet and shelf,
The booby squire repented him, and cried
Unto himself:—

"This room is much more roomy than I thought;
Ten thousand volumes hardly would suffice
To fill it, and would cost, however bought,
A plaguy price.

"Now, as I only want them for their looks,
It might, on second thoughts, be just as good,
And cost me next to nothing, if the books
Were made of wood.

"It shall be so. I'll give the shaven deal
A coat of paint—a colorable dress,
To look like calf or vellum, and conceal
Its nakedness.

"And gilt and lettered with the author's name,
Whatever is most excellent and rare
Shall be, or seem to be ('tis all the same),
Assembled there."

The work was done; the simulated hoards
Of wit and wisdom round the chamber stood,
In bindings some; and some, of course, in boards,
Where all were wood.

From bulky folios down to slender twelves,
  The choicest tomes in many an even row,
Displayed their lettered backs upon the shelves,
        A goodly show.

With such a stock, which seemingly surpassed
  The best collection ever formed in Spain,
What wonder if the owner grew at last
        Supremely vain?

What wonder, as he paced from shelf to shelf,
  And conned their titles, that the squire began,
Despite his ignorance, to think himself
        A learned man?

Let every amateur, who merely looks
  To backs and bindings, take the hint and sell
His costly library; for painted books
        Would serve as well.

SPANISH ART.

We know little of early art in the Spanish peninsula. For a long period Moorish domination held sway, but gradually the Moors were forced south, until only Granada remained in their possession. Moorish influences unquestionably controlled architecture and decoration for centuries. However, between these followers of Mohammed and the orthodox Catholics there was bitter hatred, which intermittently slumbered and broke out when occasional crusades and wars were undertaken for the purpose of winning back the peninsula. This frequently led to a mixed style of architecture, buildings begun by the Moors after one of their designs being completed by the Christians after a style favored by them. When at last the Moors were driven entirely out of the kingdom, many of their temples and palaces were destroyed. By the destruction of the Moors Spain lost her finest citizens—the most cultured, gifted and ingenious of her people.

The iconoclastic struggle which wrought such havoc in the Low Countries affected orthodox Spain far less. Nevertheless, some images and church decorations were broken and cast away. Far more ruinous was the effect of the inquisition, which enforced those rules that had early held painters bound hand and foot, and which, furthermore, devised still other rules for their obstruction. Little remains of art produced before the fifteenth century. That which was later accomplished had no particular connection with the past. It was an expression of existing conditions and was influenced by the art of Flanders and Italy, forming perhaps a link between the two countries. Toledo, Seville, Cordova, Madrid and Granada became art centers and whoever today would become intimately acquainted with Spanish art must make extended visits to these cities.

Passing by several artists who are scarcely known outside their native land, the first painter of note was José Ribera, born about the year 1588. He possessed to a remarkable degree a love of the terrible; best of all he liked to put on canvas the despair of the dungeon, the torture of the inquisition, the agonies of death. His saints are always emaciated

beings, whose bones are plainly visible through their gleaming white skin. Suffering and its traces are written on every face. To be sure, there is a certain fascination in Ribera's pictures, but while they hold the eye they do not appeal to the heart.

Spain produced two artists who belong with the great and gifted of all lands: Velasquez and Murillo. Both were born in Seville, both worked during the same period, and both attained unusual success. But there the similarity ceases, for two more utterly different lives could scarcely be found in the artist world. Velasquez was the trusted friend and courtier of Philip IV; of noble birth, he belonged to a family of wealth and position. His years were passed amid the formal and luxurious splendours of court life. Murillo was born of humble parentage; at eleven years of age he was left to the care of an uncle and at twenty-two he was thrown wholly upon his own resources, and was so poor that he painted little pictures for the common people and hawked them at the weekly fair.

Diego Velasquez de Silva was born in 1599, the same year that Van Dyck came into the world at Antwerp. Soon giving evidence of his natural gift, he was sent to study with Francisco Pacheco, a painter of some ability. He continued under his guidance for some years and in 1618 was married to his daughter.

During Velasquez's early period he drew constantly—simple objects, plates, jars, jugs, each drawn with surprising accuracy. Thus, from the beginning he showed wherein his power lay: to paint what he saw extraordinarily well. All his life he worked from models and from nature—never from fancy or imagination, which qualities he did not possess in abundance. The first work was done with little or no thought of composition. To draw truly just what was seen—no more and no less; this was the work of Velasquez.

In 1621 Philip III died and Velasquez was urged to seek a court position from the new king. He accordingly was granted an interview with Philip IV, although nothing came of it immediately. In 1623 he again visited Madrid, this time painting a portrait of the king, which brought him renown and the position of court painter, with a fixed salary

and residence at the court. Philip IV soon became deeply attached to him and for nearly forty years their friendly relations were continued.

In 1627 Rubens was sent on diplomatic business to the Spanish capital. King Philip at first demurred that a painter, whose social position was not important, should be sent to him on matters of deep concern. Rubens was then at the zenith of his popularity, and was everywhere cordially received. Philip made him welcome and sat to him for his portrait. It was a great inspiration for Velasquez that at this time the Flemish master came into his horizon. The two artists were thrown constantly together and a warm friendship sprang up between them. Rubens, it will be remembered, was a prodigious worker; Velasquez accomplished less during his whole life than Rubens in a few years. Rubens recognized the young man's abilities and urged him to get away from his native country and study the work of the great Italian masters. Not long after Rubens took leave of Spain, Velasquez followed this advice and went to Italy for an extended visit. Venice had much to offer him, as also had Rome. While he sojourned in the Eternal City, Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorrain were there at work. Whether or not Velasquez made their acquaintance is unknown.

These months in Italy gave the Spanish artist his first realization of atmosphere and the use of light. Never again did he paint such harsh, rigid lines, such abrupt and disunited pictures as before. The whole secret of his success lay in his truthful delineation of what he saw, and in his use of air and light. The first was a natural result of an eye that saw everything and a hand trained to paint what his eye saw. The second quality, the so-called use of *values,* the artist acquired in Italy.

Returning home in 1631, for eighteen years he never left Spain. Commissioned by the king, he had collected many of the Italian masterpieces for a national art gallery which he had founded and arranged. No country of Europe is richer today in paintings of renowned artists than Spain.

During these eighteen years Velasquez did his finest work. Many portraits of the king and royal family were produced. Unfortunately, the dress of Spanish women during this period

was so monstrous as to make any paintings of them unsightly. Waists were artificially lengthened, huge hoops were in vogue, rouge was used, not alone for the cheeks, but the shoulders, chin, hands and neck were touched with it. Head-dresses of the most objectionable kinds were fashionable, and altogether the result was most amazing. Probably the most pleasing of these pictures is the room wherein stands the little Spanish Infanta with her Maids-of-Honor, and the artist painting the scene.

Once again Velasquez returned to Italy. He unquestionably found this journey a delightful change from the wearisome formalities of the Spanish court. Upon his return from this visit he was given a position of great responsibility at court, requiring him to plan constantly for the diversion of Spain's new queen, a princess of Austria. Worn out with the preparations for the festivities which attended the conclusion of the Treaty of the Pyrenees in 1660, he became ill and died August 6, 1660.

Controversies have been waged over many an artist; some have had periods of popularity and neglect. With Velasquez, however, there have been no great disputes; from the beginning he has held an eminent place. His pictures, for the most part, pertain to Spain; they reflect the appearance and the conditions of his native land. Far beyond these details, nevertheless, they are true to a citizen of whatever country and their creator belongs not to one little division of mankind, but to the whole world of genius. How different was the career of Murillo, loved today where Velasquez is admired.

Bartolome Esteban Murillo was born the last day of December, 1617. His parents dwelt in a little house belonging to a convent; this they were allowed for small rent if they would keep it in repairs. Both the father and mother died of a plague when their son was but eleven, and he and his sister were cared for by an uncle, who apprenticed the boy to a painter. When twenty-two Murillo found himself responsible for the maintenance of his sister. Both were very poor and the only thing he could do was to paint simple pictures on cheap saga-cloth for the weekly fair. Bright colors and striking figures were the only exactions made by the world for which he worked.

A friend of Murillo's who had some gift for drawing returned home from Flanders, where he had been serving in the army. He showed his friend some sketches he had made in the Low Countries and some copies he had made of pictures in the great galleries. This opened a new world to Murillo, who resolved that he, too, must go to see the wonders of which he now heard. So placing his sister in the care of friends, he set out with a number of little paintings on linen. The Spanish have always been very devout and paintings of sacred subjects were willingly taken by strangers in exchange for food and lodging.

Reaching Madrid, the young artist found himself exhausted and without means. He appealed to Velasquez, a native of his own Seville, who generously received him into his home and aided him for three years. The paintings from other countries, that had already found their way to Spain, and the work of Ribera and Velasquez were all Murillo ever saw of the world's masterpieces in art. Although Velasquez urged him to go to Italy after he had spent three years at the capital, even offering him the necessary money for the trip, Murillo desired only to return to Seville. His native town held him by strong bonds and he became in truth the great painter of Seville.

Upon his return he accepted a commission begrudgingly given him by the monks of a neighboring convent. They preferred a local artist and Murillo's absence had made him a stranger. However, their paltry means did not attract painters of note and Murillo undertook to carry out their plan,—eleven scenes to be painted from the life of St. Francis. Although he received small remuneration from this work, it brought him what he needed more—fame. Henceforward commissions were never lacking.

It was during this period that the painter produced many of his pictures, having for their general themes the beggar-boys and flower-girls of Seville. He found ample time to study these types during those years when part of each week was spent at the local market. Many a time he had sketched the boys and girls of the streets as he waited for a purchaser of his humble pictures. One is struck by the innocent faces and angelic expressions of his subjects. "One has only to

glance at his 'impossibly sinless and confiding' little ragamuffins to recognize that when he gazed upon them his senses were concerned less with life than with the making of pictures. His vision was bounded by the limitations of his larder, and he saw them as possible subjects for pictures which, above all other considerations, must be salable. In order to sell they must please, and in his determination to please, the artist transformed these dirty, unkempt, ill-developed and disreputable mendicants of Seville into incarnations of picturesque innocence—smooth, smiling, and cherubic. As human documents, they have small resemblance to truth, but they are always pleasing, and, outside Spain, these excellent examples of *genre* are as well known as any of Murillo's pictures."

The Melon Eaters, Grape Eaters, Fruit Venders, and the *Flower Girl* are perhaps the best known of this series.

It has already been mentioned that in Spain rigid rules governed the painting of sacred personages and scenes. For example, it was ordained that the pictures of Mary, the mother of Christ, should be represented as having blue eyes, light hair and robed in sky-blue and white; her feet were never to be shown uncovered. How many difficulties an artist had to contend with we may judge from the fact that Murillo was brought into a controversy with churchmen over a painting produced about this time. He had pictured the child Mary standing by her mother's knee while St. Anne taught her a lesson, but instantly the churchmen confronted him with the statement that Mary from birth had the gift of knowledge.

The story is told that while painting in a church one day, Murillo was attracted by the sweet face of a woman who came in to worship. He copied her face for one of his angels, and later met her and was so attracted by her charm that he made her his wife. It is also said that she was so lovely that he repeatedly painted her face for his Madonnas, although her eyes were brown and her hair dark. Whether or not the pretty story is true, we know that such a face looks out at us from many of his canvases.

Murillo painted what he saw; his cherubs are taken from the children of Seville, his Madonnas from the women whom he noticed around him. There is very little of the ideal in his personages. However, he possessed the faculty of painting

soft and mellow lights that throw over many of his pictures a certain mystery that charms the observer. This very quality often concealed or made possible indifferent work on the part of the painter. For it must be admitted, even by Murillo's most ardent admirers, that he was satisfied with results easily obtained.

The desire of the Middle Ages to prove that Christ was not human but divine, and that Mary was quite as pure as her Son, reached its culminating exposition in the theory of the Immaculate Conception. Nevertheless, this idea was never given definite expression until 1617, when the Pope issued an edict declaring the immaculate nature of Mary. This idea appealed to Murillo, who painted as many as twenty pictures called *Our Lady of the Conception*. The best known, at the same time the most beautiful, is today exhibited in the Louvre. When Napoleon sent his soldiers into the Spanish peninsula they pillaged works of art, as did the armies sent into other European countries. Marshal Soult brought back many with him and the French government paid him $120,000 for this Murillo ruthlessly stolen from Spain.

For two years—from 1658-60—Murillo concerned himself in planning the Public Academy of Art, which was finally established in Seville in the interest of struggling art students. While it cannot be proved that this institution exercised any profound influence on the course of art development in Spain, still its aid cannot be doubted.

Some of Murillo's best work was done for the Charity Hospital, but unfortunately these paintings were scattered and much of their significance was lost by removal to other surroundings.

Certain lovely effects were produced by Murillo as by no other artist. He who first beholds many of his paintings where the natural and unreal mingle so remarkably cannot fail to experience an uplifting sense in their presence. Even if, for him, the subject has not the force of truth, above and beyond it he may feel the power of the transcendent skill which created it. If he stays near some of these pictures and studies them again and again, it will probably be borne in upon him at last that in the place of emotion there is sentiment, in place of depth, triviality, and in place of universality, locality

and provincialism. And yet, though Murillo scarcely reached the highest plane from which a few men in all ages have expressed themselves in a language universal, he attained a slightly lower plane from which he still appeals to the hearts of men.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS

THE missals shown in our text-books are taken from originals today in the possession of the Newberry Library, Chicago. This library is fortunate indeed in having obtained such splendid examples of illuminated work done by the French monks in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and no expense has been spared in reproducing several illuminated pages for the members of this course of reading.

Before the invention of printing when one wished a copy of any particular book he borrowed it from a friend and set his scribes to the task of copying it. In antiquity the production of books in this manner was carried on by certain firms as a regular business, one reading the contents of a manuscript while many scribes wrote out simultaneously the sentences. In the Middle Ages the production of manuscripts, like all other branches of learning, became the care of the monks and each monastery took pride in the rolls inscribed by the painstaking brothers.

A study of mediaeval manuscripts is most instructive. One may trace the gradual evolution of the illuminated page. At first no color was used at all, nor did the contents of any manuscript show division into chapters; from beginning to end the writing flowed on like an endless tale. In time it became customary to embellish the opening letter of a manuscript or perhaps of a chapter and soon the idea of coloring it appears to have suggested itself. Once attempted, it depended upon the taste of the artist monk to what extent he exaggerated the ends and corners of such initial letters and allowed them to fill in the margin. A distinct margin was itself an innovation, being at first irregular and indistinct. More and more space was allotted the initial letter until it occupied sometimes one-fourth of the page—even the whole page itself, while miniatures and various decorations lent it great beauty. Lines from these let-

ters developed into borders which would perhaps enclose a few sentences besides the exaggerated first letter.

It will be remembered that the mediaeval monastery became the refuge of all sorts and conditions of men, and here, as in the world outside, each found his peculiar place. Some were fitted only to till the soil; some built such shelter as the region afforded. Some were gifted above their fellows and these taught the people and occupied themselves in literary pursuits—all to the glory of God. Only the most skillful were allowed to do the illuminated work, while more were able to transcribe the plain letters. Silence reigned in the cell-like rooms wherein the manuscripts were made, and those who labored in them found their most intense pleasure in throwing their souls into the delicate lines of their brushes.

It mattered not how many years might be consumed in the making of a book. It mattered only that each did his best as the most acceptable service he could render the Church and his God. The feverish haste of our age is hushed for a moment when we gaze upon the wonderful painstaking of these patient monks. In a famous manuscript, known as "The Book of Kells" in a space measuring one-quarter of an inch, have been counted by aid of a microscope one hundred and fifty-eight interlacements of a slender ribbon border formed of white lines edged with black upon a dark background. Not a false line or irregularity occurs, notwithstanding alterations were not allowed.

In so far as possible the monks themselves made whatever they needed. Their buildings, utensils, tools, clothing and books were of their own handiwork. Naturally, then, the artists who wrought these wonderful effects provided materials as they required them. They beat out the gold, made their brushes and pens, found their colors in flowers and herbs, and with all the advance of chemistry in recent years the secret of their fadeless blue remains a lost art. When all was ready the page progressed but slowly, according to our present ideas. The mere matter of putting on the gold required adroit skill. The design was made; this was sprinkled with a light pink clay brought from the East. When dry, the gold leaf was applied and each golden speck, however tiny, burnished by hand with an agate. Put on in this way, the gold was given a raised effect.

Sometimes whole capitals were torn out of manuscripts in periods of confusion, the pillager thinking them solid gold. Beaten gold was used only after the twelfth century, powdered gold having been in use previously.

During early centuries only religious books were reproduced. The Early Fathers had warned their brethren against all pagan literature and only prayer books, Bibles, stories of the saints and deeds of the Apostles were deemed worthy of devout men. "The Book of Hours" was held in great favor. It contained the calendar and service of the Church. Two of the missals herein produced were taken from one of these service books. These frequently contained many pages—more than three hundred in certain instances. In these ages few could read and the illustrations served in a large measure to instruct the ignorant in affairs of the Church. Take, for example, the case of the calendar months: the month of May would be represented by a May festival; an autumn month might be shown by a harvest scene, while the Christmas story characterized December. Coming to the hours, some lesson was dedicated to each hour. The Adoration of the Magi; The Flight into Egypt, etc., found each a place. "The Book of Hours" was a suitable gift to make to a Church dignitary, to royalty, to a bride upon her wedding day, to a noble or state official. Bound in covers of gold, studded with jewels and rare stones, such a book might be offered as security for a loan, and was a treasured heirloom.

After the twelfth century we find subjects other than religious worship demanding the care of the monastic scribe and illuminator. Brave deeds, chivalrous feats and romances caught the ear of noble and knight and these gave commissions to the monasteries requiring the making of new books. Chronicles, histories and entertaining stories were now forthcoming and the copies of each multiplied by the busy monks. While the rules of the Church so hampering to painters before the Renaissance never fettered the illuminator, nevertheless the devout monk felt his scope somewhat widened in the treatment of secular books.

Even a brief study of illuminations will enable one to distinguish between those executed early and those done in later times. Before the eleventh century letters were not elaborately decorated and did not contain the tiny miniatures so popular

later. From the initial letter a vine-like line occasionally ran entirely around the page, enclosing the text. Gradually this vine or branch and stem merged into a distinct border, artistically adorned with flowers, buds, leaves and even animals and grotesque figures. By the fifteenth century the border became detached from the initial letter. Flowers, fruits, birds and butterflies in profusion and bewilderment enchanted the eye.

Most beautiful specimens of fourteenth and fifteenth century work remain to us. Not only religious works but addresses of welcome, petitions, letters of thanks and congratulation, histories, lives of noted men and popular stories being elaborately adorned. The great European libraries prize many of these illuminated texts today and others are preserved in the cathedrals and abbeys.

Illuminated work of antiquity lies beyond the scope of this brief consideration, but suffice it to say that after the art had died out in decadent Rome and had been driven out of Constantinople by the hostility of the Eastern Church, it spread to different parts of Europe. With the development of culture and religious life in Ireland it reappeared and was fostered in Irish monasteries. Thence it penetrated to England, to France and Germany, carried thither by missionary monks inspired by the example of their illustrious Columba.

The following citation summarizes tersely the characteristics of the different schools in illumination:

"If delineation of naive and graceful incident combined with elegant foliated ornament reached perfection in the illumination of the French school, if blazoning on gilded grounds was carried to its most gorgeous pitch in oriental and Byzantine manuscripts, and if intricate interlacements and minute elaboration may be regarded as a special characteristic of Hiberno-Saxon scribes, and if the noble tone of solid color combined with the great humour and intense energy of expression marked England's best productions, it may be safely asserted that it was reserved for the Italians to introduce into the embellishments of manuscripts those higher qualities of art—their peculiar aptitude for which so long gave them pre-eminence among contemporaneous schools."

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS

IN PART IX

MILAN CATHEDRAL.

Milan is probably the largest mediaeval cathedral in Europe. It was begun in 1385 and has incorporated within itself all styles of architecture. Built in the form of a Latin cross, at its greatest extremities it is 295 by 490 feet. It was constructed of white marble that has weathered to a fine yellow. Less satisfactory from an architectural standpoint than some of the simpler cathedrals, nevertheless Milan is beautiful and most impressive in moonlight. "Fill it with human life, it would still be something greater than them all. Men, however numerous they might be, would be but appendages to its mountainous bulk. As the sky is more than the stars and the wooded valley more than the trees, so is Milan cathedral more than any amount of humanity that can be gathered within its arms."

"O Milan, O the chanting quires;
The giant windows' blazon'd fires;
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory,
A mount of marble, a hundred spires."—*Tennyson.*

THE DUCAL PALACE—VENICE.

Upon the site of this Palace there stood in early days a fortified stronghold. Gradually this was remodeled into a palace. Several times the structure was partially destroyed by fire and each time it has been enlarged. As it stands today it represents the architectural ideas of at least four centuries. The façades on the courtyard and the Giants' Stairway belong to the early Renaissance. The paintings of noted artists adorn the interior.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL—BRIDGE OF BOATS.

The Cologne Cathedral, like many cathedrals of Europe, was built by devout people in the Middle Ages. Cologne is situated upon the Rhine, a river whose banks are sprinkled over with ruined castles and strongholds. While the trip up or down the Rhine is taken yearly by hundreds of tourists, many declare that aside from the historic associations, the Hudson affords as pleasing and inspiring changes.

HEIDELBERG.

The University of Heidelberg has made the old town celebrated in modern times. Here we see the ancient castle, built in Feudal ages. Situated upon a high hill, it could easily be defended in times of danger. Below on the plain lies the city. Probably the play "Old Heidelberg," presented in America by Mansfield and later by lesser artists, has made this German university center familiar to those who have neither seen it or known its history.

Students Fencing—Heidelberg.

Dueling, while not now so common in European universities as formerly, has long been general. Here we see students being instructed in the art of fencing—always in Germany a popular pastime.

Beethoven in His Study.

This master of composers is here pictured at work in his studio. His manner of composing is best described in his own words: "When I compose I change many things, discard, and try again until I am satisfied. . . . I see and hear the picture in all its extent and dimensions stand before my mind like a cast, and there remains nothing for me but the labor of writing it down."

Mozart and His Sister at the Court of Maria Theresa.

When Wolfgang Mozart was but six years of age, his father took him and his talented sister on a concert tour to Munich and Vienna. At the capitol they were warmly received by the empress, Maria Theresa. The story is told that Wolfgang, never embarrassed in the company of the great, on being presented to the empress jumped into her lap and threw his arms about her neck, much to the amusement of the spectators. The infant prodigies are here pictured as playing before the royal family.

Martin Luther Monument at Worms.

It is fitting that this beautiful monument should have been erected by that city wherein Luther so bravely stood his ground before the Diet of the Empire. Having come thither under the protection of the Emperor, Chas. V., he asked a day in which to prepare his answer to the question: would he retract what he had written? His final reply is well known. "I cannot, I will not, retract anything, unless what I have written shall be shown to be contrary to Holy Scripture or to plain reason, for to act against conscience is neither safe nor upright."

Bismarck's Palace—Berlin.

Here lived the "Iron Chancellor," whose appearance as leader in Prussia meant great changes for Prussia. "With that day a new era did in truth begin for Prussia and Germany and so for Europe."

The Artist Dürer.

Dürer, greatest of German artists, was particularly skillful in painting hair, being able to make separate hairs and ringlets stand apart from others. In his painting of his own portrait, here shown, this gift is plainly shown—not only in the abundant locks that lie on his shoulders, but also in the fur that trims his coat.

Forest of Columns—Cordova, Spain.

For three hundred years Cordova was the capital of Mohammedan Spain. For the exaltation of their faith, the Moors erected many mosques, one of the most beautiful being built in Cordova. It was not the work of any one Calif but was enlarged and beautified by many. This labyrinth of pillars—for this picture shows but a few of them—has stood for more than nine hundred years and may easily endure for as many more.

LION COURT—ALHAMBRA.

Granada was the most beautiful city of the Moors, and the Alhambra might well be called the citadel or the acropolis of Granada. The Moors were wonderful builders—nor builders alone; for they understood how to adorn their buildings with the most elaborate mosaics, intricate carvings and astonishing metal decoration. This fountain, beneath which lions look out, is very famous and stands in the midst of a very pleasing and effective court.

GALLERY OF GRAND PATIO—SPAIN.

Here again the skill of Moorish decorators is displayed. Many features of this style of interior decoration has been and is today being applied in modern structures.

MOSQUE AND COURT OF ORANGES—CORDOVA.

This exterior view gives a very fair idea of Moorish arches, low and broad, which have become a familiar feature in modern buildings. From Spain Moorish architecture was brought into Mexico, thence to California, where it is today largely employed both for public and private buildings.

PRINCE CHARLES—VELASQUEZ.

Velasquez is one of the world's great artists. His portraits are fairly alive with expression and feeling. However, he was handicapped in that he could paint only what he could see and study. Notice in this picture that the young prince is animated and life-like. His apparel and the horse's harness are accurately portrayed. However, one cannot keep a horse in a position such as this to study in detail its figure; hence we see the Prince Charles mounted and galloping away on a wholly impossible horse, although in all else we see perfection.